

Albrecht von Kessel

Against Hitler and for a different Germany

As a diplomat in war and post-war memoirs

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Vorwort

Z ight now, historical reviews are the order of the day. They are primarily concerned with the path our country has taken since the end of the First World War. Only a very small number of people still live among us who survived National Socialism and the

Second World War.

who lived through the Second World War. There are hardly any contemporary witnesses left.

A new generation is working all the more intensively to interpret the chapter of history that immediately preceded their own time. This is their very best right, their duty and of lively interest to the present. Her most important sources include an extensive memoir literature. Today it is largely complete.

The memoirs presented here are not part of the usual series of political memoirs that are backed up by facts. They were only published three decades after the death of their author, Albrecht von Kessel. His retrospectives are personal accounts of people and experiences as a diplomat in three periods of German history after 1918. They are testimonies to his most lively involvement in the development of our foreign policy.

Kessel had joined the Foreign Service in 1917. At that time, the Weimar Republic was concerned with the question of how to achieve a tolerable state of peace in Europe, which the Paris suburb treaties had failed to achieve. All Weimar political parties were united in the goal of revising Versailles. The task of diplomacy was to represent this line for one's own country, but to avoid renewed violent conflicts at all costs.

However, the first German republic proved to be too weak. Hitler came to power and soon recklessly relied on international instability. New violence loomed.

Kessel describes the growing personal conflicts. Which diplomatic compromises were still compatible with one's own judgment and conscience? Were people allowed or even required to remain in office? Did passive resistance exist?

Then came the war of aggression and the persecution of the Jews. Kessel and his close circle of friends grew into the active resistance against Hitler. Only a few of them survived the persecution after the coup d'état of 1944. He only escaped it because he was in a diplomatic post in the Vatican at the time. And Rome was already occupied by the Allies surrounded.

In the post-war period, the insight, character and courage of his circle of friends remained his binding legacy. He was one of the first to resume his diplomatic service.

For West Germany, it was initially about the country's reintegration into the international world. For Kessel, the controversial German question at home soon became the central issue. He pushed for German contributions to understanding, not only with the West, but also with former wartime enemies in the East, especially Poland. He,

"Against Hitler and for a different Germany"

who had lost his home in Silesia, was one of the first to actively work for a policy of détente. This brought him into harsh conflict with the Foreign Office line prescribed by Brentano and Hallstein. Kessel stuck to his convictions, took early retirement and continued to pursue his course through all kinds of journalistic contributions. In the end, developments proved him right, even if he did not live to see it himself.

This makes his very personal retrospective all the more rewarding, thanks to his stupendous historical knowledge, his culture and complete intellectual independence and his strong, unconventional character. The power of his person and language make his report particularly rewarding at the present time.

Richard von Weiszäcker

Berlin, August 1, 2007

Albrecht von Kessel (1902-1976)

Albrecht von Kessel owes his survival after July 20, 1944 to the fact that he was in Rome on diplomatic duty at the time of the coup d'état and assassination. Had he been in Germany at the time, he too would probably have ended up before Freisler's People's Court and, like most of his friends, would have paid with his life for his convictions.

Albrecht von Kessel never regretted the loss of his friends on July 20. Albrecht von Kessel never got over the loss of his friends on July 20, and the question of why he of all people escaped with his life has stayed with him ever since. He once described himself as a "leftover egg from the basket of the German opposition", and in this formulation, the melancholy of loss resonates alongside the knowledge of his unique selling point. Marion

Dönhoff once wrote in her memoirs to the friends of 20. Nothing could be worse than losing all your friends and being left alone.¹⁰ For Kessel, too, the experience of escaping with his life where his friends had gone to their deaths for their convictions was formative. Only by chance, he wrote in the fall of his life in a long letter to his colleague in the Foreign Service, Paul Frank, did he survive. "I only owe the fact that I did not end up on the gallows to the fact that the Allies marched into Rome at the beginning of June and the German embassy at the Vatican had to move from the city of Rome to the Vatican City, meaning that I escaped the grasp of the

Gestapo was withdrawn."

The capacity for friendship is linked to loyalty and empathy. For Kessel, as for many of his generation, standing together during the dark years of the dictatorship, the opposition to Hitler, remained a formative life experience. In the resistance of 20. The resistance of July 20 brought together everything that mattered to him and his friends: firm moral principles, a well-developed sense of right and wrong, love of country and ties to the homeland, community with like-minded people, courage and moral courage. Kessel and his friends from the

July 20 were both deeply moral and deeply political people. 'Never again have we lived as existentially as we did back then. So conscious and for so long on the thin line between death and life. At that time, politics was always associated with the commitment of the whole person,' Marion Dönhoff once aptly described the attitude of the time in retrospect. Added to this was the accumulated pressure of the dictatorship, a pressure to which Kessel was admittedly only exposed in a mitigated form in his foreign post.

Like Eugen Gerstenmaier, Otto John and Theodor Steltzer, Albrecht von Kessel was one of a handful of survivors from the circle of friends of 20.Juli. After the war, he returned to the Foreign Service. Foreign policy was his passion, which captivated him throughout his life, but his real central theme remained July 20 i 1944, the crossroads that divided his life into a before and an after. Albrecht von Kessel's commitment to freedom and justice remained decisive in his life, even beyond the time of the

dictatorship. Richard von Weizsäcker once called Albrecht von Kessel "a central human and political figure" in the history of the Foreign Service. A look at Kessel's professional stations shows that it was not so much the individual assignments - others may have served in more prominent positions - but rather the extremely rare combination of personal integrity, deep moral ethos and political will to shape policy that led to the fact that it was first and foremost his personal integrity, his deep moral ethos and his political will to shape policy that led to his success.

It was people like Albrecht von Kessel who made Germany's return to the community of states possible after 1945.

Before: He had a sheltered childhood and youth, born into the family estate of Oberglauche in Upper Silesia to Kurt and Theodora von Kessel. The Kessels belonged to the Silesian aristocracy. His father, Kurt von Kessel, was a fair member of the German conservative faction in the Prussian House of Representatives, while his mother, Theodora, née von Bethmann Hollweg, brought Protestant piety and a broad education to the family. Kessel's great-grandfather, Moritz August von Bethmann Hollweg, was the founder of the *Wochenblatt* party and a key opponent of Bismarck in the 1830s; a brother of his mother, Theobald von Bethmann Hollweg, was to become Reich Chancellor in the 1890s. In his memoirs, Albrecht von Kessel described the childlike pride of the seven-year-old when he learned of the appointment of his godfather Theobald as Reich Chancellor. "But my chest swelled with childish triumph: being the chancellor's godson would strengthen my position as a later-born relative to my siblings."

His interest in politics was undoubtedly awakened at an early age and strongly encouraged by his parents and the course of time. Albrecht was a quiet, thoughtful child who absorbed impressions like a sponge. "I was once told that I had to learn to be silent and be alone," he recalled looking back.⁷ The connection with nature that life on the Silesian family estate gave him in his early years remained a never-ending source of strength throughout his life. In his youthful memoirs, *Silbner Gedenken*,⁸ written in seclusion behind Vatican walls, Kessel created a literary monument to this existence that was forever submerged. It was a self-contained world, and Kessel, who was a good observer, has brought it back to life for posterity in vivid colors, from the "full green of the tall gooseberries with their incense-like smell to the soft and sweet scent of the apple and pear blossoms". "I have grown fond of Upper Silesia, its large forests, its farmhouses lost in the vastness, the Beskid mountain range on the southern horizon had the mysterious magic of the East for me."⁹ The regularly recurring desire for solitude, the tendency towards reflection and melancholy, also have their origins in those early years.

The lifelong friendships with Ulrich Wilhelm von Schwerin and Peter Yorck von Wartenburg were established during his time at the boarding school in Rofleben in the Unstrut Valley. Kessel later described them in the *Verborgene Saat* as "the first nucleus of the circle, which lasted a year.

t ten years until it was destroyed by the failure of 20. July 1945 was destroyed".¹⁰ The protective wall of youth was necessary, because the world around Albrecht von Kessel was no longer an intact one. The First World War had become a major issue in the contemporary consciousness. In Germany, the period of the Weimar Republic ended with the humiliating Versailles peace treaty, the loss of the colonies, territorial losses and the abdication of the monarchies. The heyday of the Weimar Republic was short-lived. After inflation, the Ruhr crisis and currency reform, it lasted just five years. During this phase, 1927.

Kessel joined the Foreign Service after studying law in Munich and Wrocław in 1928. His crew, who completed their two-year preparatory service 1928-1930, included Eduard Brücklmeier, Gottfried ("Gogo") von Nostitz and Hans von Herwarth. He was united with them in his rejection of the rise of National Socialism, and the
In the years that followed, crewmates managed to remain close friends despite being posted to very different parts of the world.

His first post abroad took him to the Embassy to the Holy See in 1930. From there he went to the Consulate General in Katowice in 1931 and in April 1931 - Kessel had been appointed Secretary of the Legation in the meantime - to the Consulate General in Memel, where he dealt with

the minority issues left unresolved by the Treaty of Versailles. These early assignments, the contact with the very special world of the Vatican - universal church, subject of international law, observer post and microcosm in one, only the Lateran Treaty (1929) had created the conditions of state and international law for the Vatican State - had a lasting influence on the Silesian Protestant just as much as the awareness that for the shortcomings of the fragile post-war order of the Paris suburb treaties of 1919.

In November 1931 he was transferred to the Bern legation, where he enjoyed a noticeably slower pace: 'A comfortably balanced existence took me into its slow glide.'¹¹ In the envoy Ernst von Weizsäcker, he found a fatherly Friend and mentor. The Swabian Weizsäcker, a former naval officer with artistic inclinations, was a man of quiet tones. In style and nature, in his political thinking and actions, he embodied the greatest possible contrast to the showy, anti-diplomatic manner of the National Socialist rulers. After his rise to high and highest ranks in the Foreign Office - Weizsäcker became Political Director in 1932 and Secretary of State in 1933 - he became a protector and role model for Kessel and his like-minded friends, who were all the more revered as the dark sides of the new gentlemen became apparent. For the group of younger diplomats - alongside Kessel, Eduard Brücklmeier, Georg Bruns, Hans von Herwarth, Erich Kordt, Gogo von Nostitz, Herbert Siegfried, all born after the turn of the century - saw Weizsäcker as "their spiritual leader", as Kessel once put it: 'Probably never in the history of the Foreign Office has a Secretary of State had such a solid phalanx of followers.'¹² Weizsäcker's style and personal approach, very much in the Wilhelmstrasse tradition, were one thing that established his extraordinary reputation, the other was that the State Secretary

in seamless continuation of Bernhard Wilhelm von Bülow's course, seemed to guarantee that the Foreign Office would not fall completely prey to the National Socialist team's hunger for power. "Everyone who knew him," wrote Kessel, "**knew** that he would put all his skill, all his tenacity and all the credit he enjoyed in the eyes of foreign countries at the service of an organic, peaceful foreign policy." ¹³

Weizsäcker had not lost sight of Kessel since their time together in Bern. From then on, the young diplomat was repeatedly transferred to his immediate surroundings. The perception of Kessel, even among his friends in the Kreisau Circle, was therefore strongly influenced by his proximity to Weizsäcker. When Eugen Gerstenmaier wrote in his memoirs that Kessel "was loyal to his State Secretary Ernst von Weizsäcker" and, "shielded by him", survived the war years unscathed, we can hear the retrospective criticism of the Kreisauer, who had to endure incomparably greater hardship in the Third Reich.¹⁴ What Weizsäcker appreciated about Kessel, apart from his personal sympathy, was above all his expertise: "I know Kessel from working closely with him on several occasions. He is one of the most talented civil servants of his age, is very observant, writes excellently and has proven himself in every place where he has worked," he said.

whose judgment in J>- 94¹⁵

In later years, Kessel had campaigned vigorously in defence of Ernst von Weizsäcker, who was sometimes massively attacked by historians and journalists for his involvement in shaping National Socialist foreign policy in a position of responsibility.¹⁶ Personal motives, the human closeness to his patron and friend, may have played a role in this. What is decisive, however, is that Weizsäcker's basic conflict - to have taken part in order to prevent what happened - was precisely the dilemma that Kessel and his friends in the resistance were also faced with during the National Socialist era. Of course, as Kessel wrote in his Vatican retreat in 1943, there were also times when he wondered whether he could still take part, whether it would not be better to retire from active service. If, in the end, he decided to stay on, this was solely due to the rationale of having greater opportunities to shape things from a role of responsibility.

Why had Weizsäcker remained in his post for so long? Years later, in preparation for the Nuremberg trial, the State Secretary tried to answer this question himself: "Members of states with an old parliamentary tradition may not realize that it is often easier to enter office in dictatorships than to leave."¹⁷

In *The Hidden Seed*, Kessel summed up the dilemma involved: 'If I took my leave, I could only escape Hitler's tyranny by emigrating. But that would undermine my spiritual existence. [...] But if I stayed in Germany, as a private citizen I was more at the mercy of the Nazis' actions and goings-on, had fewer opportunities to confront them, to play around them and to escape their victimization than if I remained a civil servant. [...] Looking back,

I believe I acted correctly when I decided to remain in the Foreign Office. ¹⁹ Kessel and his friends, civilians and military officers alike, had repeatedly discussed the question of his remaining in office with the State Secretary, and had virtually begged Weizsäcker until i g43. urges him to stay at his post." Kessel's calculation that Weizsäcker's protective hand could help, The fact that the diplomats opposed to the regime were able to continue their counter-course undetected had worked for a while. It is therefore clear from the nature of Weizsäcker's position that, if he wanted to remain in his influential position, he not only had to proceed with extraordinary caution, but was also forced to make compromises time and again. Resistance in a dictatorship, if it wants to make a difference, must be combined with partial affirmation. The sometimes passionate controversies surrounding the German resistance in the post-war period were fought out with dogmatic rigorism and often ignored this very fact. From outside, i.e. from the safe distance to which fundamental opposition leads, it is no longer possible to exert a formative influence on politics. Weizsäcker's attitude is therefore best described as "resistance in office"²⁰ . In practice, this meant for Kessel and his followers that they could continue their own explorations - during the war years there was rightly talk of conspiracy with the enemy - independently of Weizsäcker, but in the certainty that at the decisive moment they could rely on the State Secretary to cover their counter-course. Among the peculiarities of this

However, it was also part of his counter-course that for a time - until Munich 1 3 - his political objectives aimed at revising the Versailles peace system, for example with a view to

In relation to Kessel and his circle, but also for Ernst von Weizsäcker, this meant that revisionist goals in the Außenpolitik and the deep rejection of the regime - government personnel, practice of rule as well as spiritual foundations - were not a contradiction, they were found in one and the same person. Kessel had already answered the question of tyrannicide, the other major theme of the resistance, clearly and early on. He wrote in the Vatican retreat that he had never understood those in our circle - there were only two of them - who declared that a person should not be killed, even if, as they themselves admitted, he deserved to die a thousand times over. ²¹ A strong sense of justice, a clear compass and certainly also his Christian view of humanity made Albrecht von Kessel a staunch opponent of the National Socialists soon after the Nazis seized power.

The elimination of the parties after the elections of March 5 i g33 was a "disgusting spectacle" for him²² , the destruction of the legal system and the persecution of the church were regarded by him as further evidence that Germany had fallen into the hands of criminals. Kessel has

He never underestimated Hitler and National Socialism. His despair was all the greater, his helplessness at the fact that so little was done against Hitler and the regime by the Western powers. His own path into the resistance led from initial skepticism to total rejection. "From i 33-3z we believed," he wrote, "that it was enough to just let the Ma-

of the German people of the criminal tendencies and intentions of the Nazis.²³ This was a mistake. The step towards active preparation for the aftermath, the real characteristic of resistance, had to be learned gradually. In the circle of friends around Brücklmeier, Schwerin and Nostitz, it was possible to speak frankly and freely, and since 1935 the opposition to Hitler had also come together here. Kessel's passion for the Außenpolitik corresponded to the fact that the Außenpolitik questions, the yielding of the Western powers vis-à-vis Hitler, played a major role in this. And Kessel benefited from the fact that he was repeatedly given insights in prominent positions, which others had been denied. After his return to headquarters in February 1937, he was initially assigned to the protocol department of the Foreign Office. Under the aspect of the

With the greatest possible overview and access, he was able to gain something positive from this activity, which was not very demanding in terms of content. Kessel was now invited to all official events of the Third Reich with foreigners and was able to form his own impression of the National Socialist government personnel. In addition to his personal *degoût*, he had an unclouded view of the fatal consequences of the course. He was all the more stunned by the fact that the Western powers, France and Great Britain, had for many years maintained a fateful misjudgment of Hitler and National Socialism.

On September 1937, during Mussolini's visit, Kessel was able to experience Hitler up close for the first time. "His [Adolf Hitler's] appearance made an unexpectedly well-groomed Impression. The shoulder blades of his slightly bent back were visible through the uniform. He didn't know what to do with his hands; they hung pale and strangely lifeless, only to twitch in moments of nervous tension and unfold with spread fingers - moist, square hands, neither spiritualized nor shaped by work, with spade-shaped nails that were bitten to the quick, looking particularly embarrassed by the care they had received. And then the face

- Ghostly and lifeless, like the hands, all features blurred except for the inexplicably abnormal area around the nose and the excessively long upper lip and the eyes covered by heavy lids, in which a dark obsession dwells. Introspective eyes in which there is sometimes something lurking or sly, never a joyful or commanding look.²⁴

The entourage, Hitler's paladins, also left him with the worst possible impression. "I had the feeling that I was surrounded by people with nervous disorders and I remember as if it had been yesterday that I was overcome for the first time by the unspeakable mixture of disgust and fear that was to become a constant companion for me in the years to come.

²⁵

There is a long way between abysmal rejection of the regime and active opposition, a path that only very few of Hitler's opponents took. It was not until the resignation of Chief of Staff Ludwig Beck in protest against the preparations for Hitler's Sudetenan- tion in August 1938 that the opposition formed a cohesive community. For

resistance against Hitler, it is therefore significant that his first truly concerted This action was triggered by Hitler's attempt in i 3 to bring down the European order. The attempted coup by the group of senior civil servants and military around Generals Beck and Halder collapsed when Daladier and Chamberlain came to an arrangement with Hitler at the Munich conference mediated by Musolini. Munich i g38 was the last victory of the Peace Party.

For Kessel, the real turning point had undoubtedly been the outcome of the Munich conference, which had taken its toll on him both physically and mentally. For Kessel's mentor, Munich was also a profound turning point. As another of Kessel's companions noted, Weizsäcker had "walked the thorny path from one disappointment to another".²¹ In consultation with Weizsäcker, Kessel therefore moved to the quieter post of personal advisor to the Reich Protector in Bohemia and Moravia, the former Foreign Minister Konstantin Freiherr von Neurath. At Neurath's side, whom Kessel accompanied to Prague for four months, he continued on the path of disillusionment. It is not without reason that the relevant section of his memoirs is entitled "The beginning of the end". Neurath, from i g3 z-

1 38 Reichsaussenminister, a Swabian grand seigneur with the wisdom of an old shepherd but no zeal, had resigned himself to the omnipresent party rule in Prague and, more than once, thrown Kessel's advice to the wind.

As an astute observer with an incorruptible eye, which Kessel was, he had looked into the abyss in the short time he was in Prague. We don't know exactly how much the months in Prague influenced his thoughts and actions. In the early summer of i g3g, he was back in Berlin and found himself confronted with the same problems and questions in his circle of resistance friends that had already prevented the coup d'état in i 938. Then, in the last days of August, summer i g3g, the unsuccessful efforts of the Frondeurs to prevent the Great War in close coordination with Italy and the British secret service were repeated. Kessel, too, misjudging the possibilities at the time, had hoped in vain to be able to prevent the vabanque game of a blitzkrieg by cooperating with seemingly moderate, traditionally oriented forces, of which Hermann Göring was identified as an exponent. Looking back with resignation, Kessel noted that Ribbentrop had gotten the war he had wanted: "The partisans of peace fought a last, desperate battle."²⁷

The war that was unleashed by Hitler on i. September i g3g was unleashed by Hitler was initially, after the

The war was a duel-like defeat of Poland, not a war of heat, hence the term 'phoney'. By April -94, not a single piece of powder had been dropped in the west. The connection to the free world had not yet been completely severed. As long as it was possible to remain in contact with the British, Weizsäcker also calculated, there would be Perhaps there were still prospects of ending the war after all. In the first winter of the war, Kessel, like Theo Kordt and Gogo von Nostitz, belonged to the small group that used secret channels via neutral foreign countries to persuade the British government to make further concessions to a Germany without Hitler.

tried.² ' Through the former High Commissioner of the League of Nations and Basel historian Carl Jacob Burckhardt, Weizsäcker had repeatedly warned the British against making new concessions to Hitler and recommended *silence mena ant*. Weizsäcker's slogan "unusual times require unusual means" was also Kessel's conviction. From the beginning of i Q4o, Kessel himself had the opportunity to cultivate links with the free world for almost five months at the Consulate General in Geneva. Ernst von Weizsäcker used these words to introduce his close colleague to Consul General Wolfgang Krauel, "We know Mr. von Kessel well enough and also know that he is well informed about Berlin's view of the current war situation. He will also be able to tell you or clarify some things that are not easily recognizable from the outside. ² Officially, Kessel had been assigned the task in Geneva of looking after the Germans in Valais.^{oo} But in reality, he was more concerned with "successfully looking around among the people there".^{o1} In addition to the Geneva-based member of the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC) and historian Carl-Jacob Burckhardt, his regular contacts included the General Secretary of the World Council of Churches, W.A. Visser't Hoof^{Ü2} and the German Head of the Studies Department of the World Council of Churches, Hans Schönfeld. At his post in Geneva, he felt like he was on a balcony "from which one could watch the great ships sail into the distance," Kessel noted in retrospect.^{oo} However, Kessel had not only watched the ships pass, he had repeatedly and with considerable personal courage tried to intervene in the course of events. As early as mid-January i Q4o, he reported to Carl Burckhardt in a confidential conversation about an increasing split between the Wehrmacht and the SS, which was itself divided into two camps: "A rebellious Heydrich, with an anti-Russian attitude, and an opponent of his boss Himmler, considers himself the crown prince of a right-wing group that could take action against Ribbentrop."^{oi} Ribbentrop was an incorrigible warmonger whose every thought and desire was directed towards the military offensive, was Kessel's verdict on his superior, the Reichsaußenminister, at the time. According to Kessel, peace was no longer possible with Hitler. Only Göring was capable of smashing the SS and should therefore be won over to the palace revolution. Kessel's peace plan envisaged a division of Europe into spheres of interest: "Great Britain should have an interest in granting Germany a free hand in Eastern Europe and the Balkans and allowing it to keep Ruhland, which was still being held in the north by the unfortunate turn of events in the Finnish Winter War, in check on this battlefield or even oust it."^{oi}

At the end of May - 940, Kessel was transferred to the military policy department at the Foreign Office headquarters.

The hopes of Hitler's opponents for an overthrow and rapid peace with Great Britain had not been fulfilled. On the contrary. The Germans' approval of Hitler's regime was never greater than after the capitulation of France in the summer of i Q4o. Kessel was to spend less than a year in Berlin. His task in the office brought him close cooperation with the Foreign Office's liaison officer at the OKH, Hasso von Etzdorf, who was almost the same age as him and was also

He was a member of the resistance group and joined the Foreign Office a year after Kessel. However, appointments with Helmut James von Moltke, the leading head of the Kreisau Circle, were now also more frequent in the period after he left office. The first mention of Kessel in Moltke's letters to his wife Freya dates from January 8, 1944. At that time he wrote

Moltke: "At lunchtime I had lunch with Kessel, one of von Weizsäcker's adjutants, who is now going to Geneva for 3 months. We compared notes without finding much difference." The same assessment of the situation persisted in the summer of 1944, although the outlook was now gloomier. The hopes of the first winter of the war had evaporated, and Hitler looked more firmly in the saddle than ever. In those months, the resistance to Hitler regrouped. Helmut von Moltke and his small circle of like-minded people played a key role in this. They met again and again in various constellations to exchange views, often in Peter Graf Yorck's small terraced house in Berlin-Lichterfelde and later at Moltke's Silesian estate in Kreisau. Kessel did not belong to the inner circle. Due to his foreign assignments, he was unable to attend the meetings at Kreisau. He was nonetheless connected to the Friends in spirit, and there is no doubt that the Kreisauers were his spiritual home in the fight against the Nazi regime.³⁷ It was also in keeping with his nature, which was geared towards balance, that he, together with Adam von Trott and Hans Bernd von Haeften, was one of the mediators between the various divergent groups in the resistance, the younger and the older notables. But even among the Kreisauers there were fundamental differences in individual positions. These included the question of the legality of the assassination attempt, as well as ideas about the state of the future, whether Germany after Hitler should be more of a constitutional state or a federal state, or the extent to which commitment to the Christian faith should shape future constitutional life. Kessel repeatedly warned against political illusions and urged swift action. He was uncompromising as an opponent of National Socialism, but this did not exclude the fact that he was prepared to engage in camouflage and make apparent concessions in everyday life. He had still to become an NSKK-Sturmführer, and then Obersturmführer; from 1944 he stopped paying his contributions. An application for admission into the NSDAP, 1943 in Geneva, was in vain. On the instructions of Gauleiter Bohle, the head of the NSDAP's foreign organization, he was informed that although data "no political reservations" were raised against him, but no particular factors were found "that could speak in favor of his admission to the NSDAP, such as his commitment to the movement or similar".³⁸

The Kreisauers were almost exclusively oriented towards the Anglo-Saxon world due to their origins, the influence of their studies and circle of friends, and their stays abroad. Kessel was also western-minded. In Geneva, he had come into contact with the French language and the influence of French culture. But as a foreign politician and, above all, as a native Silesian, he was aware of the need for a healthy balance between East and West, which resulted from Germany's geopolitical position in the center of Europe. "England was closer to us culturally and therefore emotionally,

Ruhland was more interesting for us geographically and economically. The one-sided view to the West therefore had to give way to a sober, neutral weighing up of East and West if we wanted to achieve and maintain peace."^o This foreign policy realism determined his political view on the question of East and West, although this should not be confused with a swing course of equidistance.

With the invasion of the Soviet Union by the Wehrmacht, the question of a special peace was a persistently pursued political goal for the inner-German opponents of Hitler. Due to Churchill's policy of "absolute silence" on German peace fihrler - the main slogan since the end of i 4- and after the conference in Casablanca, January 943.

formula of "unconditional surrender", it became a matter of course for the Frondeure

It was almost impossible to get the Allies to listen to their request. Albrecht von Kessel had already been back in neutral Switzerland in Geneva for several months at the time of the start of "Operation Barbarossa" in June 94. Due to its international character - Geneva was not only the seat of the International Committee of the Red Cross, but also of the Ecumenical Council of the World Churches and also of a large consular corps - the city on the Rhoe was an invaluable outpost for the German resistance. Kessel repeatedly used his position at the consulate as a messenger for the opposition and passed on news to neutral intermediaries. And his time in Geneva was also a real fountain of youth for him after the depressing impressions of Berlin.

From Geneva, Fair Kessel went to Rome in the spring of i 43, to the German mission to the Holy See. Once again, it was Ernst von Weizsäcker, who was the old confidant in his immediate surroundings. Weizsäcker saw his transfer to the post of ambassador to the Holy See in *943 as a liberation. "I believed that I could do something for peace, if at all, in or through the Vatican," wrote

said the outgoing Secretary of State in his memoirs. However, peace mediation was not the official mission that Weizsäcker had brought with him from Berlin to the Tiber, as he had already made clear during his first audience with Pope Pius XII.

From Kessel's point of view, the post of Vatican ambassador also represented an opportunity. Up to 943, he had always encouraged his old boss Weizsäcker to remain in the post of State Secretary. At some point after the Battle of Stalingrad and not least under the

After the Allied war conference in Casablanca, Kessel had come to realize that exerting influence from within no longer made sense. And it was in keeping with this realistic attitude that Kessel did not expect Weizsäcker's Roman mission to have much chance of success.

Fascism in Italy had ended soundlessly with the arrest of Mussolini and the takeover of governmental power by Marshal Badoglio on zy.J * 43 ended. The course was thus set for Italy's withdrawal from the war. On September 8, 43, General

Eisenhower announced the conclusion of the armistice with Italy. Weizsäcker was fighting a losing battle. His boss reminded him of a general,

wrote Kessel, who "had to accept a battle that, unless a miracle happened, could only end in defeat".⁴ ' For the official representative of the German Empire to the Holy See, it was no longer a question of grand politics, but at best of damage limitation. Weizsäcker's self-imposed task was now essentially to protect the Vatican from the encroachments of National Socialist Heifsporne and to maintain Rome's status as an Open City. Germany had completely lost its political room for maneuver. Without the fall of the regime, Weizsäcker was also aware that total defeat could no longer be averted. Weizsäcker had always argued politically. Peace could only be negotiated by those who were militarily strong.⁴ °

Soon after his arrival in Rome, the former Secretary of State "a titulo pri- vato" asked the Vatican Undersecretary of State Tardini whether the Western powers would negotiate with the current German government. He was hardly surprised by the Holy See's negative answer. He relied on his good personal relationship with Pope Pius XII, about whom the former Secretary of State had written in the unpublished first version of his memoirs, written during the war years, that he had "never been able to escape the charm of the sensitive, cultivated personality of Pius XII".⁴³

Basically, as Kessel also noted, Weizsäcker and Pius XII were kindred spirits. personalities. "The Pope and Weizsäcker were very similar. That is, men of thought and not of action. If Hochhuth portrays them as cold, Machiavellian calculators, this is completely wrong. I would have liked them to have been a little more Machiavellian. Ultimately, they both lacked vitality, which is no fault of theirs, but which meant they were not quite up to the dire situation.

Together with Ernst von Weizsäcker, Kessel had campaigned in vain for the rescue of the Roman Jews, working very closely with the Vatican. Kessel later repeatedly made public statements about his unsuccessful campaign to save the Jews and passionately opposed the writer Rolf Hochhuth. With Weizsäcker, Kessel could always be sure that his sympathies for the "other Germany" were understood and shielded from the mechanisms of National Socialist penetration of power. In the small circle, which included regular lunches with the church historian Hubert Jedin and the archaeologist Hermine Speier, Kessel was able to express himself because he was among like-minded people. Years later, Hubert Jedin wrote in his memoirs that it was only through Kessel that he learned about the history and background of the assassination attempt on Hitler on July 20. July 1944.⁴ ' °

For even in Rome, Kessel was not completely cut off from the news of what was happening in Germany. His visitors in particular made sure of that. It was far too dangerous for members of the German opposition to entrust written communications to the monitored postal service. So Kessel met his friend from the Foreign Service, Adam von Trott, for the last time in June 1944 - unbeknownst to both of them.

Trott, seven years younger than Kessel, was one of the leading political minds of the

resistance. Even during the war years, he was constantly busy sounding out the conditions for a separate peace treaty via intermediaries in neutral countries. Kessel considered it a service of friendship to the restless to pamper his guest for a few days."

"In this environment [Venice] the war became unbelievable. One midday, gleaming silver squadrons of bombs flew high over St. Mark's Square, the anti-aircraft guns pushed from the surrounding islands and soon a black cloud of smoke from the burning oil tanks in Mestre stood in the northern sky. But the pigeons were also soaring in swooping squadrons, and the Scirocco also occasionally piled up dark clouds on the horizon. As always, the delicate beauty of the lace and glasses awaited the enigmatically beautiful women who used to stroll across St. Mark's Square on the arm of a thoughtful, clever man."

In his memoirs, Kessel describes his last meeting with Adam von Trott in detail. It occupies a kind of key position in it. Trott shared his worries with Kessel about the hopeless situation and his troubles of conscience. He virtually urged his friend to stay in Rome and, in the event of a successful coup d'état, to campaign for a speedy end to the war. Nevertheless, Kessel would have burned all bridges behind him and followed Trott to Berlin. Only Trott's urgent advice thwarted his hasty plans. "You have to stay here, we don't want to put all our eggs in one basket," his friend had told him as a legacy. Kessel stayed in Rome. This saved his life. If the assassination attempt of 20. July 44 had succeeded, Stauffenberg would have sent him a special plane immediately to have the expert on rebellion policy close to him, if it had been a matter of liquidating the war. But things turned out differently. The assassination attempt failed. After 20. July, Kessel was forced to watch the final act of the drama of the history of German resistance against Hitler from the Vatican's grandstand. On June 6, the Allies had entered the Italian capital. Rome became an open city. 'What then befell me is unspeakable; what we had fought for seven years was destroyed in one fell swoop. My friends, a part of my life, indeed of myself, were dishonored, tortured and hanged. For my fatherland and my people, the inexorable, horrible fall into the abyss took place over the next few months.'¹

Kessel initially spent several weeks behind bars because the Italians had arrested him away from prison. It is characteristic of Kessel that, soon after his release, in the supervised freedom of the Vatican state, he made a last desperate attempt in conspiratorial meetings with a representative of the British secret service to entrust him once again with his convictions for a different Germany, the abolition of Hitler's rule, a rapid peace treaty and a reference to the aims and context of the failed coup d'état of July 20. July.⁴ 'The failure of the assassination attempt had not made him more cautious, on the contrary. He knew,

He could no longer stop the course of history, but at least he wanted London to be clear about the lost opportunity to cooperate with the failed revolutionary movement.

His stay in the Vatican now became a special kind of seclusion. "My life here is very strange, it could be idyllic if one had no other sorrow and could get out now and then," he wrote in a circular letter to friends around the turn of the year 1943¹⁰ The four remaining members of the embassy were only allowed to leave the Vatican state with the approval of the Allies. In twelve minutes they had reached the Citta del

Vaticano in the longitudinal direction and in about eight minutes in the transverse direction up the Vatican hill." Kessel felt like a bird in a cage. Although Ambassador von Weizsäcker was regularly received by Pope Pius XII, this was no longer about official German foreign policy. When Weizsäcker interpreted Ribbentrop's instructions, he always made it clear "what the Reich government says and what I myself believe".⁵² During the National Socialist era, Kessel had become accustomed to speaking with two tongues and hiding his true thoughts. In this respect, this last phase in the Vatican enclosure was no different from the earlier ones. Admittedly, it was an unreal time. What was pleasant was that he, like all members of the embassy, had enough free time. He went for walks in the Vatican gardens, read in the papal library in the mornings, pondered the future of the Reich and the course of the world of states and German politics in a post-Hitler era. The *Hidden Seed*, his long memoir about the German resistance against Hitler, as well as his youthful memoirs, *The Silent Good*, were now being written. This existence did not end with the unconditional surrender. Although the embassy functions were now suspended and the Reich lost, the Vatican exile continued. First

*94 when Ambassador von Weizsäcker was taken to his family in Lindau on Lake Constance in a French military car in return for the assurance of a free escort, and the other embassy members - Kessel, Miss Rahlke, Braun and the consular secretary Buyna - boarded the plane to Frankfurt **am Main**, the quiet time was over.

From Frankfurt, they first went to the interrogation camp - code name Dustbin. "It was a barracks camp, the individual cells were maybe three and a half meters long and two meters wide. The whole thing was unbearable."³ Kessel successfully remonstrated. A much more comfortably equipped domicile, a villa for prominent prisoners on the Taunus heights, became a stopover. They then moved on to Hoher Asperg near Ludwigsburg, where the treatment was relatively good despite minor harassment and initial solitary confinement. "At lunchtime, we had to march around in circles in the castle courtyard for an hour every day, two meters apart, like the prisoners in van Gogh's painting," was the sober commentary in his diary entries.⁴

The living conditions remained spartan, the information possibilities reduced. The major event of the time, the trial opened in Nuremberg in November 1945 against the surviving members of the leadership group who had been apprehended as the main war criminals, was a major event.

The Third Reich was also the number one topic of conversation on Hoher Asperg. Kessel's unease at the intention of the World War Allies to sit in judgment of the Third Reich became even stronger when he learned that his former boss Ernst

von Weizsäcker had to testify as a "voluntary witness" in March⁴² and was asked by the American prosecutor Kempner - albeit in vain - to cooperate for the prosecution as a witness for the prosecution. In July⁹⁴ Schliefllich, the "voluntary witness" was arrested and then became the first defendant in Case XI, the so-called Wilhelmstraßen or Weizsäcker trial. Kessel himself now lived in Rieden am Staffelsee.

A friend of the family had provided him with a vacant room in a small country motel where she herself had been accommodated. In the court proceedings

- Kessel himself was classified as exonerated - he had already had his experiences with the imposed coming to terms with the past in post-war Germany. "The Nuremberg atmosphere appeals to me more than ever and fills me with that mixture of unease

and disgust that I am so familiar with from the Nazi era," he noted in November¹⁴⁷ How should a court find out the historical truth? From his own experience, he trusted above all the source value of records made during the dictatorship. 'Who ever

has endured as a diplomat under a totalitarian and criminal regime - why is not up for debate here - knows different levels of credibility: [...] Written statements should be judged exclusively from the point of view of tactics. They often intend the exact opposite of what the naive reader puts into them.'"

The time at Staffelsee was idyllic, but at the same time overshadowed by all the shortcomings of the first post-war year. Kessel had now been back in Germany for over a year. "I was expecting a very hard life, even personally, and endless work, but I hoped to be able to contribute to the reconstruction. Instead, I still have no job, and there is little or no sign of reconstruction," he wrote disillusioned in the summer.⁷ He took up a temporary position as an assistant consultant at the Protestant Relief Organization in Stuttgart, published a private political news service - the hectographed *Außenpolitische Briefe* - which was primarily a commentary on current events, and tried to re-establish contact with old friends. He had not given up thinking about states and constellations even in those barren times. It was in keeping with the gloomy mood of the incipient Cold War as well as his pessimistic nature when he wrote in his notes the

He painted the future in black colors, for example by recalling that he had already spoken to a Swiss acquaintance at⁹⁴ of "the first part of the tragedy." He had - inwardly reluctantly - experienced the rise of the National Socialists, the failure

of the coup d'état and the assassination attempt on Hitler, and finally the state-political collapse of the "German catastrophe". He was actually "not a 'bourgeois' person", and yet "all his thoughts and efforts in the past decade had been devoted to the attempt to [counteract] the disintegrating tendencies and to restore a real 'order to life'", he confided to his diary: "Life as a 'personal

'Adventure' is more a result of my scepticism and inability to realize something universally valid.""

Deep skepticism was the sum total of the life experiences of this precocious man. Courage and civil courage, the lasting lessons he had carried over from the Third Reich into the new era, were few and far between. All the more reason why they formed the real foundation on which a democratic community could flourish. After the re-establishment of the Foreign Service, Kessel was one of the first to make himself available to the diplomatic service of the still young Federal Republic. In 1950 he was transferred to the Consulate General in Paris, an *ambassade camouflée*. The fact that former "Vichy diplomats", i.e. members of the Foreign Office who had already served in the unoccupied part of France after the armistice, were not eligible for this new task and at the same time a certain familiarity with French culture and civilization was required, limited the circle of those who could be considered for this delicate mission from the outset. Kessel had a clean slate due to his membership of the resistance against Hitler, he spoke French through his Alsatian nanny, he had become acquainted with French influences during the war years in Geneva, and he had always been a man for whom education and culture had a high priority in life. Kessel was placed at the side of the art historian Wilhelm Hausenstein, Adenauer's choice for the office of Consul General, a lateral entrant with no experience in the diplomatic arena and a pronounced mistrust of professional diplomats, as his second man. After the first meeting, the selection interview to a certain extent, Hausenstein was very impressed by Kessel's manners, his noble reserve and his pleasant overall impression: "Kessel came over from Murnau to introduce himself - it was pleasant, at least for me, although I couldn't ignore a certain, finely dosed reserve. But it was precisely this reserve, appropriate for such a first encounter, that I liked, just as I liked the profiled originality of his appearance. [. . .] I got the impression that there was more here than school, more than routine, more than education and experience, namely an original intelligence and an unusual depth of personal character, although perhaps with a few complicating features that could be at odds with it - plus the ingredient of a distinguished, respectful sadness.""⁰ Kessel has rarely been characterized more aptly.

Kessel kept his distance from Hausenstein during his time in Paris. The friendly relationship Hausenstein was striving for was therefore unable to develop. Kessel initially saw his official task as initiating confidence-building measures. He did not impose himself on the French as an interlocutor, but rather waited to be approached. In 1951, the consulate was transformed into an embassy. The primary tasks had now become political in nature. Kessel became in September 1951 - as Deputy Head of the "German Delegation to the Negotiations on the European Defense Community". One year later, in September 1952, he was appointed Deputy Head of the "German Delegation

The official title of the EDC delegation of the young Federal Republic of Germany was now "Interim Committee of the Conference on the Organization of a European Army". Later, the name of the German delegation was changed to "Interim Committee of the Conference on the Organization of a European Defence Community". According to General Speidel, who was also a member of the Paris delegation, Kessel "rendered outstanding services to the delegation in human and sacred terms." And with this task, he found himself at the center of German politics overnight. The German delegation was headed by Theodor Blank, a member of the Bundestag, a man from the Christian trade unions and later the first Federal Minister of Defense. Like Blank, Kessel had initially rejected the Pleven Plan. 'In the first few months, I ... was convinced that the so-called Pleven Plan was a humbug, if not an intrigue. Nevertheless, I was committed to negotiating soberly and avoiding anything that could spoil the atmosphere. After three to four months, I came to the conclusion that the French proposal could be turned into something after all and today I am an unconditional supporter of the EGC.'"

However, the seed was not sown. Because the project, which was far ahead of its time. The idea of a European army with German participation was vetoed by the French National Assembly on August 30, 1954. The last act of the European Defence

Kessel was spared from the *Integrationsgemeinschaft*. He had already been replaced by his friend Hasso von Etzdorf in December 1953 and transferred to Washington.³ The essential experience of his time in Paris was the lesson that steps reaching far into the future in terms of energy and European policy were doomed to failure if they lost the necessary domestic political backing. The National Assembly's 'no' vote in August 1954 also had something to do with the humiliating defeat that France had suffered shortly before in Dien Bien Phu in the Indochina War and the resulting blow to the *grande nation's* self-confidence.

It is tellingly fair to Kessel that he had kept his distance from the Bonn operation in Paris. Certainly, he had come to Bonn at regular intervals to get his bearings at the headquarters. Herbert Blankenhorn, initially in a key advisory position as Adenauer's personal advisor, was then usually his first port of call. Blankenhorn was also responsible for Kessel's transfers to Paris and Washington. Kessel did not develop a close relationship with the leading Christian Democrats, Chancellor Adenauer and Foreign Minister Brentano. He had been able to study Adenauer during his first visit to Paris. "He impressed me and I had respect for him," was the verdict, but it was interspersed with several pinches of salt. Initially, he still thought Adenauer's policies were good, but over the years he increasingly rebelled against them. Adenauer's world - his closeness to the Catholic Church, his rejection of Prussianism - remained inaccessible to Kessel, who, for his part, accused the Chancellor of an inner distance to July 20, even of a lasting mistrust of those who had once participated in a conspiracy. In short, he considered him to be a fair and cynical Machiavellian; apart from Blankenhorn, "the old man" in his

environment only tolerated people who adored him or were unreservedly submissive" and demanded "cadaver obedience", he wrote in his memoirs."

Due to his early influences and his experiences during the national socialist era, Kessel had developed a deep skepticism towards the followership of the pacifists, and he, whose professional assignments had virtually destined him to be a German abroad, always kept a proper inner distance from the young Federal Republic of Germany during the Adenauer era. He followed the upheaval of the 1950s years, the economic miracle and the socio-political changes in Germany in the 1950s from afar, they remained alien to him. He often complained about the "unpleasant atmosphere" in Bonn, but he also saw glimmers of hope. "The people are sensible, and I even have the feeling that the material frenzy of the economic miracle is giving way to a somewhat more spiritual attitude," he wrote in his letters.⁶

After Paris, in the fall of 1954, he was transferred to the embassy in Washington as an envoy, then as now the most important post in the German Foreign Service. In those years, the scope of foreign policy was still fair for German diplomats. The immediate consequences of the Second World War were still too close. It was not until the Paris Treaties came into force on May 5, 1954 that the Allied High Commission was dissolved, the occupation statute was abolished and the Federal Republic was declared fairly sovereign. However, it was a limited sovereignty with special rights for the Allied troops and reservations regarding Allied rights and responsibilities in relation to Berlin and Germany as a whole, including the reunification of Germany and a peace treaty settlement. Germany's accession to NATO, Adenauer's visit to Moscow in September 1955, which led to the establishment of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union and the Hallstein Doctrine to cement the claim to sole representation, the failure of the Geneva Conference of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, the "summit conference of laughter" in November 1956, showed that the prospects of a solution to the all-German question were becoming increasingly slim. The German question, disarmament and European security were intertwined. America switched to a strategy of *massive retaliation* for the defense of Western Europe. The United States remained inactive during the revolutionary events in Hungary and Poland 1956. Under these circumstances, Kessel learned painfully in Washington how little room for manoeuvre Germany had despite regained sovereignty, and he analyzed the contradiction between the rhetoric of freedom and the advocacy of free democratic forces. Germany was an inferior partner. When he was not looking after the numerous delegations that flocked to Washington, he used his time to get to know the country and its people. He also enjoyed taking trips to neighboring regions. Trinidad and Tobago were just as much a part of his travel program as the countries of South America. His memoirs are full of travel impressions, cultural-historical observations and often also everyday observations.

In 1958 followed his departure from Washington, which for him, without realizing it at the time, heralded the end of his active foreign service. At the small celebration that his

colleagues at the embassy had organized for him, it became clear why Albrecht von Kessel had cast a special spell over his colleagues. He had now been in the Foreign Service since 1935. "There is now no doubt that for many of us you are the embodiment of the old diplomat, as developed in training, discipline and tradition in Berlin," summed up an unnamed companion. "And that not only bears better witness to the old Foreign Office than some give it today, it also shows - especially in the example of your person - that a path leads from the shingle-roofed low houses between Wilhelmplatz and the lime trees into the present and further into the future." ⁶⁶

In the summer of 1938 he had returned from Washington to headquarters without it being clear what post would follow next. Initially, he was seconded to the planning group in the Federal Chancellery to draw up proposals for defusing the Berlin problem in preparation for the Geneva Conference of Foreign Ministers in 1939. For the rest of the year, he took an extended vacation, citing his failing health. He turned down the ambassadorial post in Oslo that was finally offered to him. What were the reasons? Oslo was not at the top of the hierarchy of German foreign missions, but there were worse posts, and Kessel would certainly have been an ideal choice for a country like Norway, where the memory of the suffering under German occupation was still very present at the time, precisely because of his membership of the resistance. However, the whole direction of Adenauer's foreign policy appealed to him less and less. He was obviously speculating that Adenauer's chancellorship would soon come to an end. A letter to Otto Heinrich von der Gablentz, still from Washington, in which he strongly encouraged the latter's plans to enter the Foreign Service, shows how wrongly he assessed the chances of a change of course: "I could imagine that a change will occur in Bonn in the next few months that could make it easier for you to decide to give the office a try after all." ⁶⁷ One of the disappointments was that the change in foreign policy that Kessel had longed for did not materialize.

In reality, by the time he returned from Washington, Kessel had already distanced himself from the laws of the Foreign Service. His free development as an ambassador in Washington, the time he had there to think and reflect, had strengthened him in his independence, also in his criticism of German foreign policy, of Adenauer and the basic structures of the Foreign Service. He no longer wanted to be a coward. His decision was not understood by his friends in the Foreign Service. ⁶⁸ And he himself also seems to have felt the pressure to justify his decision when he wrote to Eugen Gerstenmaier, for example, half reflectively, half accusingly: "Please don't think Oslo is not good enough for me. All the experience I have gained over the past eight years in France, with the EVG-Nato and in the USA will of course lie fallow in Norway." ⁶⁹

After retiring from active service, his major topic became the German question. After the shackles of being bound by instructions were removed, he was able to give free rein to his convictions. "I believe", he summarized at the beginning of the 1960s

summarized his basic convictions once: "We should pay much more attention than before to the fact that the division of Germany also means the division of Europe. One could perhaps still imagine Washington and Moscow coming to an agreement on the back of a divided Germany, but it is unlikely - nothing is impossible in politics - that they would come to an agreement on the back of a divided Europe.⁷⁰ Kessel's political thinking was focused on overcoming the status quo. In 1959, he had met with a member of the Polish embassy in Washington at the home of journalist Jan Reifenberg on behalf of Brentano to discuss political issues. And the ambassadorial post in Warsaw would certainly have been the task that most appealed to him and that he had secretly speculated on. His main criticism of Adenauer was that he had failed to grasp the overcoming of the status quo as an opportunity for German foreign policy. In a fundamental memorandum on foreign policy, he had formulated the relationship between overcoming the division of Europe and the world and the task of German foreign policy as a guiding principle: 'Instead of defending the status quo, the Western world must develop new ideas . . . Despite certain reservations, the Federal Republic of Germany must make its contribution of ideas and suggestions to this initiative.'⁷¹ As a publicist and sought-after commentator, Kessel remained closely involved in current political events. With his ideas on Eastern policy, he became one of the pioneers of the Ostpolitik of the Brandt-Scheel era. 'Change through rapprochement', Bahr's famous Tutzing formula, could also have come from Kessel, and it is hardly surprising that in later years Egon Bahr - then first head of the planning staff in the Foreign Office and then adviser on Eastern policy to Chancellor Brandt

– was one of Kessel's valued discussion partners. In Springer's *Welt*, however, which had first offered him a column in 1959, Kessel's criticism of Adenauer's foreign policy, his overtures to the East and his committed advocacy of German-Polish reconciliation caused increasing incomprehension. At first, his comments on foreign policy provoked fierce reactions in letters to the editor, then his columns were criticized with the

– The publications were provided with the addition that they should not be identical with the opinion of the editorial team, which was a matter of course, and were eventually discontinued altogether. With *Die Zeit* and the *Deutsches Allgemeines Sonntagsblatt*, he had other organs open to him for expressing his opinion, but the journalistic commitment was lagging behind. In addition to the Außenpolitik, it was now mainly topics of contemporary history, such as the farewell to Prussia or the controversy surrounding Pope Pius XII and the Jews in Rome, which arose in connection with Hochhuth's "Stellvertreter", on which he once again passionately took up his pen.

Kessel's publishing activities came to an end at the end of the 1960s. He was not even seventy at the time, but the years had taken their toll on him. Tired and ailing, he had withdrawn more and more. Disappointment with overall political developments added to this. Kessel had always been an untimely maker. He resisted fashions, including the aberrations of the zeitgeist. And where he was ahead of his contemporaries - such as in reunification and reconciliation policy - he shared in the success of late.

He was no longer able to be happy about predictions that had come true. For example, he remained strangely speechless when Brandt's chancellorship opened a crack in the previously closed doors of "Ostpolitik" and the policy of human facilitation opened a new chapter in intra-German relations.

Kessel had adopted the Stoic maxim "Life is to be a warrior". He expressed this in an undated poem left behind in his estate:

"Life is always a struggle. - / May we fall tomorrow, / we must dampen our blood, the wild one, today / with joyful games of serious resonance."² For him, the battles literally did not stop until the end. Writing his memoirs became his last major task. The memoir front had been dragging on since the beginning of the 1970s years. The manuscript was reworked again and again. Kessel was **almost never** completely satisfied with a piece he put down on paper.¹⁰ Melancholy and grief over the loss of his friends from July and the feeling of being increasingly misunderstood characterized the last few years.⁴ Regular visitors to his apartment in Deutschherrenstraße in Bonn - including his childhood friend Hilde von Lavergne and members of his circle, such as Heinrich Noebel, Jörg Kastl and Hans-Otto Bräutigam

- broke through the phases of loneliness. Kessel had always been a friend of intensive dialog. He was a generous, exemplary host, and he had a rare gift for friendship. Just as he had always taken special care of younger colleagues in his diplomatic post in Paris and Washington during his active time, he kept in touch with his "students" after retiring from the Foreign Service. To this day, this group is not small, and each of them has kept a lasting memory of the older colleague and friend in their own way. They were often his traveling companions. With Hans-Otto Bräutigam, for example, then on post at the Permanent Representation of the Federal Republic of Germany in East Berlin, he undertook the following trip in May

In 1974 a road trip that took him to the major cultural sites of central Germany, among other places: Sanssouci, Naumburg Cathedral, Magdeburg, Quedlinburg. Was it already a farewell trip? Kessel's health deteriorated noticeably soon afterwards. Above all, the pain in his leg, the result of a fracture and creeping osteoporosis, confined him to the four walls of his home. Repeated stays at the Bühlerhöhe sanatorium brought only temporary relief. His nephew Wolfgang von Buch from Freiburg and the family of his nephew Kurt von Kessel from Jugenheim were the closest people to him in his final years; they looked after him and benefited from his conversations. Albrecht von Kessel died on Maundy Thursday, April 3, 1976, and was buried in the circle of family and friends at Bonn's Südfriedhof cemetery. In 2006, his body was moved to the family grave in the cemetery in Garmisch, where his nephew Kurt von Kessel was also laid to rest.

Introduction to the edition

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Over three and a half years after his death, Albrecht von Kessel's memoirs are published.

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presented to the public. They were intended for publication from the outset. Until Albrecht von Kessel worked on them until his last days in the spring of 1966. The repeated handwritten revisions and the different versions of the individual chapters bear witness to this. His declining physical strength had made it increasingly difficult for him to work on the manuscript. Albrecht von Kessel set himself high literary standards and was rarely satisfied with what he had written. It can be reconstructed from his surviving papers that Kessel began writing his memoirs at the beginning of the 1950s. Individual parts, such as the chapter on Bohemia and Moravia, were already in 1951 completed, the part about the years in Rome in a first version in 1952, but they were also revised again and again. The progressive illness of the last few years meant that his memoirs remained unfinished. The closed account ends with Kessel's time as envoy in Washington in 1938. Only individual fragments from the period after that have survived; they have been included in the biography; for the sake of coherence, they have not been included in the present manuscript. The reasons for his premature retirement from active foreign service, his subsequent journalistic activities and the autumn of his life until his death on Maundy Thursday in 1966 are no longer recorded in the memoirs.

Nevertheless, his memoirs are Albrecht von Kessel's most complete text: they cover almost his entire life, contribute to an inner understanding of German history in the 20th century and to the discussion about tradition and new beginnings in the Foreign Service after 1945, which is just beginning. They are characterized by their author's clear view and his *soignée* style. Kessel's memoirs focus on the central experiences of German history in the 20th century. In the *prologue*, Kessel describes his biographical background, his Silesian home and the motives that ultimately led him to join the Foreign Service.

Bohemia and Moravia (1939-1945) deals with Kessel's time with Konstantin von Neurath, the Reich Protector in Bohemia and Moravia after the break-up of Czechoslovakia in March 1939 - in Chapter 10 (1943-1945) deals with the years that Kessel spent under Ernst von Weizsäcker at the German Embassy to the Holy See in Rome. The Ab-

9The book is about Kessel's return to Germany, his brief period of internment and the first stages of his new beginning in Stuttgart and

Rieden am Staffelsee. This piece has only been preserved as a sketch; it was not evident that it would be processed into an independent chapter. The title *Besetzten Deutschland* (*Occupied Germany*) comes from the publisher. *Paris* (1948-1953) takes us back to the beginnings of foreign affairs.

the Federal Republic of Germany in the immediate post-war period.

"Against Hitler and for a different Germany"

and describes Kessel's role in the negotiations on the European Defense Community. The conclusion is the chapter on *Washington (1947-48)*, where Kessel was envoy at the young embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany in the USA. The edition is supplemented by an introductory biographical appraisal of Albrecht von Kessel and an appendix with his curriculum vitae in tabular form.

The text will be presented in its entirety for the first time in the planned edition. It is based on Albrecht von Kessel's handwritten corrections to the latest version of the manuscript. Where an earlier version of the manuscript was preferred due to historical considerations, this is explicitly noted. Interventions in the edition were only made where there were recognizable factual errors or mistakes. Obvious spelling and punctuation errors were tacitly corrected, otherwise no stylistic changes were made. Omissions in the text or comments by the editor have been marked with [...]. The editor's additions to persons and dates can be found in the concise notes. Excerpts from the manuscript, i.e. the chapter on *Bohemia and Moravia* and small parts of the chapter on *Rome*, have already been printed in the appendix to the text *Verborgene Saat* edited by Peter Steinbach. *Verborgene Saat* was written down by Kessel during his Roman retreat in 1943; it does not claim to be a comprehensive account of the National Socialist period and was already considered largely outdated by Kessel in his memoirs. It is, however, a "document humain", capturing the worries and hardships of the time, and this contemporary tone characterizes it. Kurt von Kessel (1902-1955), Albrecht von Kessel's nephew, initiated the publication of *The Hidden Seed* at the time, and it is ultimately thanks to his initiative and that of his widow, Christiane von Kessel, that the memoirs can now be published posthumously. Kurt and Christiane von Kessel not only carefully preserved the entire written legacy of their uncle in the family archive, they also followed the questions of historical research with interest and wanted to contribute to ensuring that the memory of Albrecht von Kessel did not fade. If today, more than ten years after Kurt von Kessel's death and more than 30 years after Albrecht von Kessel's death, his memoirs are being published for the first time, this is a sign that the Silesian diplomat, who escaped the Hitler era with his life, has retained his exemplary character even in a completely different era. My sincere thanks go to Kurt and Christiane von Kessel for this.

Potsdam, August 2007

Prologue

It is not my intention to write political memoirs, as so many statesmen and diplomats have done since the end of the First World War. I just want to tell you what I experienced, saw or even just heard; and sometimes what I thought about it. This is a subjective book: no libraries have been rummaged through, no official files have been pored over. If the files contradict me, I give in. However, forty years of dealing with documents have taught me deep skepticism. Many may subjectively reflect the honest opinion of their authors, but not even that is certain. There are cases where their objective truthfulness is limited to the date and the signature. But I don't want to argue or prove anything, I just want to. In my view, they tell of what Balzac called 'La condition humaine'.

Since this book is primarily about people, I would like to preface these pages with a legend about how God the Father created Adam and Eve: On the evening of the fifth day of creation, God the Father sat in his armchair and drew on his long pipe. He was exhausted from his work and wanted to go to rest as soon as he had finished his pipe. Then a hurried clatter was heard on the golden stairway to heaven, and when God the Father raised his eyes, he was no longer alone in the unheated hall. A dog was sitting on the huge red carpet, gazing at him penetratingly and pleadingly (according to one version of the legend, it was a dachshund). God the Father kept the pipe in his mouth and just mumbled: "What do you want here?" - "Dear God, I need a master!" Now God the Father angrily took the pipe out of his mouth and asked: "What do you want?" - "A master, dear God!" - What nonsense, what is that supposed to be, a Lord?" - "Your omniscience will teach you that!" God the Father then swore to himself that he was far too tired to fulfill this childish wish. And even if he got up the next morning, nothing good would come of it. The dog said nothing more, but just looked at God the Father cheekily and intimately at the same time, for a minute, ten minutes, half an hour. Eventually, God the Father, who finally wanted to go to rest, lost his patience and said: "Very well, you shall have your way." And it turned out as God had prophesied: the dog got his master and, like no other creature, clung to him faithfully, not without, especially if it was a dachshund, maintaining his independence and asserting his will, as he had already done with God the Father. Man, however, became God's weakest achievement.

In November of that year, which had started badly and threatened to end worse, I boarded the train in Breslau that would take me to Munich via Dresden, Chemnitz and Regensburg. Fifteen hours, spending the afternoon and the whole night sitting on a hard wooden bench or, if I was lucky, stretching out, gave me enough time to think about my situation. In a few days I would be celebrating my birthday, the

I was celebrating my twentieth birthday and was about to start my studies in Munich. Being a student, didn't that sound like unlimited freedom and hadn't Munich, as often as I had been there for a day or two, enchanted me with **its** cheerfulness and sensuality, the forecourt to Italy, to earthly paradise? Wasn't this future like a golden fruit that lay on my knees for me to grasp? But as a child, **not** only of my parents, but also of my time, a mixture of **naivety** and skepticism, fear and arrogance made me sensitive to the weather. I feared that the tempting fruit on my knees might be bitter. I had no idea that it was not only bitter, but that it already contained a rottenness at its core that would accompany me for decades.

In the rural areas, at home on the estate in Silesia, where I spent a cheerful summer painting and writing poetry, as was appropriate for my age, or at the equally rural boarding school Rofleben in the Unstrut valley¹, where I had passed my Abitur in March, one could feel a quiet confidence. The wounds of the lost war seemed to be healing slowly, very slowly. But in the city, in Munich, even the layman immediately noticed the symptoms of an economic and political epidemic. It spread rapidly and grew in strength from week to week. Its **nature** and significance were widely unknown: inflation. Over the next two years, it was to determine my existence and that of my fellow human beings, and even call it into question. At first I only experienced that the problem of every student life, the procurement of a "pad", was made more difficult than usual by this mysterious devaluation of money. Eventually I found two dark, dusty rooms lined with golden furniture and a narrow iron bedstead. Above it, after she had taken an exorbitant price from me, watched a special species of the animal world, the wailing dragon, the landlady. "Mrs. Major" had seen better days and was pinning all her remaining hopes on Fritz, her brilliant daughter, who was sure to give her first concert soon. Fritz's piano playing had the same effect on the window panes as her mother's torrent of words had on my nerves: they both started shaking. It was only later that I realized that I was experiencing a piece of our fate in this apartment and with the two poor women, the old and the young one. The tradition that had given the widow of a royal Bavarian major a small but stable position in society had been swept away by defeat and revolution; now inflation was about to send the last remnants of material security up in smoke. Meanwhile, the middle and petty bourgeoisie were not yet so impoverished and embittered as to see Hitler as anything other than a "runaway" who got hysterical screaming fits at meetings. Ten years later, things would look different. The global economic crisis and, in its wake, unemployment would, like a storm surge, fairly wash over the dyke of reason and cause it to break, and soon also the dyke of human decency for a hysterical or criminal minority. This future, however, was thankfully hidden from my young eyes in November 1933. My anger at the landlady quickly evaporated when I set off on my first short walk - I lived in

the Kaulbachstraile - set off for university. Back then, young people were just as openly idealistic and enthusiastic as today's young people are skeptical and nihilistic. But probably not much has changed in the hearts of young people between then and now.

My education would fill out harmoniously in the "holy halls" of the university. The foundation stone had been laid in my parents' house, a very tolerant, or as it was called at the time, liberal alloy of humanism, Christianity and modest landed gentry, a foundation on which, as it later turned out, I found a foothold even in stormy times with both my parents. The boarding school had destroyed none of this, fair praise for a school. It had even taught me, a somewhat petulant, somewhat sickly offspring, that this foundation had to be defended in the name of freedom by all means, including opposition, even rebellion and treason.

I hoped that the university would bring together and strengthen knowledge, beauty and wisdom like a burning mirror. All too soon I realized that the 'university' no longer existed, but was in ruins. Certainly there were still a few large figures that rose like old trees above the bushes. With a gratitude bordering on awe, I can still see the tall, white-haired figure of Heinrich Wölflin², the art historian, entering the Auditorium Maximum. He was the last in the line of scholars who, like Ranke, Mommsen or Jacob Burckhardt, defined the intellectual style of their time and gave the German humanities - German not in the national sense of the word - a new impetus.

- had earned him a worldwide reputation. Wölflin's analyses of form and style in front of the photographs in short but monumental sentences, delivered with a pithy Swiss accent, cast a spell over us that was intensified by the darkness of the auditorium. But it was something else, almost irrational, that moved us: there stood a great gentleman who would not abandon us students in the confusion of the times.

However, I had not only come to Munich to throw myself into all the adventures of the mind, but first and foremost to study law and take the bar exam after seven or eight semesters. So I dutifully attended the prescribed or recommended lectures and resolved to attend them for at least two or three hours a day. However, I soon began to question the meaning of this resolution. Why did I need to listen to legal history in order to serve the state as a civil servant? Why was I being forced to study Roman law again, not in a short, humanistic-historical overview that would have interested me, but in a complicated and pompous way? Later, at the University of Breslau, a professor even taught his students that the BGB was "wrong" and that only the Corpus Juris was correct - a professor who, incidentally, was a member of my examination board.

But the lectures on applicable law, such as the introduction to the German Civil Code, were also beyond my horizon. I didn't understand them, couldn't fit them into my world view, nor did I realize their practical value. Depressed by this failure, after a few weeks I asked older students how they had fared at the beginning

was. In order to understand and master all of this, they advised me to go to a tutor. To my question: "Already now, in the first semester? ", they replied with a laugh: "No, only when you have to do written assignments, several of which you will need for admission to the exam. Enjoy your student freedom!" At the time, I accepted it like one accepts natural phenomena. But did it have to be like that, back then by years ago and, if I've been taught correctly, even today? A significant proportion of professors are obviously only interested in the vanishing minority of students who want to return to academia themselves. They leave the others, certainly more than ninety-five percent, to their fate, including the repetitors. Where is the ethos of the teacher and his pedagogical responsibility?

Until the ScMufi, I didn't enjoy my studies very much and had a lot of trouble. In order to pass the exam, I had to "cram" for the first and only time, i.e. study stubbornly and without enjoying the subject. But I wanted to play politics, i.e. become a diplomat, and the Referendar was a prerequisite for that.

My decision to become a diplomat as a country boy was not as strange as it might seem at first glance. It was a tradition among the East Elbian landed gentry that the eldest son took over the family estate and the younger ones served the king as officials or soldiers. I was the third son to inherit an estate from my recently deceased father, eight hundred acres of prime land in the Katzengebirge, a range of hills north of Breslau, in an enchanting landscape. But I had two reservations about taking over this property myself instead of leasing it to my second brother, Friedrich⁴, my neighbor. This task would not have fulfilled me, but it would have kept me busy, to use a modern expression: I would have had to be my own estate manager. Then there was something else. There is a saying: "Fences make good neighbors". Now we three brothers, Theodor, eight years old, Friedrich six years older than me, were known throughout ScMesia for our unconditional solidarity towards each other. A Jew from Breslau said during the economic crisis at the beginning of the triennial years: "You can always give credit to a kettle from Oberglauche⁶ - that was the name of our father's estate - because there are always three people who stand up for it. But solidarity by nature is different from adult siblings sitting on top of each other. Friendly distance is useful here. On top of that, I was addicted to politics from an early age. Politics was part of our family's daily bread. As far as I can remember, not a meal went by without this topic being touched on between my parents.

It may seem strange to our ahistorical times to concern ourselves with the origins and political views of our parents in the decade from 1918 to 1928. Yet today, in the last third of our century, we Germans would not be so perplexed, lost and, in the eyes of the rest of the world, so embarrassingly anxious if we did not deny our origins. And what Goethe says in Tasso also applies in the personal sphere: "And what one is, one owes to others."

My father was a Silesian of the purest birth, of the tribe for whom "The Life of a Good-for-Nothing" - which, incidentally, we read - is as much a creed as "The Critique of Pure Reason" for my East Prussian cousins, which no one expected them to have read. He was a grand seigneur who managed his rather extensive estate with his little finger, because he had an eye for capable subordinates, to whom he only gave guidelines in order to suddenly convince them with a clever question or a critical reference to a detail that he understood **something** of the matter. Basically he was full of cheerful bonhomie, but like a spoiled child he indulged in all his rapidly changing moods because he enjoyed it when my mother comforted him. One day he told one of my mother's cousins: "You know, Dora is so perfect that I'm in danger of getting a stiff neck because I have to look up to her all the time!"

My father appeared chubby and almost stocky in stature, but in reality he was quite tall and extremely agile. This, if the adjective can be applied to a man, graceful agility and his dark hair were the result of many generations of marriages with the local landed gentry, as Silesians, we found this German-Slavic blood mixture pleasing, even desirable, because it made us imaginative, adaptable and cheerful. My father's large hooked nose, however, was, according to the ancestral pictures, a legacy from the pre-Silesian period, when a branch of the family served at the Saxon court⁰ or even sat on the "Kessler" farm in the Saale valley near Orlamünde.

My mother², on the other hand, was very slim and tall. Her fair complexion, her blue eyes and her hair, which was not just blonde but golden, made her a well-known beauty throughout the country. Next to my father, who was so lively, she appeared relaxed, which earned her a reputation for cool aloofness among people who only knew her by sight. Yet her serenity and her unshakeable cheerfulness, at least on the surface, were only an expression of her trust in God and great self-discipline. She was also extremely kind to others and gave her heart to her family to the point of self-sacrifice.

She was a Bethmann Hollweg and had not only inherited the Protestant piety that was part of the family tradition, but also the extensive education of her grandfather Moritz August.³ He was a friend of Friedrich Wilhelm IV and the Gerlach brothers⁴ and became Prussian Minister of Culture during the "New Era". The foundations of this education were the German classics and Romantics. But as a student, I came across two green octavo volumes in our library, the contents of which delighted me then just as much as they do today: Montaigne's essays. My mother was also interested in philosophy and astronomy, which prompted my father to make the good-natured threat that if any of his children studied these subjects, he would disinherit them. After all, one could have such a broad horizon "that there would be no horizon left". In addition to politics and agriculture, his interests focused on memoirs and history. He also knew "his" Shakespeare and "his" Goethe and liked to quote from both.

If there is little mention of my father's relatives, it is only because they had little influence on my career. They were also original and full of life. Some of them were spintisers who collected butterflies for a living or kept an Esel in a tiny city garden in Jena as a kind of sheepdog and spent long evenings talking about his spiritual life. It was considered particularly honorable that two or three of my father's cousins had broken their necks while riding.

My mother's relatives, on the other hand, had different standards. Her mother was a "Countess Arnim from Boitzenburg", so she came from one of those families that had played roughly the same role in Prussia since the time of the Great Elector as the Cecils had played in England since the time of Queen Elizabeth. I myself only remember her as a loving, resentful mother who wore a black widow's tail over her white hair. My siblings, on the other hand, described her to me later - she died when I was still a child - as demanding and difficult. In any case, she must have been resolute: in the early seventies, Bismarck decided to break the neck of our ambassador in Paris, Count Harry Arnim, because he was cooperating with the French monarchists, contrary to Bismarck's ideas. Even though Arnim was highly talented, but scheming and not exactly pleasant as a person, it went too far to have him sentenced to a prison term for "misappropriation of documents", which he evaded by fleeing to Switzerland, by whipping through an amendment to the penal code, the so-called "Arnim Paragraph". More than 20 members of the family then resigned from the civil service. Bismarck discussed the Arnim case in the 26. Bismarck described the Arnim case from his point of view in the sixth chapter of his "Thoughts and Memories", a literary masterpiece that is only distantly related to the truth. When my grandmother discovered Bismarck on a train platform some time later, she approached him resolutely and shouted at him: "Prince Bismarck, you lied!" Bismarck, briefly appraising the angry lady with an umbrella in her right hand, preferred to retire to his compartment. Be that as it may, through Grandmother Freda Bethmann Hollweg-Arnim, we were related to all the great families of Prussia, as she had countless sisters: the Dohnas and Eulenburgs, the Stolbergs and Schulenburgs. The elite among them were great lords and ladies who considered themselves on a par with the Hohenzollerns and thought little of the new-Prussian and nouveau riche hustle and bustle of Wilhelmine Berlin. I saw in them a last vestige of the old Europe, or rather learned about it through stories that I only understood later. The political swan song of this international aristocracy had been the Congress of Vienna, at which the "great families" negotiated a peaceful order in the intervals between all the parties, love affairs and personal intrigues, which lasted almost without restriction until the unification of Italy and Germany and determined political ideas as the "European Concert" until 1914, i.e. for 99 years. I witnessed the end of this era as a child.

Of course, we Silesian squires could not compete with these great families and their estates in terms of rank or wealth. However, they enjoyed socializing with us, either because my parents were out of the ordinary or because of the good pheasant hunts and the

excellent dinners. And we, in turn, did not feel inferior to them, but rather, to paraphrase Gustav Freytag, snuggled up happily in our "nest of wrens".

However, neither my grandmother's relatives nor the Kessel family, from Apart from my father's political passion, this had an influence on my choice of profession and therefore my career. If, after a lot of toing and froing, I became a diplomat instead of a farmer and politician like my father in 1909, this is due to back to Bethmann Hollweg.

My mother's younger brother, Dietrich⁹, had joined the Foreign Service before the war after taking part in the fight against the Boxer Rebellion in China as a member of the German Expeditionary Corps and had been posted in The Hague, London and Vienna. During the war he was an embassy councillor in Bern, but took his leave after the defeat and the fall of the monarchy. A cousin of my mother, Gerhard von Mutius¹⁰, on the other hand, was an envoy during the Weimar period, first in Copenhagen and then in Bucharest. I was therefore no stranger to the diplomatic service. It made a far greater impression on me that a cousin of my mother, Theobald von Bethmann Hollweg, became Chancellor of the Reich in 1909. "I can still hear the voice

my mother, as she, it was in a manor house of relatives, my father from the "They've just phoned, Theo has become chancellor," she called down to the garden from the second floor. Despite her composure, she couldn't suppress a little excitement, a little pride in her voice. But standing next to my father, my chest swelled with childish triumph: being the chancellor's godson would strengthen my position as the next-born in relation to my siblings.

What I have written here about the Chancellor, my godfather, is a mixture of my own impressions and my parents' comments. After all, I believe that even as a nine- to fourteen-year-old you can observe closely if you are prepared for the unusual. So I saw my uncle consciously for the first time when he got out of the elevator that took him to the apartment that my parents had rented in the winter of 1902 at the spa.

opposite the zoo: a tree-length, slender man with a long haircut and a goatee and serious, somewhat sad eyes. He spoke softly, which I liked, and when he addressed me, his little godson, he seemed to take me fairly seriously. Compared to my father, he seemed a little tired and more driven by the responsible ethos of the civil servant than by political passion. He was also reluctant to be persuaded to swap the post of State Secretary of the Interior (Reich Interior Minister) for that of Chancellor. Thin-skinned, cultivated and musical as he was, he may well have suspected that he was - roughly speaking

- was not up to the task. In the early summer of 1904, he suffered his first personal blow: he lost his lovely wife, who had been a great support to him." A few months

Later, his eldest son, Friedrich¹³, whom I idolized, fell in Poland. I only understood later why he had worried his father.

But I not only saw the famous uncle in the rather gloomy apartment in the Kurfürstenstraße, but also in the bright salons and the large white hall of the Reich Chancellery. I was impressed when my father told me that Bismarck used to live here. But I was even more impressed when FelU⁴, the younger son of the house and probably five years older than me, took me to the upper floor and showed me his collection of German colonial stamps. There were not only the pfennigs in normal format with the frigate, but also the stamps in landscape format with the yacht Hohenzollern. Owning these or catching the incredibly large and terrifying skull butterfly in the garden at home in the evening would have made me look down on any chancellor, any Croesus.

When I try to retrieve, understand and logically reconstruct my parents' conversations about the famous relative, the Reich Chancellor, from the abysses of my memory, I think I can hear an increasing criticism, especially from the beginning of the war until Bethmann Hollweg's resignation.⁹ But this criticism was more humane and fairer than today. People had not yet adopted the habit of depriving their fellow human beings of honor and reputation with hypocritical glares in the name of an egalitarian democracy.

My mother's criticism of the Chancellor was harsh, but tempered by sympathy and a sense of family. My father should have been his fierce opponent, because in his eyes Bethmann Hollweg was too much in the liberal camp. In theory, my father was ultra-conservative, and he was also a supporter of the Prussian three-tier electoral system, which was based on tax revenue and gave the few highest taxpayers the same voting weight as the larger middle class and the mass of low taxpayers. My father was not one of those narrow-minded people who, as one historian recently put it, imagined that the emerging industrial state could still be governed from the East Elbe manor house; he knew the world far too well for that. But he did not wish to accelerate the inevitable dismantling of privileges, but to slow it down. In addition, the emperor's naval policy seemed sinister to him, his colonial policy a superfluous hobby, rather a dangerous gimmick. On all these points there should have been a clash with Bethmann Hollweg, but there was none. My father liked the debate, but not the argument. That is why he was personally on friendly terms with the few representatives of the Social Democrats in the House of Representatives. What he basically reproached the Chancellor for was that he did not govern forcefully enough. Typical of this was a saying that I have memorized for more than 40 years: 'Neo puts up with far too much from the emperor. His Majesty summoned him to give a lecture, but then he shouted at him because he had the sniffles. He, the emperor, didn't want to catch it. Theo should have turned around after a polite bow!' Recently, a German historian, Professor Fischer², has established that it was this Chancellor Bethmann Hollweg who was mainly responsible for the outbreak of the First World War, a member of that extremely Anglophile family, a chancellor who

According to internal family reports, he burst into tears when the British ambassador handed him the declaration of war! ? Certainly, in the first months of the war he signed a note on possible German war aims and passed it on to the Kaiser, probably in the expectation that time would correct the document, which it did by swinging massively in the opposite direction. Has the professor I mentioned ever dealt with the war aims of the Russians and the French, for example with the French desire for annexation at the turn of the year i Qi 8/i g ? Ever since I grew up, I have thought it fairly absurd to divide the powers involved in the war into white or black sheep. Britain's guilt may have been less than that of the others, but when it comes to guilt, the Germans are not at the top of the list either. But it is wrong to place the masthead of guilt, indeed of crime, as we see it today, on the actions of European statesmen in the summer of i Q i q . For a thousand years we Europeans had fought wars happily, so why shouldn't we try again after a long period of peace? Read Paul Valery's rancorous letter, which appeared in the year i Q i Q under the title "La crise de l'esprit" in the "Nouvelle Revue Fran\$aise".⁷ "We, too, now know that we are mortal [...] Nineveh and Babylon were beautiful names and their total ruin was meaningless to us. [. . .] But now we know that the abyss of history is gross enough for the whole world."

But there is something else to be said about the ostracism of Bethmann Hollweg: It is said, and rightly so it seems to me, that a man over 50 is responsible for his face. Just look at the photographs that exist of this "war chancellor", for he was 58 years old when the catastrophe occurred. They depict a thoughtful, somewhat melancholy man of high-bred blood. Can a man of this appearance be a greedy, ambitious hasbardeur?

When I wipe away all my memories of him and everything I was told about him as a child or adolescent, I am shocked by these photographs. Doesn't he belong to the same category as the German ambassador to the Vatican, Ernst von WeizsäckeN', and Pope Pius XII during the Second World War? All three adhered to the subtle and noble rules of cricketers, while the passage of time had long since brought triumph to freestyle wrestlers. After a few years had passed, historians and playwrights accused not the freestyle wrestlers but the cricketers of being Mariavellians - and certain documents and files that they analyzed seemed to prove them right.

However, despite these family ties, I was determined to study art history until the late summer of IQ18. Encouraged by my mother, I was suddenly gripped by an almost wild enthusiasm for old paintings. And during the pre-war winters that my parents spent in Berlin with Anna, my sister-in-lawÜ°, who was ten years older than me, I trudged eagerly and enthusiastically through the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at the age of ten or eleven and, in time, also through the collection of Greek paintings.

vases. What I thought about it, what I understood about it, is irrelevant

- I have drawn countless hours of great pleasure and contemplative serenity from this fondness to this day. So when I informed my parents of my decision to study art history as a child, my mother was delighted and my father agreed. He was naively convinced that each of his four children was destined for a great career. Anna, with her striking dark beauty and superior intellect, would soon make what was then called a "brilliant match", marry a man from the best family with a grand country estate and provide my father with countless radiant grandchildren. Theodor, who was to inherit the family entailed estate from a childless cousin of my father's, and Friedrich, who would inherit his father's estate, 'could enjoy their lives as lords of the manor, bring in rich harvests and either, following his example, move into the House of Representatives or work [as] district councillors in their home district'. If I wanted to study art history, that would be fine with him; I could then become Wilhelm von Bode's successor as director general of the Berlin museums! It seemed quite natural to him that I was destined to succeed this famous man, whom he greatly admired, one day.

Meanwhile, I began to fall ill in the last years of the war, partly out of homesickness, partly because of poor nutrition in the neighboring district town of Oels, where I was handed over to a well-meaning but helpless superintendent couple from Easter ig i6 to attend grammar school. Shadows appeared at the top of my lungs and grew. It was therefore a godsend when Aunt Renata^{oo}, who was still married to my Uncle Dietrich and living in Bern at the time, initiated a relief operation. Not only her own three children, but also myself and two cousins were to spend eight summer weeks with her in Sils Maria in the Engadin. Uncle Dietrich had obtained an entry permit to Switzerland for us, which was difficult to obtain.

One evening, my aunt received us in Zurich. When she came to my bed to say goodnight, she put a bar of chocolate on the table. She probably didn't realize what a tremendous, liberating gift she was giving me: from now on I could eat as much as I wanted - it wasn't about the chocolate, but the food in general. In the last two years, I had starved a lot because I had often been told, on the basis of puritanical educational principles that were highly inappropriate in this case, that need was bad and that I too should restrict my eating. I overestimated the importance of this admonition, obeyed it excessively and became increasingly thin. Later, hasty countermeasures had little effect. Now things were supposed to get better.

The next evening we arrived in Oberhofen am hunersee, where Aunt Renata's Mut-Countess Helene Harrach^o, née Pourtales, owned a castle. As we entered the entrance hall, all the chandeliers lit up and a small, somewhat plump woman came hurrying down the huge, very Victorian staircase. Countless necklaces and bracelets - and perhaps even earrings? - jingled and tinkled on her, so that I, although horrified by

the respective comparison, our native sleigh horses came to mind. Aunt Helene, I knew from previous encounters, was a personality. She, who had been a beauty, still appeared as such to my quickly appraising gaze: For her face was that of a powerful hawk, which dominated its surroundings with an unwavering eye. She showered us with a torrent of cordial words of greeting, kissed each of us and proved with every gesture she made that she was not French but, as the German-speaking Swiss put it, a 'Welsche' from the canton of Neuchâtel, which had belonged to the Kingdom of Prussia until 1833.³⁴ Her grandfather, Frédéric Pourtalès^o, had been a cadet in the First Battalion Guards under Frederick the Great in Potsdam. He had later entered the service of Napoleon in Paris, who had awarded him the title of Count. He had risen to become "Grand Chambellan" to Empress Josephine. Legend has it that one day he lay at her feet and made a passionate declaration of love. Napoleon then entered the salon and Josephine, accustomed to mastering such situations, faithfully explained to her husband: 'Count Pourtalès has just asked me for the hand of Mademoiselle de Castellane, my lady-in-waiting! Legend does not say whether Pourtalès was taken aback or not. In any case, he married the noble and wealthy Castellane. Schloss Oberhofen was bought from her dowry. This marriage produced two sons, who in turn entered the service of the Prussians.

One of them, Albert, was married to Anna Bethmann Hollweg, my grandfather's sister, so Aunt Renata was not only my aunt by marriage, but also my second cousin. She told me an addendum to the above legend: Albert Pourtalès, who had been ambassador in Constantinople and died as ambassador in Paris in 1862 - Bismarck became his successor there - had rented a palazzo on the Grand Canal in Venice. One day, sitting next to his wife, he saw the Marchesa Pisani passing by in her gondola, whereupon he spontaneously threw himself into the water from the balcony and swam after the Marchesa. When I asked her Aunt Renata how her mother had behaved, she replied: 'Oh, she was very placid!'³⁵

When I woke up on my first morning in Oberhofen in a wide four-poster bed, my first glance fell on the wallpaper. Hundreds of blue-violet clematis blossoms in light green foliage were climbing up a trellis on the walls. I rolled out of bed, pushed open the shutters and - oh wonder - I saw three ice-covered peaks above the dark foliage of the trees. I devoutly recited the words to myself: 'Jungfrau, Mönch and Eiger. I had learned the names, but the fact that I would one day be allowed to see these mountains with my own eyes exceeded all my expectations. After breakfast, I walked out onto the small, triangular lakeside terrace between the main building of the castle with its late medieval tower and a short wing that probably dated from the beginning of the 19th century. Between the gravel paths lay a plain carpet bed with brightly colored flowers. In its center rose the tiny, chiseled stone dome of a mosque that my great-uncle had obviously brought back from Constantinople. A small jet of water rose up from it and its gentle splashing interrupted the morning's

The silence of the ScMoss, the terrace and the park stretching out to the east. Over a low wall covered with geraniums, my gaze fell on the gentle mirror of Lake Thun. To the left, blurring in the morning light, I spotted the three lily-white peaks of the Blümlisalp^{o1}:

"And on the horizon the snow of the
distant mountains dissolves in a soft
fragrance."^{o1}

After a few days, I had to say goodbye to this fairytale world and leave the castle, terrace and park, lake and snow-capped four-thousand-metre peaks to my great-aunt's hawk eyes. Aunt Renata set off with us to the Engadin. This was not a trip in the modern sense; it was neither travel tourism nor an intimate family vacation, but a strenuous undertaking. Aunt Renata and her three children, Joachim, Verena and Hans, whom I regarded as half-siblings because they had shared our Silesian country life for a long time, formed the tête - closely followed by my cousins Christa Vitzthum and Ilse Schwerin, and finally me. Then came the Trots: two nursery nurses and a children's sister, with my aunt's maid bringing up the rear. Wherever we boarded or left a train, the red-shirted stationmaster, who greeted us politely, lined up the porters in a com- manded fashion. The trains ran very slowly to save coal, and so our procession moved without undue haste from Thun via Bern, where the ceremony of changing trains was savored to the full, to Chur. There we stayed at the Hotel zum Steinbock to acclimatize to the high mountains at 800 m above sea level.

The next day we took the Rhaetian Railway to St. Moritz. The route excited the youngsters among us because of its viaducts and helical tunnels, which were considered something out of the ordinary at the time. We covered the last stage from St. Moritz to Sils Maria in a horse-drawn carriage, as the Engadin was still closed to cars. At the Hotel "Waldhaus", a grotto-like "box" on a hill above the village, a whole flight of rooms awaited us. To today's young people, our venture back then must seem pompous, almost embarrassingly nouveau riche. But the concepts of comfort and luxury have merely shifted. Certainly, Aunt Renata undoubtedly enjoyed her appearance with a large entourage. The crucial thing, however, is that in those days people enjoyed their prosperity or wealth more impartially than today, when even a multimillionaire tries to give his house, built with every effort and luxury, the appearance of a bungalow. He tells everyone that he is a member of an exclusive sailing club in the Bahamas, owns a house in Tenerife and has a private plane, but only behind closed doors.

A great summer stood over the Engadin in those weeks, and my childlike heart was almost frightened by its austere splendor. Oberhofen had been a fairytale, and since then many fairytale lands or islands have been before my eyes. But here I felt

a statement that was made to me and which filled me with a strangely cool happiness: Here I discovered my earthly paradise. On the hunt for alpine flowers, I roamed the sparse larch forests, searched for them on fat alpine pastures or lonely meadows and ventured up to small groups of rocks. My herbarium grew from day to day. At that time, I didn't realize that you had to eat cultivated fruit in order to fully enjoy it, but that wild flowers should be allowed to develop, bloom and fade in their natural habitat.

A circle of strangers and acquaintances gathered around my aunt, supplemented by young admirers of my cousins. In keeping with the style of the time, we went on long wagon rides to the edge of the Fex Glacier or far down into the Bergell, which was already in the south. These excursions made me rather uncomfortable as I was forced to sit still in the cramped carriage. Then there were the many strangers around me. Of course, I didn't understand the educational aspects of dealing with them.

However, these vacations would have been an unalloyed happiness if I hadn't already been obsessed with politics. That's why every evening before dinner I would rush to the notice board opposite the "Réception" and read the army reports of the Central Powers and the Entente. For the first two or three weeks I was full of secret jubilation, convinced that we would achieve a major breakthrough in the West and win the war.

be. This was not as childish as it sounds today. For in the early summer of 1918, it was later learned, serious voices were raised in Paris, London and above all Washington that the war was about to be lost and that it would be better to make peace. But then

the bad news from the Western Front became more frequent. More and more American troops intervened in the fighting and the British tanks became the decisive weapon of the war. One day I received a letter from my leading father, who felt obliged to inform his young son, who was living in a neutral country, about the political situation. To him, espionage and censorship were something that was only practiced in novels by ambiguous characters. In his baroque, decorative and difficult to read handwriting, he wrote bluntly that the war situation had taken a turn for the worse. The Prussian Conservatives had therefore decided to clear up the disgruntlement that had existed between the Emperor and the Conservatives since his Daily Telegraph interview³. His party had sent him as a mediator with a verbal message to the Emperor at his headquarters, who had "graciously" received the message. A detail that my father later told me is indicative of the unimaginably "casual" way in which politics was conducted in those days: he had been instructed to make only a verbal statement, but did not trust himself to reproduce it exactly. So he had written it down in his notebook and read it out to the emperor. If the emperor had asked for the text, he would have replied that he could not part with the notebook because of other notes and addresses it contained.

What moved me most about the letter was the comment about the disastrous development of the war, which was confirmed to me night after night on the notice board

became. I bottled up my pain and soon also my anger. **For** if my cousins were too young and too foolish to understand what was going on at the front, I found my beloved aunt's behavior unforgivable. Instead of sneaking around the hotel in sackcloth and ashes with red tears in her eyes, she continued to live her life as before. They went on excursions, they dined as before, she talked cheerfully to everyone. In the fanatical patriotism of my fifteen years I was outraged to the depths of my heart that she deliberately overlooked the misfortunes of our fatherland. She seemed to me unworthy to represent Germany and in those weeks I made the decision to become a diplomat: I would behave differently.

Twenty-four years later, after the catastrophe at Stalingrad, we were instructed at the conference in Geneva to keep a very low social profile. My friend Gottfried Nostitz" and I decided that this instruction **was nonsense**; we would not follow it. For two years we had been fobbed off with the phrase that the war had already been won. Now, from one day to the next, we were no longer to be seen and, if we were, we were to put on corpse masks. We followed Aunt Renata's recipe, which I often thought of during that time in Geneva, and acted as if nothing had happened. It is one of the ironies of my existence that the most important decision of my life and, as I believe today, fifty years later, the most terrible, namely to become a diplomat, was based on a misjudgment.

The following months still seem like a nightmare to me today. Aunt Renata went to Oberhofen with her children, the two cousins to their parents in Germany. The tips of my lungs still showed slight shadows on the X-ray screen. My parents were therefore happy to know that I was abroad in this time of need, and Aunt Renata carefully accommodated me in a private clinic in St. Moritz. She also immediately found a young Baltic pastor and persuaded him to give me private lessons in Latin, Greek and mathematics. So everything seemed to be going well. However, a few exceptions to this "best arrangement" soon emerged: the clinic was full of patients suffering from bone tuberculosis, a disease that was considered very contagious; one or two patients also died during the months I spent there. The pastor, afflicted with tuberculosis in his ankle and married to a very young woman, took a few weeks, shy as he was, to realize that he not only had to give me private hours, but also be a support and comfort.

The catastrophe in Germany, not just a defeat, but a chaos that can be faced with
The attempt to give it the characteristics of a genuine revolution was as much beyond the imagination of the people of the time as the genuine October Revolution in Ruhland a year earlier, which still dominates world politics today. For weeks - or so it seemed to me - cut ties with his parental home and his homeland. Only the Deutsche Bank in Breslau transferred the amount due to me on the first of every month to the Bündner Kantonalbank with unwavering punctuality, which in those days could be taken for granted by the Germans and especially the Prussians and was often ridiculed abroad.

banL There, half the child picked it up without difficulty. This transfer was the only one for a long time, and later, apart from postcards, the closest connection with family and home. But things were to get even worse in late fall: A general strike broke out in Switzerland. I no longer had any contact even with Aunt Renata.

Once I had finished my morning recuperation, lunch and rest, I would wander across the meadows above St. Moritz, which are withered and gloomy at this time of year, until dark. I was completely alone and desperate. But time heals everything. Pastor Hermann Poelchau became a fatherly friend to me; he was quiet, educated and humorous, an exemplary mixture. His young wife was like a caring older sister to me. In a sign of common need, a small circle of Germans came together in which I felt safe. And finally, my youth turned out to be a lucky one. Having been brought up young and in a privileged way, it never occurred to me to be frivolous with my money; the city library in Winterthur lent me all the books that interested me, be it Muther's "Geschichte der Malerei" *¹ or Frances' "Leben der Pflanzen" *², for a few francs. Over the course of seven months, my vanity was limited to the purchase of an extravagant and, as I later discovered, rather questionable woollen vest.

But my youth was also a protective barrier in other ways. In the months following the end of the war, Sankt Moritz blossomed like a horny swamp plant. I understood very little about it, as my father and brothers were in the field and no one had completed my incomplete knowledge of biology. But it was precisely this naivety that allowed me to avoid the many pitfalls that might have caused me to fail later on.

As time went on, I didn't overcome the grief that had eaten deep into me, but I did overcome the acute shock. Although I wasn't allowed to take part in a ski course, I was able to glide through sunny Swiss stone pine forests*³ on cross-country skis. I was a passionate spectator at sporting events, and the "dolce vita" that I got to see during the day appealed to my heart behind a thin curtain of puritanical moderation. For all my life I had a weakness for colorfulness and cheerfulness.

In April, when the thaw set in, I traveled to Oberhofen, my health strengthened. A week or two later, I set off on my journey home. The expression "I set off on the journey" is a deliberate one, because from the Badischer Bahnhof in Basel, despite telegraphic room bookings in the first hotels, the journey continued into the unknown. My first impressions were of marginalized soldiers crowding into overcrowded trains, Frankfurt staring with dirt but "decorated" with red flags, the porter who tried to cheat me when I changed money. For those who lived through the end of the Second World War and the years that followed, this makes no impression. But for all those who lived through

Before - 9- 4 mlt had known their unchanging stability, a world collapsed. There was no timetable. So I waited on the platform the next morning on a train leaving for Berlin at some point. In the evening, I arrived there relieved; in the "Habsburger Hof, my father's hotel during the sessions of the House of Representatives, I was well looked after. On the third day of the trip, I arrived in the early afternoon in

I arrived in Breslau, where my mother embraced me with the exclamation: "You've grown so much! Towards evening I saw the whole family together for the first time in a long time, father and Theodor back from Belgium, Anna from Berlin, where she had been nursing the sick, and Friedrich from the East.

After overcoming my initial shyness, I put my foot down and explained to my family how "people" in neutral foreign countries assessed Germany's situation, the prospects of a peace treaty and the like. As my family had been largely cut off from foreign countries for years - although not as completely as in the Third Reich - they listened to my words without being able to refute them. However, as far as I remember, my brothers had the feeling that the "little one" was infected by "left-wing" propaganda. My father, however, forgetting that only a year before he had seen me as Wilhelm von Bode's successor as Director General of the Prussian Art Collections, certainly chose me as his candidate for Reich Chancellor and Foreign Minister. After all, it was in the family tradition.

Above all, however, I enjoyed the role of a "man of the world", a "homme du monde", which I played boastfully and with gusto, provided by Aunt Renata with a suit, shirts and shoes as "one" wore them now. As ridiculous as my childish appearance at the time seems in the retrospect of half a century, I have to say that, stripped of all snobbish traits, it indirectly points to a weakness from which we Germans suffer and of which I, a cheeky boy, had become aware abroad and which I tried to make use of.

The tragic history of our people, with the constant influx of foreign armies from all four corners of the earth, with tribal or confessional differences and small states, has meant that we have never had a uniform sociological structure and style. In happier countries, this is referred to as "society". Despite all the storms, Spanish, French and English societies still largely exist today. In Central Europe, there was a Habsburg society of Austrian-Bohemian-Hungarian-Northern Italian origin. In the German heartlands, there was only a Bavarian, Rhenish-Westphalian, Saxon and Prussian society, more or less different in style, but all provincial. That is why the adoption and modification of the aristocratic lifestyle by the bourgeoisie, which was so decisive for the development of democracy in France and England, never took place here. In our country, it was at best an imitation of a rather submissive manner.

In England, everyone knows - or won'te until recently - what a "gentleman" is and how he behaves. Of course, today's "gentleman" behaves differently from zoo years ago, but the term, the idea, can look back on a tradition of many centuries, whether one approves or rejects it.

If you say someone is a "gentleman" in Germany, you will be met with a lack of understanding much more often than with approval or disapproval. There are and have been

We have never been given the unambiguous concept of society or, to use a more comprehensive term, the "world", "le monde". We are unsure and at a loss in this area, and therefore servile or pompous. Scientists of world renown bend at the waist in front of the young representative of a developing country, making a "servant" - a telling word - **instead of** politely and graciously "bowing" their heads. A high-ranking official or military officer wants to ask a foreign beauty to dance and does so by clicking his heels together and asking in a rasping voice: "Allow me?" Out of a hundred foreign beauties, only ten will understand what this spectre towering before them in a Nordic manner means, and only five will find his appearance original or even likeable.

I have observed this lack of "worldliness", of "way of life" in us Germans in many international negotiations. Good, even excellent German negotiators, although they were objectively in the right and even took the interests of the other side into account with noblesse oblige, got on their partners' nerves with their demeanor. Despite the expertise and good will of our representatives, the outcome of the negotiations was often more negative than if we had acted in the form of "more binding, more cosmopolitan" - another telling adjective.

- but would have been more self-confident and tougher in the matter.

Of course, there are also men and women in Germany with a superior lifestyle. They are by no means only to be found among the "old families", the Adel, the upper classes. I have experienced many compatriots from the working class and peasantry or the often particularly narrow and anxious petty bourgeoisie who best represented and portrayed the type of "gentleman" or "lady" - after all, everything social is related to acting

- than some bearers of great names or holders of high office. However, these workers, farmers and petty bourgeois were and are loners who lacked support, just like the members of the old families who were their equals in terms of sovereignty. They represent a non-existent German society. A Frenchman would express this precisely from his point of view, which is determined by society: 'Ils ne font pas partie du 'monde' parce que le 'monde' n'existe pas en Allemagne.'

If I have described family relationships and told anecdotes on the previous pages, at great length and without regard for the patience of any readers, this was not for the sake of the representatives of the newly discovered sociology. Incidentally, these apparently still have to learn that their problems and configurations already existed in ancient Egypt.

But I didn't want to make a contribution to even more recent behavioral research either. Many years ago, Aldous Huxley once wrote a witty and charming comment on the interface between sociology and behavioral research: A student told him that he had wanted to write a thesis on the sociological and erotic behavior of the English aristocracy, but that the gates of all the great houses had remained closed to him; now he wanted to study the behavior of the natives on a Caribbean island and draw conclusions about the local nobility; he asked for support for this project.

"Against Hitler and for a different Germany"

Plan. I told the young man," Huxley continues, "that he could have it easier and cheaper. He should buy a tomcat and two cats from a good family and observe them impartially and thoroughly. Then he would know exactly what was going on in the country estates and town houses of the English nobility".

Of course, it was by no means my intention to apply the standards of modern sociology to my relatives, nor those of behavioral researchers. I never thought about the similarity between my family and a noble cat clan anyway, because I don't know enough about cats.

What mattered to me was the following: Thanks to a generous, liberal upbringing and those ten months in Switzerland, which were at times on the edge of an abyss, a gift fell into my lap unawares. I became inwardly free in the face of social issues. I became familiar with the playing fields of the "world" and its rules at an early age. This developed my sense of humor, which, if it is genuine, always starts with the individual. So I learned to bear my shyness and the many failures that no lived life is spared with social distance. As a young student, having just returned from Davos, I gave my mother the recently published 'Magic Mountain' by Thomas Mann with a Hölderlin quote as a dedication:

"Let man test everything, **say the heavenly ones,**
So that he, well nourished, may thank fir Learn
everything, **and understand freedom,**
to go wherever he wants."

"The beginning of the end"¹

The Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia

In the summer of 1938, when he was State Secretary and I was a member of the protocol, Weizsäcker appointed me as his second personal advisor. Thanks to his nobility and intelligence, there were no difficulties with Herbert Siegfried^o, the actual advisor. As the work was constantly growing due to the Sudeten crisis, we were happy to be able to master it together. Nevertheless, at the end of this crisis and its apparent solution through the Munich Agreement, I was at the end of my physical and mental strength, the latter mainly because my friends and I were more and more convinced from day to day that Hitler regarded the Munich Agreement as an essentially annoying compromise on the way to the total subjugation of Czechoslovakia. Weizsäcker, who was not unaware of my condition, asked me whether a quieter post would not do me good for a while. Neurath¹, who had been 'President of the Secret Cabinet Council' since February 1938 to make way for Ribbentrop as Foreign Minister, wanted to have a representative of the Foreign Office around him. Weizsäcker suggested that I accept this post. I would have little to do and should limit myself to encouraging Neurath to be more active. In particular, he should use his connections with Schacht, for example, but also with Göring, who was not at all comfortable with the idea of war, to point out the magnitude of the dangers and to advise reason. I had known Neurath since the early thirties in Rome, where he had been our ambassador to the Quirinal, and a successful one at that. Following Talleyrand's advice, "pas trop de zèle", he left most of the work to his staff. He took on only the most important issues and carried out his task with composure, charm and peasant cunning. He had been similarly successful as ambassador in London. By contrast, when he became foreign minister under Papen, it was clear that the independent conception of foreign policy and the management of a large authority were less suited to him.

Meanwhile, I felt sympathy for this Swabian country gentleman with his strengths and weaknesses, which largely survived the serious controversies I had with him in Prague. I was outraged that he, an old man who was no longer in full possession of his mental powers, who had done nothing wrong but had simply allowed evil to take its course, was condemned as a war criminal in Nuremberg. The verdict was not only untenable, but inhumane.

I agreed to Weizsäcker's suggestion and moved to the New Reich Chancellery, where Neurath had a number of rooms available as an office. I was shocked when I saw him again. Although he was still in good physical condition, his mental capacity was very limited, and he seemed apathetic and sluggish.

I wasn't sure whether he was interested in the political information Weizsäcker passed on to him about me and whether he understood the things I was telling him.

On March 3, the Reichswehr occupied Czechoslovakia without a fight, an ominous event. For this was the first time that Hitler reached beyond the borders of nationality and subjugated a foreign people. In the afternoon of the same day, Hitler announced from Hradcany the creation of a "Reich Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia". In the evening Neurath called me and told me to book a special plane for the next morning: Hitler was expecting him in Vienna. He added that I could perhaps guess what it was all about. It was indeed clear to me that Neurath's good name was to serve as the company nameplate for this enterprise abroad. The next morning, Neurath was visibly disgruntled when he detected no enthusiasm on my part. On the plane, he asked me whether he should accept the post of Reichsprotektor. Of course, this question was purely rhetorical. You could tell that he saw the post offered to him as a kind of "British viceroy of India". I had the answer ready and said that he had to make two conditions.

- i. In the first two to three weeks, the SS and its various sub-organizations would undoubtedly carry out a comprehensive "purge". During this time, he was not allowed to take up his post under any circumstances, so as not to legitimize these actions through his presence.
- z. After this transitional period, he must have a power of attorney in his hands, personally signed by Hitler, according to which all party formations active in the protectorate would be directly subordinate to him and he, he alone, would have the right to issue instructions to them. Instructions coming from Berlin had to be submitted to him for approval.

As expected, his answer was the same as I was used to. As always, when he felt he was being asked to do something he wasn't willing to do, he mumbled something incomprehensible to himself. While he was with Hitler, I moved among the young SS aides or orderlies at the top of the party. At first glance, they were not even unlikeable: lively and very clever rascals who enjoyed their lives and their participation in world-shaking events. As far as I could tell from their dialect, they were almost exclusively Austrians; in any case, there wasn't a single North German or even Preufie among them. One of them trumpeted: "Well, we'll soon be together again!" He was no doubt saying that a decisive step towards the restoration of the Austrian Dual Monarchy had been taken, albeit in a republican disguise. It was on the tip of my tongue to say: "Then let Prussia relieve us of our responsibility for this nonsense!" But I held my tongue because I didn't want to end up in a concentration camp.

On the flight back to Berlin, I immediately saw what had happened to Neurath. He had a guilty conscience like a tertian, which always made me fair to him,

who had not done his schoolwork. When I asked him whether he had received the power of attorney from Hitler, he replied that he had not had the opportunity (!) to do so. After this confession, he quickly moved on to another topic: my personal future. He took it for granted that I would accompany him to Prague and was visibly upset when I asked for three days to think it over. The fact that he naively described the material and social advantages of my move to Prague only increased my reservations about the way he saw my - and his - task in Prague. When I returned to Berlin, the first thing I did was ask Weizsäcker for advice. He said that this question was too delicate and complex for him to answer with a definite yes or no. On the other hand, I could rely on him to call me back as a personal advisor at any time if I was not satisfied with developments in Prague. I then put the same problem to a number of my friends such as Haushofer⁷, Schulenburg⁷ and Yorck⁷ for debate. Their skepticism, like mine, was great. On the other hand, they said that if there was no worthwhile alternative in Berlin at the moment, we would have to grasp at any straw. If we could succeed in keeping German interference in the internal affairs of the ČSR to a minimum, we could perhaps take a first small step towards the unification of Europe, which we already had in mind at the time. Of course, we would have to insist on the dissolution of the ČSR army and the right to represent the ČSR abroad. The Czech language, on the other hand, must remain the second official language and cultural activities must not be hindered. We should also keep our financial and economic control to a minimum and prevent any exploitation of the country. However, this is only a straw, but as I can return to office at any time, I should grasp it.

Neurath's assumption of office began with a parade which, like everything the military did then and later in the Protectorate, was not a provocation. But I found the evening of the same day frightening, even spooky. A ceremonial state banquet was held in a large hall of the Hradčany with Neurath as host. The German side was mainly represented by high-ranking military officers, while the Czech side was represented by President Hacha, members of the previous government and probably one or two other leading politicians. As the evening progressed, the mood among the Czechs became more and more relaxed. They liked to tell themselves that after centuries of Habsburg supremacy, their nation had only formed a sovereign Czech nation state for around twenty years, a role that it was obviously not up to. Looking at Neurath, who on this occasion presented himself as a benevolent grand seigneur - and with the deepest conviction - they seemed to believe that the "protector" by Hitler's grace would be no worse than the "governor" as the representative of "His Apostolic Majesty" in Vienna. Unfortunately, they would learn all too quickly that Neurath had only been singled out by the Nazi regime as a figurehead and would soon prove to be completely powerless, a judgment that was reinforced that evening. At the end of that evening, something else happened,

that made me shudder with pain and horror. When the gala dinner was over, we trotted out into the cour d'honneur of Prague Castle. A Wehrmacht band began to play the Grand Tattoo by the light of torches. And suddenly I was overcome with the certainty that this military salute was celebrating nothing other than the final funeral of Preufia, to whom I felt connected and committed, *right or u'rong, my country*. And soon the black and white flag of this state would be dragged through the dirt, in this case through the brown mud, as is customary with barbarians after a victory. I stepped into the deepest shadows so that no one would know I was crying.

The next morning, after finally getting a good night's sleep, I looked at the situation without the emotional exuberance of the previous evening. I couldn't give up the fight for my and my friends' vision of the future of the ĞSR before it had begun. Nor could I abandon Neurath, as I was the only one he had directly and personally chosen as his "staff" for the time being.

The "enemy situation" was clear: the opponent I wanted to fight was Karl Hermann Frank, who had been given the title of state secretary by the party as a spy and minder for the Reich Protector and who wanted to replace Neurath as soon as possible, but failed to do so. Of the whole gangster 'milieu', whose members I had met on one occasion or another, he seemed to me to be one of the most repulsive. Because he hid his deception, his sadism, under a sleazy devotion to Neurath, who promptly fell for it.

I had already looked at the location of our offices before Neurath moved in. The largest, almost hall-like room naturally belonged to the Reichsprotektor. From this office, a large door led directly into the corridor. I locked it and took the key in order to protect Neurath, as I explained to him, from unannounced visitors and especially petitioners. He accepted this arrangement immediately, as it corresponded to his monarchist ideas and contributed to his comfort. There was only one other smaller door; it led into the room I had secured for myself. This gave me the function of a watchdog who could keep a close eye on who Neurath was receiving. I had the room to my right - seen from the corridor - reserved for Mr. von Burgsdorff^o, who had been appointed head of the civil administration and arrived a few days later. He was an excellent administrative official, a term which today, it seems to me, has an unjustly pejorative connotation. He was also a nobleman with a Christian ethos. We were of the same mind on all issues from the very first moment. There was only one thing we didn't agree on: He belonged to the older generation, for whom the idea of resistance or sabotage was remote. The fact that he nevertheless maintained his integrity was confirmed by the Poles after the war. After the "victorious" campaign against Poland and the establishment of the Generalgouvernement, Burgsdorff was appointed head of the civil administration in Krakow. After the end of the war, he was accused by the Poles of being a war criminal and was

He was acquitted by the courts, a fact that does credit not only to him, but above all to the Polish courts.

My plan to keep Frank's contacts with Neurath under control failed after a few days: Frank had a door between his room and Neurath's broken out of the wall, naturally with the consent of the unsuspecting old man. From then on, he could constantly come up with "top secret" information, which was of course distorted, and suggest to the Reichsprotektor that he was well informed in this way. Above all, Frank presented him with documents for signature that were already indiscreet in their external form. Thus it happened that Neurath signed a basic decree formulated by Burgsdorff and two days later signed the same decree again, which had been written by Frank and contradicted Burgsdorff's text in decisive points. I felt sorry for the old man that he lost face in front of almost all the officials of the Protectorate administration. On the other hand, I had gone with him to Prague at his personal request; therefore he should not have thrown the advice I gave him, in the most polite form of course, to the wind, simply because it caused him inconvenience. Above all, however, I saw in his behavior a deadly danger for the policy of those Germans who, in good will, wanted German-German relations to be treated as liberally and trouble-free as possible with a view to a later pan-European conception.

After just a few weeks, any German strolling through the rays of Prague, as I did, could still be fair to himself, but the political climate had cooled. Rejection, even disguised hostility, could be clearly felt. Here and there in the country there were incidents that were insignificant in themselves, but worrying because they were symptomatic. One fine day, groups of students at Prague University rioted against the German "occupation". The German police, whether the Gestapo or one of the other SS formations, intervened. In view of their brutal methods, one had to reckon with death sentences even for minor offenses. Excited, I entered Neurath's office and told him what had happened. He replied that he would deal with the incident the next day; he had now been invited to the country and could not cancel at such short notice. When I pointed out the importance of this student demonstration to him again with great seriousness, he said that I shouldn't let rioting students **get** me down; there had been such things **at all times** and in all countries.

In the meantime, an avalanche descended on poor Czechoslovakia. A horde of "authorized representatives" from the Reich ministries and Nazi offices in Berlin, but also from the districts bordering the Protectorate, swooped down on the bleeding country like a vulture. In the name of the Nazi world view, large branches of the economy were not only monitored, but "brought into line", i.e. plundered, like the American southern states after the victorious end of the War of Secession for the northern states. Of course, this is not intended as a collective condemnation of the officials appointed in the protectorate. At the lower level, there were many Oberlandräte who were committed to the old Prussian

They not only administered their district well, but also tried to protect its population as best they could against encroachments from above. But these civil servants were not only a minority, they were also largely powerless at the top. The protectorate administration with its head, Mr. von Burgsdorff, had to watch helplessly as this development unfolded, as it did not have sufficient authority to put an end to the wild goings-on. As many of the departmental plenipotentiaries did not even report to Burgsdorff to take up their duties, I suspected that there were some plenipotentiaries working around the country of whose existence we in Prague had no idea.

In view of this development, I was increasingly inclined to throw in the towel and return to Berlin. Around the same time, I assume mid to late May, Neurath, in his fatherly good nature, thought of offering me, who was obviously not feeling particularly well, something good. Like a godfather, he told me that his plane was at my personal disposal from noon on Saturday until late morning on Monday for a flight to Berlin and back. I was once again somewhat ashamed to be an often very uncomfortable subordinate to him. On the other hand, I was only doing this in his interest and out of deep concern for our people.

Beaming with joy, I boarded the Reich Protector's plane one Saturday around noon. I laughed at myself when I realized that I felt very important. And what's more, a weekend in Berlin at this time of year, what could be better for me? I would be able to shake off the Prague nightmare for forty-eight hours. I had a date with one of my closest friends for the evening; we were going to have dinner in the roof garden of the Eden Hotel. It was one of the best experiences I had in Berlin in May and June. The view swept over the Tiergarten in its spring green, and the heavy scent of blooming lilacs wafted through the open windows, or a few weeks later the scent of the countless lime trees, which for me was the epitome of this city. Elated, I drove to the hotel. But when the elevator stopped on the roof terrace, a pale, somewhat fat, blond "youth" approached me. It was Lohse, Ribbentrop's press officer." According to his father's ancestry, he was Jewish, but had provided proof that he was his mother's "here" child. He had always been disgusting to me. Now he stood in my way and asked me, his voice hissing with restrained anger, why we, Neurath and I, didn't finally set about killing the Czechs? We had been trained for years not to lose our heads in situations like this. But I wasn't at all prepared for this encounter. I took a deep breath and replied that we hadn't received any corresponding instructions from the "Führer". Besides, I added innocently, it was technically impossible to liquidate more than seven million Czechs. Finally, however, I continued more sharply, I was on vacation and had an appointment with a lady and was therefore unwilling to discuss political problems this evening. The score was 1: 0 for me and Lohse trolled off. But I felt sick to my stomach, and my whole weekend in

Berlin spoiled. But how should I have behaved differently? Telling him that he was a criminal who was inciting me to commit genocide would have been more decent and courageous. But would I have helped a single Czech in the years to come? On the contrary, they would have simply declared that I had been the target of an international conspiracy in favor of the Czechs. I would have been handed over to the executioner after being tortured and my mother and siblings would have been sent to a concentration camp by virtue of kin detention. So to accuse me of being a coward rather than a man does not apply to me. My only concern then and to this day is whether anyone could have come up with a better excuse; I was prepared to face it then and still am today. On the flight back to Prague, I said to myself that even if Lohse's remarks had perhaps overstepped the mark, they still proved the spirit in which the German-Czech problem was to be dealt with. The question of whether I should stay in Prague or pull up stakes there as soon as possible was answered. In the meantime, the only option for me was a polite farewell to Neurath, one that was hardly noticed by the world of the people. I can no longer say whether I asked Mrs. von Neurath's² for a private conversation before my trip to Berlin or, more likely, afterwards. She agreed to this proposal immediately, but I was by no means sure how this conversation would go. After the second of my sentences, she could have told me where the door was through which I had to leave. Instead, she proved to be a unique mixture of Swabian peasant woman full of common sense, combined with the attitude of a grand lady. Without further ado, I explained to her that I had considered it my main task to ensure that her husband's white vest was not damaged, but unfortunately I had failed. Her husband was far too good-natured and did not put up any resistance to the Nazis' efforts to use him as a company shield for the time being, but de facto to disempower him more and more every day. She listened to me without contradicting me; nor could I see any sign of displeasure on her face. She only said that her husband had been too good-natured all his life, and implored me in a winning way not to let him down, but to be patient. Incidentally, I was soon relieved of most of my responsibilities. Without informing me in time and in detail, Neurath summoned the envoy Völckers³, whom Neurath had known from before and who, as far as I knew, had been our representative in Cuba, to Prague and appointed him as his head of cabinet. Under other circumstances, I would have rebelled at having a man put in front of me for nothing. But now this appointment allowed me to be more independent in my decisions.

Völckers was the type of diplomat who was always authoritative and smooth. It was therefore I found it easy to get along with him in a pleasant manner. But I had not the slightest doubt that he would not put up any resistance to Neurath's progressive disempowerment. His beautiful and clever wife, a Dutchwoman, reacted quite differently. She was just as gloomy about the future prospects in the Protectorate as I was. It was

It was comforting and helpful to be able to express myself to her without reservation. From time to time she would come down to the hall of our hotel and I would pour my heart out to her over a drink, only to switch to some more pleasant topic later, such as the beauty of the tropics she knew so well.

But then came the decisive battle I had been waiting for for a long time: Heydrich¹⁴ announced his intention to pay a kind of state visit to the Reichsprotektor. During my work in protocol, I often had the opportunity to observe him and was fascinated: The top group around the psychopath Hitler consisted almost without exception of dark-haired, stocky gangsters who came from the gutter. Most of them came from the Bavarian-Austrian region, which is not intended to imply any geographical collective guilt. If Hitler had been a North German, brutal fellows would have gathered around him there too. The only exception in the group of Austro-Bavarians was the Rhenish Jesuit pupil Goebbels, whose appearance and dialectic would have made him one of those "Jewish asphalt literati" whose extermination he demanded with shrill cries. In their midst, Heydrich appeared as a foreign body. Tall, blond and blue-eyed, he realized the Nordic ideal that the others wanted to achieve through mass murder and breeding. Born in Halle, he was the only almost-Ostelbier in the leadership and obviously came from the upper, cultivated middle classes. If you took a closer look, you discovered that in his icy coldness he was a genius of intelligence and targeted cruelty, while the popular Nazi ideology and the primitive mass murders had only elicited a contemptuous smile from him. My impression was that he saw himself as Hitler's chosen successor, an impression that was apparently shared by some members of the top Nazi group. Without the outbreak of the Second World War, he would undoubtedly have appeared as a torero in the arena. When he announced himself, I warned Neurath with all the persuasion at my disposal to make even the slightest concession to him. Because if he offered him the little finger, Heydrich would take the whole hand. Neurath reacted discouragedly. Heydrich appeared, looking resplendent, wearing an elegant, field gray uniform and promoting himself and his position with Sunday manners. He was accompanied by two adjutants who were all too 'beautiful' in an alarming way. After a short time they proudly told me that the Obergruppführer (Heydrich) had ordered them to marry by the fall. I quietly realized that I didn't understand all this and never would. Today we would speak of a totally manipulated world.

In the afternoon, Neurath was in a radiant mood. The talks had gone brilliantly and he added, with a slight undertone of derision, that I had once again looked far too black. I replied that nobody was happier about this success than I was. Unfortunately, that was not the end of Heydrich's visit. The next morning, Neurath appeared in the office depressed and with all the signs of a guilty conscience. It took Burgsdorff and I a while to find out what had happened: Neurath, who was in the habit of going to bed early, was awakened from a deep sleep by Heydrich.

torn. The latter reported, with great excitement, that a conspiracy had been discovered which had spread throughout the entire protectorate, a conspiracy which, incidentally, was never heard of again. In view of the danger facing the **entire** German administration, he said, he had to demand that the entire police force be placed under his personal control. He presented a power of attorney worded accordingly, which Neurath signed. The game was up, I had failed. I have often asked myself whether I myself was partly to blame for this failure. Actually, I don't think so: the opposing side's strategy was set from the outset, and my tactical options alone could do nothing against it. The only thing left to do was to say goodbye as politely and inconspicuously as possible. The conversation with Mrs. von Neurath took place in the most pleasant manner, and I limited myself to explaining to the old man that the Prague climate was very bad for me, so I asked him to let me return to Berlin, a request he grudgingly complied with. Mrs. Völckers was kind enough to accompany me to the airport. In English, so that the driver wouldn't understand, she said she envied me. Because she had the feeling that she was in a trap, which thankfully **did not** prove to be the case for her personally.

Rome

Dhe fall and arrest of Luther had far-reaching consequences. The 'brown wing' of the house was disgraced, the 'white wing' gained prestige. All the more so more so when Luther, in his letter to Himmler, expressed exactly the view that Weizsäcker and his supporters had been advocating since 1938 : that it was impossible to conduct politics with Ribbentrop as Foreign Minister and that it was inconceivable that the Allies would even accept him as a partner for the initiation of peace talks.

Ribbentrop therefore had no choice but to deal a blow to the "white wing" of the office to balance things out. He sent for Weizsäcker and told him that he could now fulfill a wish he had expressed on various occasions and appoint him ambassador to the Vatican. This was a justifiable decision under the prevailing circumstances, as Weizsäcker was mentally at the top of his game but was about to collapse under the moral burden. Moreover, like Trol, he believed that Rome could achieve something through subtle diplomatic work. Like all those who had grown up in a purely Protestant environment, they equated the Curia as a kind of state administration and the Church as religion congealed into substance and overestimated the Vatican's political interest as well as his determination and strength.

Weizsäcker naturally wanted me to follow. I was his closest I had already been to the Vatican once before, in 1932. It was out of the question for me to turn down this request, although for the time being I found Geneva more interesting than Rome, which, in my opinion, was only to be overrun by the Allies from that point onwards. would gain in political importance. Then, I hoped, we might be able to establish the first links with the Allies from our asylum in Vatican City.

So I boarded the sleeper train to Rome in Geneva in June 1941. The first rumors of a heavy air raid on Rome were already circulating in Milan. On the stopover in Florence, we were overwhelmed by a flood of Tartar news; according to them, Rome had to be the picture that Berlin presented in the middle - 1940s. The good Italians, to whom my sympathy has always been directed, rolled around in their fear, true to their motto that life must be dramatized - "bisogna dramatizzare la vita". Of course

I was not free of concern that something bad might have happened. This concern grew with the delay of our train and the announcement that we would have to disembark at a suburban station and that the tracks of the main station had been destroyed. When the train stopped at the Stazione Portuense, I was presented with a miserable picture: all the platforms were overcrowded with Italian soldiers, standing, sitting or lying around looking torn and scruffy and making an apathetic impression. I said to myself: 'This is the end.

Miss Rahlke^o and Braune, who had trouble spotting me in the chaos, reassured me about the fate of Rome. The center had not been bombed at all.

and the destruction in the suburbs was limited, but the psychological shock was devastating. Without saying much, we agreed that the sooner the end came to Italy, the better it would be for the Italians, for us and for the Western powers. For a spectacular victory for the democracies on the Apennine peninsula would, we calculated even then, strengthen their position vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. Stalin's call for a 'second front', a mixture of courage, mistrust and contempt, would then fall silent.

As requested, I was accommodated in the Hotel Excelsior on Via Veneto, which was both elegant and cozy. I had already given up the idea of having my own apartment when I was transferred to Geneva. I wanted to always be ready to go - with light luggage - and not have to worry about material things. Because I was under the delusion that if I didn't succeed in liquidating Hitler in time, the sky would fall and we sparrows would be dead. Instead of moving my Berlin belongings to Switzerland, I left everything where it was and only had two suitcases and three boxes of books at the end of the war. The losses are impossible to estimate, especially in terms of traditional values. Nevertheless, I have never seriously regretted this behavior, as it was an expression of my existence.

One of my first visits was to Nanina, the porter's wife who had looked after me so touchingly in my younger years. When I called down into the dark basement apartment that I was back, she came rushing up with tears of joy in her beautiful eyes. She would have loved to kiss me, and I would have had no objection to being motherly hugged by this pretty, plump woman. But she was probably only half my size, and that would have made a strange picture in the large marble portal that opened onto Piazzale Flaminio outside the Porta del Popolo. After making detailed inquiries about the families on both sides, Nanina wanted to know how the war was going. She was a model of tender-heartedness, but her reading skills had always been poor; now she couldn't find her way around at all. So I told her that in Sicily there were so many Italian and German divisions facing so many American and English ones. As I could have guessed, that didn't mean anything to her, so she asked with anxious eyes: "How many soldiers are there?" At my answer, about half a million, a sigh escaped her chest: "And to think that every one of these soldiers is the son of a mother!" (*E pensare che ogni soldato e figlio di una mamma!*) For more than a quarter of a century, this sigh from a simple woman has stood as an unmistakable reminder of humanity over the stage of my life, even when - as at present - I am coolly calculating the chances of the Middle East and Vietnam conflicts.

I remember a second experience from those first few days less fondly. L. Brauns had invited us to a typical Roman evening. After dinner, we met on the flat roof of the house, over which the cool sea breeze swept as dusk fell. We sat on garden chairs around a simple table and drank from large glasses,

red or white wine and snacked on fruit or salted almonds. Two or three staff officers were invited to join me. They had come from the front in Sicily and wanted to **know** from me, whom they regarded as a prophet from fairytale Switzerland, exactly **what** the war and our situation **was like**. Once again, I couldn't keep my mouth shut and blurted out: 'If we carry on like this, we'll only have the choice of letting the Anglo-Saxon or the Soviet troops march through the Brandenburg Gate first!' Fortunately, there was no uproar, either because the officers were hoping for a miracle that would put an end to this "carrying on like this" or because they were content to shrug their shoulders with stoic resignation. On the lonely walk home, I reproached myself. How could I have said **such a thing**! Not that I feared denunciation; our elite troops in Italy, where for the last time **a** war was being fought by both sides according to the rules of chivalry, did **not**. But hadn't I been cheekily tactless, even inhuman? What could these young officers, lolling on their chairs with casual elegance, do to change the situation so that the tragedy **not only** of our country but of Europe could be averted? The 'Führer's' headquarters lay thousands of kilometers away in distant East Prussia. Should they desert or defect? They would only have lost their Prussian aristocratic integrity, but nothing would have changed in the course of events. Did I, a cheeky civilian, have to rub their noses in my disapproval? **My** only excuse was that it was an outburst of pent-up despair and not an act of arrogant know-it-all attitude.

In the meantime, the political atmosphere was becoming increasingly stormy by the day. Doertenbach, political legation councillor at the Q_uirinal embassy, told me that he had connections to the Italian resistance movement; should he arrange a meeting for me? I agreed, but made it a condition that this conversation with the Italian had to take place in private, partly for Doertenbach's own safety. He could show the person in question a picture of me so that no *agent provocateur* could sneak in. A few days later, one afternoon, I was received by an aristocrat close to the court - if I remember correctly, it was the Duca d'Aquarone. I told him about Switzerland; we soon agreed that the Fascist and National Socialist regimes were about to ruin both our countries. So far, so good. But what the representative of the Italian court then had to propose left me so cold that I had trouble not objecting. He was only interested in saving the feudal structures of Italy under its pathetic king from catastrophe - nothing about democracy, nothing about economic or social reforms! I took my leave as soon as possible in the most polite manner, saying that I would take his interesting remarks into consideration. I was not prepared to risk the life of a single German for such a future. On occasions like this - and they were repeated in the years that followed

- I realized to my own surprise that I was obviously far to the left, if one accepted the classification of right and left, which I did not.

Meanwhile, July 3rd was approaching, the day on which the Great Fascist Council was to meet. Everyone was expecting decisive decisions from this meeting, and the closer the date approached, the more people were convinced, in view of the rapidly deteriorating situation, that these decisions would have to lead to a weakening of Mussolini's position. Only Ambassador von Mackensen⁹ was not even dissuaded by the vote of his staff on the morning of that day from telegraphing to the "Führer" that Mussolini's position was stronger than ever. In my opinion, it would be wrong to accuse Mackensen of opportunism because of this telegram. He was a correct civil servant who, according to Welczech's¹⁰ and François-Poncet's¹¹ judgment, had no clue about politics. He may have approved of some of the "excesses" of our regime, but opposition or even resistance would have seemed unthinkable to him. His alleged Prussianism had degenerated into Wilhelminism, as had already happened with his father, Field Marshal¹². "Your Majesty needs sunshine", declared the courtiers of the last Kaiser. "The Führer needs news of victory," said the new courtiers and acted accordingly. For decades, foreigners and also a large number of Germans have been told that this type of submissive soldier, civil servant and politician who believes in authority only exists in Germany. It would be shameful for us, but fair for global political developments if this collective judgment were true. For even abroad, civil courage and independent judgment are increasingly being depreciated. My experiences with my American acquaintances during the witch hunt organized by Senator Joe McCarthy in the mid-fifties were not encouraging. And as long as the rule of law prevailed in Germany, and thank goodness it does again, I cannot recall any German minister, even in the imperial era, who would have allowed himself to be treated by his head of state in the same way as the current French ministers were treated by de Gaulle.

But back to July 1943 in Rome. Even towards evening, there was still no news about the course of the Grand Council meeting. When I arrived at the Bismarcks¹³, who invited me to dinner

the butler announced to me with a solemn expression that His Serene Highness had not yet returned from the embassy. Entering the drawing room, I saw not only the beautiful and clever housewife, but to my surprise Eugen Dollmann next to her. "Was that a coincidence or clever calculation? Did the Bismarcks know that there had been a kind of camaraderie between the opaque and possibly dangerous Dollmann and myself since the early 1930s?"

At the time, Dollmann had been a fellow at the Preussisches Historisches Institut¹⁴, good-looking but not wealthy and obviously consumed by social ambition. Moreover, he seemed to me to be isolated, because unlike the young students of Ludwig Curtius¹⁵, who, like all archaeologists at the time, belonged to the national right, Dollmann was a bohemian and what is now, as then, inaccurately referred to as a left-wing intellectual. Dollmann was fair to me, although the scholars of the Archaeological Institute¹⁶ and the art history Bibliotheca Hertziana¹⁷ were closer to me, his

amusing sides. I also made it a rule then, as I did later, that I had to make friends with my undeserved position, a variation on the biblical precept that one must make friends with unjust mammon. Because as a member of the embassy, I was something of a big shot for the scholarship holders.

Six or seven years later I met Dollmann again: on the occasion of a visit to Rome by Hitler i 3 Himmler realized that he needed a private interpreter. A hasty search for a candidate was launched and Dollmann was finally found, and he allowed himself to be hired, probably out of material necessity, because, as far as I know, he had still not progressed beyond the status of a scholarship holder. At the end of the Hitler trip, he not only had the indefinable rank of SS Sonderführer, but also an elegant uniform. He registered my secret grin at his rocket-like ascent with relief. "condemned" to successfully launch the second and final rocket stage of his career in the near future.

The beautiful hostess, Dollmann and I tried to pass the time until the arrival of the master of the house with "small talk" about the "eternal city". Suddenly, the butler appeared at a very measured pace and explained that His Serene Highness had asked to be excused; he could not come because Mussolini had been overthrown and arrested. While I was still speechless, because I had not taken the arrest of the "Duce" into account, the Princess reacted with lightning speed - Dollmann and the butler were present. The blonde Swede exclaimed with southern pathos: 'How ungrateful of the Italians, when the Duce has done so much for this country and even brought them the alliance with Germany! I didn't know whether to open my mouth or grin at so much almost cynical presence of mind. Because Annemarie Bismarck, like anyone in possession of common sense, knew that Mussolini's alliance with the Third Reich was his first major and ultimately fatal mistake.

After we had eaten quickly, I drove to the Weizsäcker, who were staying at the Grand Hotel because their furniture had not yet arrived. I came across groups of Italians everywhere on the journey. Relief at the fall of Mussolini and the hope that the war would soon be over was written all over their faces; nowhere was there any sign of a desire to take revenge on the fascists. When I entered Weizsäcker's room, he stood at the window and looked down silently on the roaring crowd. He greeted me just as reservedly with the words: 'This is only the first act. In the conversation that followed, we agreed that the king! ' had played a disgraceful, even evil role, details of which had since become known. After Mussolini had been deposed by the Grand Fascist Council, the King received him in audience at his summer residence, the Villa Savoia. After seeing him off, the king had him arrested at the gate. Was this not a violation of every civilized form, indeed of the sacred right of hospitality? A clear solution would have been an arrest immediately after the end of the Grand Council meeting by higher officers, the appointment of a standing court of

generals and an execution of the death sentence on the same night. This

This "surgical" intervention, this draconian procedure would have spared the Italians, indeed all belligerents, many victims and ultimately Mussolini himself an undignified end. Of course, Hitler would have raged and sworn revenge, but as things stood, he would take this revenge anyway.

In the days that followed, the king, the new head of government Ba- doglio²⁰ and all the prominent figures made declarations of loyalty to the German ally; they would continue the war together until the victorious end.

In those days, there was a heated debate in German circles as to whether these declarations were honestly meant and should be taken seriously. In view of Italy's situation, this discussion seemed pointless to me. For even those who were seriously willing to continue the war alongside Germany would soon be exposed as illusionists by the development of the war situation. However, in order not to add fuel to the fire, I only expressed this view in the closest of circles. In any case, after a few days we heard that more divisions were rolling in from the German side. It was obvious that they were not intended for front-line operations, but to prevent Italy from falling away.

In the weeks that followed and to this day, there has been repeated talk among Germans of a 'betrayal' by the Italians against us. This must be contradicted. There was never an alliance between the Italians and the Germans, because both peoples thought nothing at all of such an alliance, possibly even of a military nature. The Berlin-Rome axis²¹ ' was purely ideological in nature, and even the supposedly shared ideology was nothing more than a misunderstanding. Hassell's energetic opposition to the "Axis" was only proof that at least he had not lost his common sense. No sooner had the alliance been concluded than the younger but more successful "brother" Hitler began to villainize the older brother Mussolini according to all the rules of German schoolmasterly art; Wagner triumphed over Verdi. When the Fascists became afraid of Hitler's foreign policy, which was geared towards a collision course with the West, Hitler and Ribbentrop pledged their word that there would be no thought of war before 1941. Then Hitler "made" his war in September 1939, defeated poor Poland in a few days, abandoned and betrayed by everyone, kept quiet throughout the winter, invaded Denmark and Norway in early spring and began his blitzkrieg against Holland, Belgium and France on May 10. There could be no question of Mussolini being consulted or even informed in good time; he could feel flattered if he was informed two or three days before the start of these actions. In view of the Italians' garrulousness, an accusation that was not unjustified, they must have regarded this prior information alone as a sign of confidence. The Italians did not betray the Germans during those tragic weeks, but the Italian upper classes shamefully abandoned their own people under the motto 'Save yourself who can'.

In the last days of July 1943 Mackensen was recalled and Rahn²² ' by Hitler sent to Rome as ambassador to the Quirinal with special powers. For me

Personally, it was a pleasure, because I couldn't wish for a more loyal and courageous friend at my side. Objectively, however, I had **certain** reservations. Wasn't it dangerous for Rahn to identify with the regime at such a high level in this late phase of the war? I would like to ask him about this. And then something else: Weizsäcker, whom I admired and to whom I was devoted, and my old friend Rahn were so different that they couldn't understand each other - even though they were fellow countrymen. They basically talked past each other: one quietly and only in allusions, the other loudly and not avoiding pathos in his brilliant formulations. They performed what the French call the 'monologue des sourds',

i.e. they couldn't hear each other at all. Mediation was hopeless, even though they would have made a brilliant team if their roles had been distributed. They were of one mind in terms of fundamentals and human ethos, but realized this late or not at all; after all, both were so loyal and noble that they never fought each other, but only shrugged their shoulders in resignation.

Even Rahn's arrival was ready for the stage. With a grand **gesture** he disembarked from the plane, with a grand **gesture** he walked along the front of the reception committee: the Italians, the German party representatives, senior German military officers and the members of 'his' embassy. At the very end of this queue, I had set myself up - 'did I need to push my way in', as the little Berlin Jews would have put it? Wouldn't I perhaps be the human chord of shame after so much pomp? And that's exactly what happened. With a cry of joy, Rahn took me by the arm, pulled me into his car next to him and ordered the driver: 'Go! Looking back with a grin, I saw the puzzled faces of our party bosses. For a few weeks they would wonder whether I wasn't a super secret agent of their leader, for a few weeks I would be able to breathe more freely. Sitting next to each other, I emphatically conveyed Rahn's welcome and good wishes from Weizsäcker. Then we turned into the garden of Villa Wolkons, the home of our 'white' embassy. We were greeted at the entrance by the old servant, whom I had known when Neurath, Schubert, Hassell⁰⁵ and finally Mackensen had been landlords here. I asked Rahn whether he wanted a small snack or just tea - it was early afternoon - and he replied: '**Tea**'. I led him into the large drawing room and asked him to take a look at the garden: A piece of ivy-covered aqueduct arch, with laurel, palm trees and oleander still in bloom in front of it. While he spent a moment reminiscing about the humanistic and musical memories of his youth, I remembered my duty as a friend, took three deep breaths and said, using the form of address of our youth: 'Rudel, why have you taken on this mission? While he was still looking at me dumbfounded, I continued: 'If this all ends badly, the stupid Allies will make you a war criminal - and you didn't serve that! As always, when he was embarrassed - and each of us has our own way of coping more or less well with such situations - he resorted to pathos: again looking out into the garden almost elegiacally, he said: 'I must remain true to my task!

A few years later, as an internee in Italy and a prisoner in Nuremberg, he was subjected to countless humiliations. For once, my prediction that he would be put on trial had been too pessimistic; for once, just once, I had overestimated the stupidity and vindictiveness of the Nuremberg prosecutors.

A few days later, he made a remark which, although not meant seriously, gave me an indication of the direction in which his ideas were moving. While driving through Rome together, he suddenly exclaimed: "Give me a hundred fighter bombers and I'll throw the Allies out of Italy!" I replied somewhat sadly: "That's the crux of the matter, we won't have these bombers and we won't get them!" So he still believed that we could achieve more militarily than just defending ourselves tenaciously and even, as many of his statements proved, pursue foreign policy in the true sense of the word. We, i.e. Weizsäcker, Braun and I, as well as all our friends in Berlin or in Switzerland, saw the situation much more bleakly. We had lost all room for maneuver in foreign policy, and without the fall of the regime this would not change before total defeat. What remained for us to do was to refute the thesis of the collective guilt of "the Germans" through our personal appearance and to painstakingly solicit sympathy for our people. And finally, despite all the imponderable and incalculable dangers involved, each of us must try to oppose cruelty and terror in the area accessible to us, i.e. to openly denounce them to those in power as contrary to their purpose or - far more often - to sabotage them with ingenuity and courage. In this area of humanity, we found a great ally in Rahn, who often used his relationships with those in power to take daring action.

In the weeks following his assumption of office, Rahn held uninterrupted talks with the king and Badoglio, with the remaining fascists, the military and the diplomats. In view of the never-ending assurances, the pledge of his personal word of honor, Rahn vacillated between a certain confidence and deep mistrust. I evaded his corresponding questions because I was not "wufiting" anything, but was only convinced of the inevitability of the development, an inevitability that Rahn would have denied according to his temperament.

Meanwhile, the work of the "black" embassy went on in silence. The first contact between Weizsäcker and Pope Pius XII had gone more than well²; I had never doubted it, because their temperament and their view of the tasks and duties of man at that time were largely identical. However, Weizsäcker was immune to a temptation that the Pope did not always escape. To be blinded by the dignity of his office and the brilliant way in which he was able to represent it. Courtiers who surrounded him indulged in unbridled flattery in the Italian manner.

I already knew the Pope as Cardinal Secretary of State, but Maglione²⁷, his successor in this post, was unknown to me. However, his two representatives, "Montini" and

Tardini^o, had already been my conversation partners from time to time in the 1930s. Tardini, stocky and rustic, was likeable to me because of his motherly wit and shrewdness. When he rumbled, you could counter him without hurting him, he even had something warm-hearted about him. What's more, you knew where you stood when he talked about political issues. When he said "we", he meant the Italian people under their ancestral dynasty without false shame. Others sometimes understood this word to mean the Catholics or the Curia, or ultimately their Italian compatriots.

Montini was the exact opposite of his colleague: he was delicate and appeared rather frail; the dominant feature of him was his head with its shrewdly weighing eyes and somewhat economical mouth. His character was characterized by his high intellect to the point of fanaticism, which he faithfully put at the service of the church. As much as I admired him, he remained a stranger to me as a person, which was certainly mutual. What I liked about his impressive personality was the common sense based on intuition as well as the musicality and humor that warm an atmosphere. In difficult situations, I already knew at the beginning of this new encounter, he would not understand me and my words.

To my great relief, the staffing of our embassy was excellent with one exception, which turned out to be harmless. However, there was a shadow over the recent past. Bergen^o had seen his retirement, even though he had long since passed the age limit and had been ill for years, as a personal inconvenience. For him, the situation was that Weizsäcker had ousted him from his post because of his close ties to those in power! The feelings of Menshausen^o, the embassy councillor, who had dealt with the Vatican for most of his career, whether in Rome or Berlin, and who, like Bergen, was an excellent expert, were similar. He, too, was retired, but not, as he bitterly believed, because we, i.e. Weizsäcker and I, wanted to free up his post or, as we say today, based only on financial categories, his "position" in the budget. For the Nazi regime, Menshausen, a practicing Catholic, was unacceptable as a member of the Vatican embassy. Bergen and Menshausen were therefore, to use the jargon of this regime, long "ready to be abolished", it was only a question of who would replace them. Instead of recognizing that we would have gladly accepted the torch of a humanitarian tradition from their hands, they indignantly threw it into the dust, from which Weizsäcker effortlessly picked it up and rekindled it.

The personal exception at the embassy was a certain WemmeN^o, who had been assigned to us by the Nazi church chancellery as an overseer and became an embassy councillor, a post that Weizsäcker had intended for me. Wemmer proved to be harmless and good-natured; he soon made it clear to us that he would keep his activities at the embassy to a minimum if we left him unscathed. Then he eagerly set about working with - To put it mildly, he used unconventional methods to amass a fortune and, as far as we could tell, he didn't seriously hurt anyone. He was a living

This is an example of my conviction that when the rule of law has had to give way to dictatorship or tyranny, a certain amount of corruption at all levels, not just at the top of the hierarchy, can prove to be soothing and healing. We Germans generally have no organ for this insight. If we have to choose between the alternative of "corrupt but humane" or "brutal but correct", many of our compatriots will give preference to correctness over all other considerations. Even today, older French people still shudder at the memory of the German occupation when a German uses the term "correct" towards them in all harmlessness.

I was ranked next behind Wemmer, so thanks to his restraint I was the acting embassy councillor and therefore the ambassador's representative. Before I took up my new post, Weizsäcker had pushed through my appointment as Legation Councillor First Class in an almost ultimate form, a promotion that would have been long overdue in normal times given my age (4).

I was of course grateful for this gesture of recognition and friendship, but felt that Weizsäcker had ventured into my case unnecessarily. After all, I had taken up this profession out of passion, to explore all the intellectual opportunities and adventures it offered. Above all, however, I wanted to make a political impact at headquarters or in interesting positions within the scope of my skills or, if possible, beyond that. Title and pay were not the decisive factors. After all, my estate in Silesia³³ made me financially and, if you like, socially independent; I always knew where I ultimately belonged. On the other hand, I thought that Weizsäcker did too little to promote professional diplomats as political director and, above all, as secretary of state. When I tried to explain this to him with the respect he deserved, he simply said that every merit was rewarded with a sledgehammer. Weizsäcker's Swabian puritanism had entered into a relationship with the Prussian state and civil servant ethos that filled me with respect. However, his resulting view that every merit is rewarded in the end seemed unworldly to me and was refuted by the practice of every day.

Next in line at the embassy was Wollenweber³⁴, a sensitive and somewhat shy young man who could definitely be relied upon. As he was good-looking and socially adept, he was the only one of us with close ties to the "black" nobility, the papal aristocracy. As these contacts hardly continued due to the war and the departure of Bergens and his charmingly sovereign wife, but were politically important, he was an indispensable color in the palette of the embassy as long as the Allies were not yet in Rome. In political terms, however, he was at times endearingly naïve and was all too easily taken in by the Roman aristocrats.

The youngest in our circle was Braun, politically committed, imaginative and talented in every respect. People heard about him, especially from his peers, that he

He makes too much use of his elbows out of ambition. To me, he seemed more like a young colt who doesn't know what to do with his strength and therefore bumps into things from time to time. I thought he was one of those late-maturing blond men from the north who only reach their peak form at the age of 30 or later, a prediction with which I was right - he is currently our successful ambassador in Paris. But even apart from this prediction, he was an absolutely reliable comrade in the extremely difficult years we faced and is still a loyal friend today.

Since even the secretaries and the "middle officials", as they were called at the time, i.e. the chancellor and the consular secretaries, whether Pg's or not, were unconditionally loyal and only acted according to the motto 'we are a group of decent Germans', this was a staff that would prove its worth in difficult times.

And this difficult time was not long in coming: on September 8, the Italian government announced that it had concluded an armistice with the Allies. While the people of Rome and the Italian soldiers, joined by German soldiers on leave or in transit, rejoiced, the events behind the scenes were a shameful page in Italian history. With a few noble exceptions, everyone betrayed everyone else. And the attitude of the Allies in the preceding and subsequent negotiations was also dubious and questionable. But the world only found out about this later. We members of the Vatican Embassy saw the conclusion of the armistice as the beginning of isolation. For although we knew that Hitler had moved more divisions to Italy to prevent the ally from falling away, we expected the Allies to land far north of Rome, covered by their fleet dominating the Mediterranean. What they achieved months later in Anzio/Nettuno³, i.e. south of Rome, albeit with difficulty and losses, they could just as easily have achieved in northern Italy near Livorno in September. Their excessive caution contributed greatly to prolonging the war and to heavy losses of human life and cultural values.

For the time being, however, we were not concerned with forecasts, but with the problems of the next few days and weeks. Around 11 o'clock the next morning, I went to a suburban train station, where a long train was waiting for the members of the Vatican embassy. I said goodbye, conveying **Weizsäcker's** greetings and good wishes, moved not only by Rahn, but also by Bismarck, Plessen³, Doertenbach and Reichert.⁰⁷ Would we meet again, and if so, under what circumstances?

When I returned to the embassy, I was told that we were totally isolated. Only the telephone connection to the Vatican was still working. For the **rest of** the day we could hear gunfire from the Alban Hills from time to time, which, after a quiet night, intensified the next morning and seemed to be getting closer. This morning, too, we were in the dark about developments outside our immediate vicinity. At lunch with Wollenweber and me, Weizsäcker asked in his usual, extremely discrete manner what we could do to find out about the situation. I said I was

I was happy to make an advance in an easterly direction, towards the Alban Hills. Wollenweber, who was nervous but not anxious, suggested that he could drive me wherever I wanted in his white Fiat Topolino. I was happy to take him up on this offer, because the tiny car was the least cumbersome.

The traffic had died down and only a few pedestrians were to be seen on the streets. Only when we arrived at Santa Maria Maggiore did we hear gunfire in the immediate vicinity and see the last fugitives fleeing like frightened chickens into the nearest house entrance.

As we drove around the large church complex, we saw a convoy slowly approaching us from Via Merulana. It consisted of huge, earth-colored trucks whose crews were constantly firing shots into the air or at the roofs of the houses. That seemed to me civilians to be a rather silly undertaking. After all, if someone really did get hit, it would surely be an innocent person and not a rooftop gunner hiding behind some ledge or chimney. But there was no time for such considerations. In the meantime, our tiny car stopped in the middle of the empty square. We had got out and were waving our white handkerchiefs frantically - we had forgotten to bring napkins or towels, which would have been much more suitable for this purpose. To add to my nervousness, the only living creatures far and wide were two Italians, an old, woman-bearded man and a young air force corporal, clinging to my skirt and shouting and whimpering: "Tell them not to shoot!" Waving my arms around and around, I pushed the two Italians over to Wollenweber, who spoke the local language much better than I did. An anxious minute passed, then the first monster came to a screeching halt next to us and a wild man jumped towards us, gesticulating and making unintelligible noises - it was supposed to be Italian. Now I shouted at him that he should speak German, we were Germans. When he finally understood, he turned into a young German officer in a matter of seconds, who listened respectfully. I told him in a loud voice, so that his people could hear, that the German ambassador to the Vatican had sent us to greet them. After a tiny pause, I continued that they should stop shooting now, that they had broken through the actual cordon - I was proud that I had thought of this fib - and had little more to fear; it was enough to keep a good lookout. He replied that they had suffered losses from shots fired from the upper storeys and from the roofs. While I nodded my understanding, a smile came over his young face, he came to life again and called out: "Mr. Counsellor, come up here, come up here and show us the way to the centre!" That was probably the last thing I wanted: to enter Rome victoriously at the head of the German paratroopers, for that was what it was all about! I therefore said in a snarling voice that that was impossible, that the ambassador had ordered me to report to him immediately if my comrade and I had made contact with the German troops. While I signaled Wollenweber to get back into the Wa-

I asked the officer if he had a plan for Rome. Of course, the German talent for organization had not failed in this case either. He pulled out the map and I showed him where we were and how he could get to Piazza Venezia and Piazza del Popolo, which meant that Rome was in German hands. But then I came to the real purpose of this interlude and pointed out to him the clearly marked borders of the Vatican state. It was the Führer's strictest command to respect these borders at all costs and he should keep his men at a safe distance from them to avoid any mistakes. I said goodbye to him and climbed into the Topolino, while the soldiers - now reassured and quite amused - grinned at us.

When I returned to the embassy, Weizsäcker instructed me to go to Montini immediately and explain to him in his name that the Führer and Reich Chancellor - Hitler was spoken of in this way to foreigners - had issued strict instructions to observe the neutrality of the Vatican City in the strictest terms. Such an instruction had already been issued to us a few days earlier "fair in all cases". It took a long time before I managed to contact Montini by telephone, and even longer before I stood before him. I gave my statement, which Montini accepted with an icy expression and in silence. Afterwards, I said that he could allow me to make a personal comment and explained to him in an indirect but unambiguous way my attitude towards the Nazi regime and my view of developments in the last few hours. I expressed my respect for the Church and assured him that I was prepared to do everything in my power to defend it and stood by his side. Although this declaration would have landed me in a concentration camp if it had become known to the Party, Montini collected it like a conductor collects a streetcar fare. Saying goodbye politely, I left, disappointed and angry.

The next few days were turbulent because the German paratroopers and their troops flooded Rome, but there were no incidents worth mentioning. Meanwhile, the doom became fairly visible to us; it loomed like a storm on the horizon: Rome in German or, rather, in National Socialist hands meant that no Jew could be sure of his life. Weizsäcker, who was already aware of this threat on the evening of the invasion, seemed paralyzed. I thought to myself that if he had known that he would be confronted with this development, he would never have accepted this post, let alone aspired to it. Now he, a commander without divisions, had to take on a battle that, barring a miracle, could only end in defeat. And for this, even a few years later, he still had to listen to abuse from the mouths of those who, far away from the firing line, were still sitting in comfortable armchairs, safely proclaiming the ideals he was trying to defend on the political front. ¹³

That evening, and even more so the following morning, Weizsäcker called me in to discuss what we could do to save the Jews living in Rome. There were a number of reasons why we did not want to involve the Vatican authorities. They had to know for themselves what their Christian duty was. Among the Italians there were undoubtedly many who

would have been only too happy to work with us to warn the Jews and thus, so we thought at the time, save them. But we had no confidence in their discretion. Wouldn't the person we entrusted with this life-threatening mission soon boast of his heroic deed?³ '

Finally, I found a way out. The Secretary General of the Institute for Private International Law, the Swiss Fahrner⁴, was the right intermediary in my eyes. We had only rarely met before, but I had immediately taken a liking to him. We could place our full trust in this quiet and cultivated man and his moral integrity. I went to see him at his house in the evening on the off chance, as I didn't dare make a phone call.⁴ 'Thank goodness he was there. Without much ado, I asked him if he knew any Jews. When he answered in the affirmative, I told him that he had to get in touch with them immediately and make it very clear to them that their lives were in extreme danger. He was surprised and said that, contrary to expectations, peace and order had been restored quickly. I replied that you could tell he had never lived in a totalitarian state. The planned terror would only set in once the chaotic conditions had been overcome. As expected, he assured me that he would do his best.

At the same time as my action, Weizsäcker had been to the Pope and warned him against an official protest. For such a protest would not save the life of a single Jew and would infuriate Hitler to the extreme, which might not even stop at his, the Pope's, person. In his play "Der Stellvertreter", Hochhuth saw this as a plot by two Machiavellians. In those terrible days, I would have liked this to be the case. Instead, Weizsäcker and the Pope, both representatives of an older generation by dozens of years, were paralyzed, while Braun and I felt that something absolutely had to be done. Incidentally, Hochhuth later withdrew his accusation against Weizsäcker, which he had based on his telegrams to Ribbentrop, which were of course distorted in Ribbentrop's sense. This change was due to the fact that he became aware of a statement by Trott, according to which we all saw Weizsäcker as the mentor of our circle.⁴²

On a third level, there was a macabre interlude: the representatives of the Jewish community offered the Gestapo a kilogram of gold through some Catholic agency if they would leave them alone. This naivety was enough to make your hair stand on end! Of course, as soon as the Gestapo had the gold in their possession, they would kill every Jew they could get hold of. I rushed back to Fahrner that evening. Unfortunately, I lost my temper and shouted at him that he hadn't warned the Jews forcefully enough. Their blood would come upon us, the members of the German Embassy to the Vatican, even though we had really done our utmost at the risk of our own lives. While I was already regretting my outburst of anger, Fahrner calmly replied that he had warned the Jews he knew and urged them most urgently to hide in Rome as I had suggested or, better still, to flee to one of the villages in the area, which nobody would notice as thousands of refugees were fleeing to and fro anyway. He

But he would warn the Jews he knew once again. - Here as elsewhere, I would like to add as a personal comment, a considerable number of the Jews proved to be astonishingly fatalistic, a behavior that was probably due to their oriental origins.⁴ ' The next day or the day after, the Gestapo made a general raid on the Jews, deported them to the north and killed them there. Their number is irrelevant, because even if there had only been ten of them, it would still have been a crime committed by the Germans. government ordered murder.

The actual number of Jews deported to northern Italy and murdered there is known; there were [i.2§]." On the other hand, despite much research, I have never been able to find any statistics on how many Roman Jews escaped the massacre. I hope and believe that it was the majority, whether they had fled Rome, found a private hiding place or found asylum in monasteries and other Catholic institutions.

The behavior of Pius XII in those terrible days was already met with harsh criticism before Hochhuth's play, 'The Deputy', and even more so afterwards. It has been concluded from his existing sympathy for the German people that he also transferred this sympathy to the Nazi regime. That is absurd. He was simply more far-sighted than the Western statesmen with their thesis of German collective guilt and the demand for unconditional surrender. He believed that this would create a power vacuum in the heart of Europe, which the Soviets would fill by force. Unfortunately, developments proved him right.

Other critics, above all Hochhuth, accuse him of having to make a fiery protest against the persecution of the Jews taking place before his eyes by virtue of his office.⁴ ' Even if such a protest would not have helped a single Jew, it was the duty of the "representative" of Jesus Christ on earth to raise his voice, even at the risk of dying a martyr's death. I did not and still do not completely rule out the possibility that he would have resisted capture by the SS and would have been shot as a result."

But I am convinced that Pius XII did not decide on his stance out of opportunism or fear, but after hours, even days, of soul-searching. And that is enough for me.⁴⁷

To chronologically describe the events from September 1943 to June 1944, when the Allies took Rome over, as they - not entirely wrongly - called it, "liberated", would be difficult and would not be in keeping with my intention. Because, to repeat, memory alone is the subject of my subjective book, which is not supported by any documentary evidence. Therefore, before I go into the strange, sometimes almost
Before I talk about the more cheerful experiences of the coming months, I would like to mention a second event that filled us with horror.

On March 24, 1944, in Via Rasella, German recruits, said to be sons of South Tyrolean farmers, were killed by a bomb fired by a member of the Italian resistance movement.

bomb hurled at them.⁴ ' Kappler⁴⁹ , Himmler's representative in Rome, it was reported, had received a telephonic instruction from Himmler to shoot hostages at a ratio of 3 to 1. Hitler had agreed to this proposal. Weizsäcker's comment was:

"This does exactly what was intended with the assassination. Through these summary executions, we are also turning the Italians, who are still somewhat well-meaning, against us!" He telephoned Kesselring⁰ , contacted Canaris¹¹ in a roundabout way, and Rahn also used his connections from Lake Garda⁵² . All these interventions were ineffective or came too late. The only person who could have saved the situation would have been Kesselring. He would have had to demand a delay from Hitler, take a plane to East Prussia⁵³ and give the "Führer" a lecture on the nonsense of the planned hostage shootings. Kesselring, although generally well-meaning and of good will, was too weak to take such an initiative. In normal times, he would have made an average regimental commander at best in southern Germany, where he came from. The course of time and his dialect, which Hitler was familiar with, swept him up to field marshal on the crest of the Nazi wave. It seems to me that neither as a "field marshal" nor as a "war criminal" did he really understand what was happening to him.

In view of this development, the Führer's headquarters once again issued the order to Mass murder. On [March 4, 1944, 333 hostages] were shot in the Fosse Ardeatine. Three days later I experienced an aftermath of a personal nature. Virginia Casardi¹⁴ came into my office and asked to speak to me. I knew her briefly from Berlin, where her husband had been posted as an Italian diplomat. She herself was American and obviously came from a distinguished family; she was also a beauty. When she sat down opposite me, she said, visibly embarrassed, that she had come on a delicate matter. The old Signora de Grenat had been told 48 hours ago that her son was among the victims of the Fosse Ardeatine. But today someone had told her that an hour ago he had recognized her son standing on a German truck. I secretly cursed the Italian sensationalism that was having such a cruel effect in this case. For although I hardly knew anything else about those who had been shot, I did know that the young de Grenat, a member of the Ministry of the Interior and a noble and courageous man, was one of the victims. I stood up and said: "Please tell the old lady that her son died like a hero for the honor of his country and people." She seemed surprised, less at the news as such than at my frankness and the way I put it. She immediately stood up and, as a sign of agreement and reconciliation, spontaneously offered me her hand, which I kissed. Without exchanging another word, I escorted her to the gate. Returning to my room, I shook with grief and horror.

In the months that followed, even after our move to the Vatican, two issues kept me very busy and occupied my time in addition to my regular work: the protection of art and the future of the German institutes in Rome. With both

Rahn had entrusted me with these tasks because the remaining staff of the uirinal embassy, consisting of only one or two senior officials at a time, were unable to deal with them. Art protection was about two things: protecting valuable buildings and the works of art firmly attached to them from accidental or deliberate destruction. In this respect, I could achieve little. Our troops were enlightened by the military and, on the whole, conducted themselves in an exemplary manner. But it was up to the Vatican to prevent the Allies from indiscriminately bombing the old city centers.

I had all the more work - a very satisfying one, by the way - protecting the art treasures that had been outsourced. The Italians had made the pardonable mistake of assuming that only the cities were threatened with destruction and had moved the works of art to the countryside, especially to castles and monasteries. In the meantime, however, it had become clear that these castles and monasteries would soon be in the middle of the battlefield as the front slowly advanced towards Rome from the south. Danger was therefore imminent. The Vatican agreed to take custody of the rescued sculptures, paintings and archives. The army high command generously provided transportation, as it had done earlier in France, even though there was a severe shortage. And there was a group of younger Germans who, exempted from military service for some reason or other, pursued their previous activities at the German institutes in Rome. They spontaneously agreed to drive the trucks provided to the places of removal and to take charge of recovering the crates. This was all the more appreciated as these journeys into the country were extremely dangerous during the day due to the numerous low-level air raids, just as troop movements took place at night whenever possible. In this case, however, it was not possible to travel at night for both the outward and return journeys in order to save time. The soldiers wanted to have their wagons back at night. Fortunately, none of the young people were injured.

My friend "Tieschowitz" soon arrived in Rome from Paris on an extended business trip. He wanted to see for himself that the protection of art worked just as well in Italy as it did in France. Despite a lot of work, we were still able to visit some beautiful places together and even went on a private excursion with "Mucki" Windischgraetz" to his "Podere" (small estate) south of Terracina, which was leased to farmers. The war situation still allowed us to do this, even though we could already hear the thunder of guns from the front in the south.

Tieschowitz and I also undertook an official trip quite far into the country in the direction of Monte Cassino. It had become known that the Hermann Göring Division had recovered all the pictures of the National Museum of Naples from a depot near the front. So we set off and, after some searching, found the division's staff quarters hidden idyllically in a pine grove. A colonel or lieutenant colonel Jacobi received us politely, even courteously. When we told him our wishes

he replied that it would be an honor for the division to hand over the pictures from Naples **to the Vatican for safekeeping**. We breathed a sigh of relief, as we had not imagined our task would be so easy. However, we were premature, because Jacobi had said that they would keep some of the crates, but at most four or five. The division bearing his name wanted to give him a little treat. We took it in turns to talk to him for half an hour, saying that the pictures were world-famous and of course registered. Their disappearance could not remain hidden and would burden the division with the stigma of art theft. He remained amiable but implacable.

After a few days, the Wehrmacht organized a huge propaganda hype in Rome. Around 1600 crates full of art treasures were solemnly escorted through Rome to the Vatican. Even the poor abbot of Monte Cassino had to join this procession with great reluctance, because some of the crates contained the most valuable books and manuscripts from the monastery's library.

But the expected trouble did not fail to materialize. After just a few days, two Italian museum officials came to me and explained that the crates containing the most valuable paintings, the Titian portraits of Farnese Pope Paul V and his nephews and the great Breughel "The Blind and the Lame" had not been delivered. They wanted the embassy to investigate where the paintings had gone. This was the last hope that Tieschowitz and I had cherished. We had assumed that there would be no one in the division who knew anything about art. It was therefore possible that only a series of second-rate paintings would be sorted out as gifts for Göring. Far from it: the lively lansquenets had removed the four or five most beautiful pictures from Naples with a connoisseur's eye.

From that day on, I had a louse in my fur. With that tenacity that only the Italians can muster in the pursuit of limited material goals, assistants from Vatican or Italian museums and institutes came to me week after week to inquire about the whereabouts of the paintings. Month after month we telegraphed the Foreign Office to see if they knew anything about the matter. Again and again we received the same polite, negative reply, until one day, when we had been in Vatican City for a long time, we received a rather blunt telegraphic instruction that we should mind our own business. For me, and Weizsäcker and Braun agreed with me, this was proof that Göring had received the pictures and forbade any interference. At the same time, this gave me the opportunity to put an end to the weekly Vatican or Italian inquiries and complaints. When another museum man came to see me, I told him that I hoped with all my heart that the paintings had been stolen by German soldiers. He thought he had not heard correctly and asked me to repeat my words. I did so and added that there had been art thefts at all times, especially under Napoleon I, but also during the Opium War against China in the sixties of the last century, when the English had stolen the paintings.

and the French had "taken" entire shipments of art treasures from Beijing. If German soldiers had been guilty of the same assault, which I don't want to gloss over, I would be reassured. Because then the Titians and the Breughels would now be safely stored in a mine with the German museum collection (which proved to be the case in the summer of 1943) and could be shown to the public again in Naples in a few years' time; in Naples, because I am against any change of location or ownership of works of art of the first rank. But if the Titians and Breughel had not been removed, it would have meant that somewhere and at some time they had fallen victim to an air raid, an irreplaceable loss not only for Italy but for the whole of the West. From that day on, I was no longer bothered with this problem.

On the other hand, the other task that Rahn gave me and which I was happy to take on proved to be typical of our profession: looking after our Roman institutes. This task was important because nowhere else abroad did we have a cultural center that was so internationally recognized. At the same time, this task proved to be extremely delicate and lengthy and, as long as I took it on, a failure. It involved the venerable Archaeological Institute with its worldwide reputation, the Bibliotheca Hertziana, founded by a German Jewish woman in her old palace near Trinità dei Monti, which contained all international publications on Italian art and whose reading room was teeming with foreigners in peacetime. Finally, there was the Preulian Historical Institute, which flourished in obscurity, but which was a *hortus seclusus* - a hidden garden - of even the rarest flowers for any scholar who wanted to study the history of Christian Rome.

From the day of the German invasion of Rome, the importance of these three institutes presented me with an alternative for which there was no compromise. Should the institutes,

i.e. their libraries and archives, be evacuated and relocated to the Empire or handed over to the trusteeship of the Pope, i.e. the Vatican, which the latter had declared itself willing to do? Naturally, all members of the institutes under the leadership of Ludwig Curtius, who was retired but still extremely active, were in favor of remaining in Rome, especially as the Vatican solution was ideal. The Austrian embassy, like the Vatican embassy, shared this point of view, but not the party. The longer the war lasted and the more questionable its outcome became for the Nazis, the more their greed, which had existed from the outset, was joined by a tendency to make *tabula rasa*. Many of them would probably have preferred to use the "scorched earth" method, but knew that the soldiers would not go along with it.

So I fought a tough battle for months with the Berlin party authorities and their Roman emissaries over the whereabouts of the institutes and was courageously supported by the archaeologists in particular. One morning, however, a high-ranking party official appeared and told me that I should stop resisting the removal of the libraries,

I must finally give up my photo archives and other movable property; otherwise I will have to reckon with Persian difficulties. So the decision had been made, and I had no choice but to back down in the face of this open threat. At least the transportation went smoothly, the libraries were safely transported to Germany and were found there intact at the end of the war.

But that only solved one side of the problem, albeit not in my opinion. No sooner had the Allies entered Rome than they confiscated the buildings. They fought a long battle, partly among themselves and partly with the Italians, over the future of the institutes, assuming that the libraries would be returned to Rome at the end of the war. When the initial fervour had died down, the internationalization of the institutes was proposed by the neutral side. For us, this compromise was also unacceptable; we intervened in this discussion through the archaeologists Curtius and Deichmann⁷, who were able to move freely, and through Vatican authorities, who were quite helpful. It was still in full swing when I returned to Germany in September '46, and it was another few years before the institutes were returned to the German government, and then many more months before they could be reopened in Rome. On top of this, the gaps in the latest specialist literature, caused first by the war and then by the removal far beyond the end of the war, could hardly be filled.

In the months following the occupation of Rome, the area in which we were still able to conduct politics shrank more and more. The talks between Weizsacker and the Pope were obviously characterized by personal sympathy, so that the Pope was openly melancholy, even pessimistic, about the future of the Catholic Church towards the German ambassador, even though he was a Protestant. But, as I had feared, the Curia did not provide any political impetus either towards the Allies or towards Berlin. It was limited to good persuasion. On top of that, Orsenigo, the nuncio in Berlin, apparently still believed in Hitler's final victory."

Rahn resided with his embassy in Fasano on Lake Garda and was the guardian and manager of Mussolini, who had pitched his tents in neighboring Saló. The "Duce" was apparently no longer in full possession of his mental powers, while those around him, the so-called "government" of the fascist republic, consisted of a few idealistic fanatics and many dubious figures. It was a blessing that Rahn, equipped with great powers, tactically extremely skillful, imaginative and courageous, ruled, one might say, from Fasano the Italy still unoccupied by the Allies. He made it possible for his childhood friend and my "crewmate", the charming and cultivated Gerhard Wolp⁹, to prevent the worst Party attacks as German consul in Florence and, as the front moved closer, to avert massive destruction of the city. Thousands in northern and central Italy also owed their lives to Rahn's open intervention or finely spun intrigue. What was questionable to me at the time was,

the importance Rahn attached to his political role in the true sense of the word. He was a thoroughly active person who, to invoke Goethe, was determined by "the eternal innocence of action" and - thank God - still is today. But did he really still believe that he could influence the political destiny of our people from Fasano, as he seriously claimed, tending towards the pathetic? Apart from his humanitarian work, did he not see that the "Republic of Salò", as the anti-fascists were suspiciously referring to the final days of the Mussolini regime, presented a ghostly, even macabre picture?

The news I received from my friends in Berlin, Geneva and Paris was not encouraging. I was **always** well informed. For as far as Hitler's arm reached, the **network** of those who opposed him and knew and trusted each other was extensive and tightly woven. Not all of them were prepared to actively resist, but they were helpful to friends whom they suspected of doing so. It was therefore fundamentally wrong for our American re-educators, to whom a chorus of submissive Germans cheerfully agreed, to recognize only the active resistance and to contemptuously brush aside the hundreds of thousands, even millions of opposition members. Yet these "quiet ones in the country" often did just as much to contain the Nazi influence and uphold decency and justice as the members of the resistance who wore themselves down in the active struggle. The news from Berlin was as usual: the date for the "big blow" had again had to be postponed by two to three months. And the justification was the same as it had often been: if we wanted to attempt the undertaking, we were dependent on the active support of a considerable number of army leaders. A majority of them had probably at some point toyed with the idea of silencing Hitler, who was responsible for the tragedy of this war. A considerable number were even prepared in principle to take an active part in overthrowing Hitler, but if you tried to pin them down to a specific date, you would always hear the same objections: a German counter-offensive was underway; if it was successful, our negotiating position with the enemy states would be far stronger than if we overthrew Hitler **now**. Or they argued that the situation on the eastern front was so bad that a total collapse was unavoidable **if there was an overthrow now**. We were then, and I was long after the war, full of anger at this hesitation, this lack of courage on the part of those members of our high Generalitdt who, resisting any delusion or corruption, sincerely wanted the fall of the regime. Now, a quarter of a century later, and on the basis of the experience gained since then with the foreign generals and their "Manly courage before princely thrones", my judgment is more balanced. The fact that Hitler had involved us in a war with the Soviet Union had created a new situation. Suffering defeat at the hands of the Western powers was unpleasant for the Wehrmacht, but quite bearable for our people as a whole. A military victory by the Soviet Union, however, threatened the very roots of our nation's existence. In view of the constant advance

To call on the generals to rebel in the face of the Red Army's advance was to overtax their moral courage. I believe that Ernst Jünger is right when he writes that only Rommel^o had the strength and daring to master such a situation. His car accident and his dictated suicide - a few weeks too early - put an end to the

Conclusion to the German tragedy in Jul9 44 ⁶

Meanwhile, the military situation in Italy developed slowly from the fall of i 943 to the spring of i 44. After the armistice with Italy had been concluded, the Allies had reached Salerno directly from Sicily, leaving out Calabria. But this was not a particular success at first, and even seemed to be for a few days, as if the German divisions would succeed in throwing the Allied units into the sea. It was only their superiority in the air and the massive deployment of the fleet, which dominated the Mediterranean with its heavy artillery, that forced the German divisions onto the defensive and finally to retreat. The Allies leisurely captured Naples and then divided their divisions into two groups. One was to advance inland via Monte Cassino, the other along the coast towards Rome. However, both made very slow progress. As a result, the Allied High Command decided to form a new bridgehead. However, instead of establishing this bridgehead as far north of Rome as possible, relying on their air superiority and absolute naval supremacy, they landed tentatively south of Rome in the bay of Anzio/Net- tuno. There, too, they initially ran the risk of being thrown into the sea by our troops; there, too, their fleet intervened. The crisis was overcome, but it was months before the Allies managed to break out of the destruction and advance on Rome together with the other army group, which had long been bogged down at Monte Cassino. It was probably the purpose of this extremely cautious, even fearful warfare, to avoid "unnecessary" losses. Since this would prolong the war by at least a year and the final sum of losses at the end of the war would probably be higher than with a The bold advance in the late fall of - 943. was assumed by many civilian and military observers on our side at the time. On top of that, the military balance was shifting more and more in favor of the Red Army. What was to become of Europe? which my friends and I already dreamed of uniting at the beginning of the war?

In the meantime, the situation in Rome took on what today would be called a surrealistic character and can only be described in detail. I would like to say at the outset that I gradually moved around in this environment without any inhibitions, to the point of recklessness, in order to escape the vicious circle of despair about the situation, shame about what was happening in the name of our people and personal fear for just a few hours or even minutes. In the beginning, the ban on going out for the Roman population and the blackout were strictly enforced. Because our Italian drivers were therefore sent home early, I walked back from the office to my hotel at around i 8 o'clock, i.e. in the dark. It happened to me several times that two Italian policemen hiding in an unlit hallway called me and shot into the air at the same time.

I didn't feel seriously threatened, but the ringing gunshots in the otherwise quiet town got on my nerves. So from then on, I walked through the middle of the street and whistled or sang - neither of which was a musical genius - all the hits from the 1920s out loud to myself. When they heard this, the two policemen would come out of hiding and beam at me: "You're from the German embassy!"

Rome was soon declared an "open city" and the military commander loosened the reins a little on the civilian population. The institution of the "open city" was later met with derision. However, it did not free Rome from the terror that the Nazis exercised everywhere. Many German soldiers could also be seen in the streets of the city during the day. But there was not a single troop unit stationed in the city and certainly no front staff. All the supplies to the front were transferred with infinite difficulty to the roads that ran east of Rome through the Campagna and were basically inadequate. The critics forget that after the declaration of the "open city" all bombing raids ceased, which **would** certainly not have been the case if long military columns had moved through the middle of the city.

In the middle of the surrealist island of Rome, the Hotel Excelsior, where I was staying, was an island in itself. From 8 o'clock onwards, if I had the time and inclination, I could drop in on Princess Lotti Windischgraetz, née Fürstenberg-Donaueschingen¹³ for an hour every day. Then the princess, tall and strong-boned, with black hair and a loud, somewhat rusty voice, saw a large lady full of wisdom on her sofa. Her son Mucki looked, or rather lay, poured out beside her. He could have played the young Austrian prince in a Viennese salon play without having to learn a single gesture or idiom. "Isn't he a sweet boy?" his father's sister asked me. He had certainly never voluntarily read a book in his life and was extremely busy doing nothing all day long when he got up at half past ten. Incidentally, he was seriously considering getting engaged to a sweet little Roman woman, heiress to an immense fortune in Latin America, a plan which he carried out without undue haste. After all, the "cute little boy" was two years old and a lieutenant in the Italian air force.

I liked the company of mother and son so much because I could forget everything that was weighing on me. Ernesto, the waiter, who felt like a princely cupbearer, poured champagne into the glasses, relatives and friends came by and we chatted about social gossip and exchanged news about the Catholic families of cousins from the count's or first's family. There was never a word about politics, it wasn't a topic befitting their station. Only now and then did a friend pop in to report, her voice trembling with indignation, that this or that Marchesa, Duchessa or Principessa had been arrested by the SS. I didn't begrudge this to the women who, when they weren't playing bridge, were constantly exchanging the stupidest political gossip on the phone, forgetting that they were being bugged. Since they refused to visit the wounded in the hospitals anyway, or even to help by handing out

If they wanted to do something for the poor wretches who were wasting away in misery and filth, a few weeks in prison could do them no harm. All the less so as they were looked after by submissive nuns. But it was gross mischief and did no good to the German name when Dollmann put all the ladies of Roman society who had not invited him before into prison for a while, one after the other: I had to have a serious word with him again. Of course, the snowed-in visitors knew that this was possible for me in some form or other and that it had the hoped-for success, without ever making it known or even bothering me with a request. Princess Lotti, regally enthroned, gave a sober commentary on each report.

One evening, however, when I entered her drawing room, I found the princess grumbling and agitated and even Mucki a little shaken out of his nonchalant indolence. What had happened? Mucki had received orders from the Germans to report in his capacity as an Italian officer to be transported to Germany and interned there. Although I would have given Mucki a few hours of serious work a day, this was also beyond me.

The Windischgratz princes owned a huge estate in the Trieste region, i.e. in the area of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire. Monarchy, a huge estate. When this fell to Italy, they had no choice but to accept Italian citizenship in order to preserve it.

Mucki and his twin brother, who had "died as a pilot", were born Italian and remained so. Fritz, the youngest, whose first name already indicated a northern orientation, was to inherit the estates in Carinthia, acquired Austrian citizenship, became German after the Anschluss and fought under Dietl on the Finnish front. It

It was too absurd for the older brother to be interned while the younger one risked his life on the eastern front! Such orders, as their originators could of course not have known, were not applicable to these European families - in their sense - for centuries. So I told Mucki's first mother to write a personal letter to Kesselring and I would see to it that he was in the hands of the field marshal by the next noon. She replied with that sovereign impartiality that has always characterized the male and even more so the female members of great houses, that she could not do that, she made too many spelling mistakes. I should write her the letter. Grinning, I replied that, spelling mistakes or not, Kesselring probably wouldn't even notice them, I didn't know the first jargon, a remark that delighted her. She should sit down, I continued, write a letter to Kesselring in her own hand and have it delivered to me by Ernesto, the faithful waiter. Within two hours I had the Princess's letter in my hands. On four or five small sheets of paper, she had accomplished a diplomatic masterpiece with her large, masculine handwriting. The salutation read "Dear Mr. Field Marshal General", followed by two sentences about the anxious heart of a mother and the addition "when my youngest, Fritz, is beating his life into a ski jump in Finland", then

two or three very sober sentences about Mucki and her petition to have him released. And to Schlufi: "I would be *so* pleased, my dear Mr. Field Marshal, to make your acquaintance, but I dare not hope so! Your ..."

I made sure that this diplomatic masterpiece, which began with unconditional respect and ended with equal sympathy, reached the Horatian Mons Soracte, where Kesselring was "residing" among his staff, by special courier in the morning. By the evening, it was clear that the letter had had the expected effect. A dapper orderly contacted the princess in the evening and gave her an effusive letter of thanks from Kesselring and a written release for Mucki. Thus, after a dramatic escalation, a happy ending to the Viennese salon play was achieved. In the spring, when the fronts began to waver, mother and son left the "Città Eterna" for Trieste. For me, it was a farewell to the old Europe.

A few weeks earlier, after the Allies had covered the few hundred kilometres between Salerno and Anzio/Nettuno from September to January and had formed and stabilized their bridgehead south of Rome, I found a new evening circle at the Hotel Excelsior. As a kind of positional war had developed on the bridgehead, but people were too cavalier or casual to surprise the enemy with night attacks, numerous younger Wehrmacht officers took the opportunity to spend the evening in Rome. Some of them looked around the restaurant in my hotel, somewhat embarrassed. Three hours ago in the trenches and now here - they couldn't believe their eyes: the lights, the warmth, the food and the luxury! They probably weren't sure they could afford a dinner like this either. I invited them to the table, where I sat alone and bored, and we soon got into a stimulating conversation. This soon developed into a permanent fixture. Hardly an evening went by over the next few weeks and months without me having three to five German officers in their mid-twenties to early thirties as guests. Fortunately, I didn't want this at the time, but it was the last time I met with the military and social elite of East Elbia, elite in the sense of a lifestyle and not a social class. For both the educated bourgeoisie of the cities and the landowning Adel were equally represented, young people of relaxed politeness and liberal attitudes - I didn't meet a real Nazi among them - but characterized by that Preulian ethos that was not made a fuss of because it was self-evident. We talked about our origins, our military and diplomatic careers, the present was rarely touched on, even if they did ask me how they viewed the situation in Switzerland and I responded with well-dosed skepticism. Of course they wanted to win the war, but they thought little or nothing of Adolf Hitler's Greater German Reich. They relaxed and enjoyed the surroundings, the food and the wine, but occasionally a shadow would flit across the table when I remarked that I hadn't seen this or that person for days and learned that he had driven his off-road vehicle onto a mine.

Not always and not with everyone, however, did the conversation only take place on this camaraderie-like, but non-binding level. For example, I remember Günther Bismarck from Kniephof; he was said to be the youngest major in the Wehrmacht at z6. He was the holder of the preliminary stage of the Knight's Cross, the 'German Cross in Gold', or, as the blasphemers called it because of the size of his swastika center, the "party badge for short-sighted people". One evening, I gave him three packets of cigarettes when I said goodbye to him because, as I had noticed, he was a heavy smoker, whereupon he thanked me and said, grinning loyally: "You don't know what that means to me. Our servant from home is my boy. And if I can't manage with my cigarette ration and get some from non-smokers, he immediately writes to the 'madam' and a few weeks later I'm subjected to a motherly thunderstorm." But this anecdote was only the introduction; a short time later he arranged for us to have a conversation in private, which of course I did not avoid. He told me that in the circle of his mostly older comrades, there were always loose discussions about the relationship between might and right. He tended to favor the law, but he found it difficult to renounce all power for our country. What do I mean by that? His question was asked with so much thoughtful **seriousness**, with so much personal purity, that I felt a **little too** sober and even superficial with my pragmatic answer. A power controlled by a highly developed legal consciousness, as had long been the case in England, I thought, was nothing evil. However, my answer seemed to satisfy him as a starting point for further reflection. And then he said something to me that moved me as much as Nanina's exclamation that every soldier is the son of a mother. Sighing, he said: "And how am I supposed to tell my people all this and justify it to them?" This twenty-six-year-old was not thinking of himself, but only of his human obligation to the soldiers he was leading.

However, I was anticipating the passage of time. In mid-December 143 Weizsäcker asked me whether I would be prepared to accompany his wife to Berlin, where she hoped to meet her three children for Christmas. His question was only rhetorical, as he was hoping that this trip would give me the opportunity to see my family and friends again. You could fly from Venice, but you had to get there by car. At night, the roads were clogged with military transports, by day they were largely controlled by Allied low-flying aircraft. Numerous car wrecks at the edge of the road bore witness to this. Only between twelve and two,

When the young gentlemen from the other side were all at lunch and apparently humanized by the Italian climate to take a siesta, one could expect to pass the cordon that the planes laid around Rome unmolested.

Mrs. von Weizsäcker and I and the skilled Italian driver drove off in our Mercedes shortly before **midday**, as if equipped for a dangerous research trip. From a military point of view, our journey went "without any particular incident". On the other hand, I enjoyed showing Mrs. von Weizsäcker much of the country that she knew little about and that

I loved so much in memory of my Roman youth. On our journey, as far as I remember, we visited Urbino, where we stayed overnight, and Ravenna, and Assisi on the way back. But I was so tense on that trip and so mentally on the run from myself - unfortunately rightly so, as it turned out later - that my memory of it is foggy, and even today it seems pointless for me to try to clear up this fog with statements from others.

After 3* hours, we arrived in Venice in the evening, where Hansi Plessen had been acting as Consul General since the transfer of the Quirinal Embassy to Lake Garda. He received us with ceremonial protocol, accommodated us sumptuously in a hotel and **served** us an excellent dinner.

night meal". The next morning, our plane was due to take off for Berlin at 11 o'clock. A fog, apparently imported from London in our honor, shrouded Venice, the lagoon and the Lido, where the airfield was located. Neither here nor there could you see more than twenty meters. Soldiers, party bigwigs in uniform or civilian clothes, waited in the small waiting room, some dull, some nervous, while Mrs. von Weizsäcker and I emphasized our stoic, professional upbringing. We all knew that we had to cross the Alps in daylight, so we had to leave by half past two at the latest. In this somewhat cramped group, I was particularly amused by a small, chubby civilian who got up from his hard chair every half hour, stomped up and down to stretch his legs and explained in a cheerful voice: 'If you want to fly, you have to take your time! I have always remembered this wise saying to this day, as often as I fly, because going to Fuf' seems more natural and dignified to me. But the miracle happened, the fog lifted and we crossed the Alps just in time. In Munich, since the hierarchical order in the Reich was still unchallenged, they had reserved beds for us in the sleeping car as a precaution, and the next morning we were in Berlin.

The next few days in Berlin were lost in a sea of oblivion. Due to many conversations and poor train connections, I was only able to take twelve hours off for home, i.e. Oberglauke, an absurd haste that was indicative of my condition and which I deeply regretted. In retrospect, that was just an excuse. I knew that it would probably be the last meeting with my badly aged mother, that I could not look my siblings in the eye openly, even though they were not Nazis but simple patriots, that I could not tell them that our last hope was the success of a conspiracy in which I was marginally involved. And that, even if it succeeded, we could only hope that Silesia would be occupied by American and British troops in order to avoid falling into the hands of the Red Army. The full extent of the catastrophe, the expulsion, did not even occur to me in my darkest hours. When my mother, who saw things more realistically than the rest of the family, was alone with me shortly before the final farewell, she asked me tearfully if I could give her the certainty that she would live to see the end of Hitler and thus of the most shameful chapter in German history? As far as one could speak of certainty at that time, my answer was yes. But this last visit was not a conciliatory one

A farewell, but a heartbreaking break, even if I tried to lie to those around me and to myself.

However, as I am one of those people who cannot remain in despair, I strengthened myself with a series of experiences in Berlin. The city looked terrible compared to my last visit in September after a series of heavy bombing raids. Even in the corridors of Wilhelmstrasse, the plaster on the walls had been swept into heaps. If there were any panes at all in the windows and not just replacements made of cardboard, the cracks had been glued with paper. And yet, when I look back on the time of my entry *9°2 to the present day, I have never been so proud of "my" office, i.e. the group of those who had never given themselves up to recognizing the villainy and crimes, as in those days around the turn of the year 943'44. The "brown wing" of the office had taken refuge in alternative quarters on the outskirts of the city or in the "Mark"; not so the professional diplomats. They naturally and stolidly sat at their desks, which they had inherited from their predecessors, who in turn had inherited them from previous generations. Not all of them were geniuses, not all of them were heroes. But they came from a time when the now frowned upon term "esprit de corps" meant nothing more than today's buzzword "teamwork". People were not afraid to serve of their own free will, as freely as no opportunism, no ideology could command the individual, not a terror regime, but the Reich, the nation. At that time, serving was not yet in contradiction to personal dignity. It is only in the present day that the word federal or state servant has been coined, with servant often appearing as a synonym for lackey. Frederick the Great described himself as the first servant of his state, was there any reason to reject this service as degrading, as undemocratic, as one would say today?

Unfortunately, I was unable to bring any of those I visited the ray of hope that they had perhaps hoped for because of our contacts with the Vatican. I had a long and particularly friendly conversation with Steengracht⁷ and convinced myself once again how fortunate it was for the office that this humane and at the same time caring personality had taken over from Weizsäcker. His personal advisor, who diligently sought me out as I left the State Secretary's room, I punished with disregard. Shortly before, he had told me in an almost hurtful manner that the State Secretary would certainly not have time to see me. I had then explained to him that I thought it was my duty to report to the State Secretary; it was customary. I would understand if he didn't have time to see me. I was struck by his anxious opportunism, but I was also concerned that my reputation as a "black scarf" in the Foreign Office was apparently more firmly established than I had assumed. Steengracht, however, as soon as he heard that I was in office, made a huge fuss to find me and welcomed me with open arms.

One afternoon, I drove out to Potsdam, where "Brücklmeier" and "Schwerin" had set up temporary quarters to avoid the bomb scare that was constantly raining down on their night quarters.

to escape the peace and quiet. I was invited to a meeting which was attended by the two aforementioned Schulenburgs, but above all by Goerdeler⁰ and Stauffenberg".

Goerdeler's tall stature, his courage and his power of persuasion were impressive. But he was also seen wandering around the country with a flowing coat, floppy hat and knotted stick like an itinerant preacher, talking far too much and loudly. His political convictions, black and white and monarchist, were honorable, even likeable. But in my opinion, which was shared by my peers, he and his generation could only be entrusted with the fate of our country for a transitional period. The wheel of history could not be turned back. Nor would his contemporaries be mentally or physically up to the demands of what were certainly chaotic early days. But they should be given the honor and respect they deserved. I was pleased that Goerdeler and Stauffenberg had come to this meeting together and apparently on the best of terms, as I had endeavored for years, whenever I came to Berlin from abroad, to clear up tensions between the older and younger generations through good persuasion. I was fascinated by Stauffenberg, whom I saw for the first and - like everyone else in this circle - for the last time. Although he had lost an eye and a hand in the Tunis campaign, he looked like an ancient god of war with his powerful, even face, dark hair and tall stature. But his spiritual charisma was even more impressive. Because of his affiliation with the George circle, I had expected a musical, romantic warrior. However, after a few minutes I realized that I had before me a personality destined by nature to be a charismatic politician who naturally took charge of the conversation. He developed his theses concisely and soberly and came across so convincingly that it did not occur to Goerdeler to express any reservations. After a brief *tour d'horizon*, Stauffenberg turned to me with the following question: "Since the decisive point of our political program was the immediate evacuation of the occupied territories - which, I might add, naturally included Alsace-Lorraine, while in the Corridor, eastern Upper Silesia and Austria the majority view was that referendums should be held

-We would have to ensure that this evacuation took place in an orderly manner. Our troops should not be attacked by partisans on their retreat, nor should the evacuated area be left to anarchy or a violent communist seizure of power. Stauffenberg said he asked for my suggestions.

I was not prepared for this question, but I thought that in Western European monarchies, the transfer of executive power and the associated responsibility would not be difficult to accomplish. The problem was easiest to solve in Denmark, where the king was an undisputed greatness due to his remaining in the country and his unshakeable courage. In Italy, the Pope could not and should not be relieved of his responsibility. In France, on the other hand, one had to try to get in touch with a representative of de Gaulle and not with the extreme left wing of the

Resistance, because he would probably listen to Moscow. I had no advice for the East. What use would agreements with Poland be if they were not approved by Moscow? Coming to an agreement with Moscow directly seemed hopeless to me, at least in the crucial early weeks. Although my proposals were improvised, they met with Stauffenberg's approval, which was shared by the other participants. The last words Stauffenberg addressed to me on our subject were: 'When the time comes, I'll send you a special plane to Rome. Rarely has a sentence filled me with such great satisfaction as this one. In general, the course of this meeting put me in a kind of euphoria. At last, for once, only concise, pragmatic statements could be heard from everyone involved. The future, whatever its risks may be

- and I was prepared for any difficulties, even in the event of success - seemed to be taking precise shape. At last, to use a popular expression, "nails were put to heads".

We spent one evening in a small group at Yorck⁷'s house in Dahlem, which had been a spiritual and moral center for us for years. At dinner - the alarm had long been sounded but was habitually ignored - the noise of the engines was stronger than usual. One of us remarked: "There are the planes", to which another sarcastically remarked: "Were you expecting submarines?" No sooner had the last of these words been uttered than an explosion shook the house, the last remaining window panes shattered and the doors flew open. But the worst was over, the planes were moving away. After all, it was a long time before Schulenburg⁷³ and I were able to make our way home. We had to walk to Fufi from Dahlem to Lützowplatz - an hour and a half through the burning capital of an empire in its death throes - because all means of transportation had been paralyzed.

At this time, however, a bon mot circulating among the opposition elite struck me as quite macabre: "God save us from war - peace will be terrible!" The slogan of "unconditional surrender", elevated to dogma by Roosevelt and Churchill in Casablanca, had become deeply ingrained in us Germans and did not fail to **have** the desired effect of prolonging the war.⁷⁴ Millions of human lives fell victim to it.

After my return in the first days of January, I felt increasingly insecure and threatened in Rome. As there were only a few German civilians left, it would have been easy for Kappler to shadow every single one of them. Far from getting involved in any kind of resistance activity, which would have been impossible in Rome at the time, I couldn't help but give my visitors in the office or my acquaintances in the city a little advice or tip every day. None of this advice was dangerous on its own, but the sum of it would have filled every party office and especially Kappler, who trusted me anyway, with suspicion. In addition, there was no one among the Germans and Italians with whom I socialized who represented a plus point for me "in the sense of our Führer". I had also been shadowed in Berlin and

my visits to Canaris and Oster⁷ ', who were already under suspicion, and my meeting with Goerdeler, I was in danger. The fact that my deep unease, indeed my fear, was not a product of hysteria was confirmed to me after the war. A good acquaintance told me that he had had great difficulty convincing Kappler not to arrest me. I hoped to find out in time if they wanted to arrest me. Then, according to my plan, I would have fled to the front and sought my death there, unless chance had offered me the opportunity of a regular capture, which I considered unlikely.

It would have been unthinkable for me to defect to the enemy or, as I put it, to the enemy in times of war. I was not in a position then, as I have been all my life, to renounce my solidarity with my people, not even temporarily, as members of a persecuted minority, i.e. Jews, socialists, etc., were *forced* to do. There were ties that I was not able to break, indeed, that I was not even prepared to think about seriously. There were some of my acquaintances who called me a nationalist after the war. What I think about the German people can be read in Hölderlin's Hyperion and in Goethe's conversation with Falk in i 8*3.⁷ ' Also, unlike the Gaullists here and there, I am prepared not only to accept any "supranational" limitation of Germany's sovereignty over time, but to affirm and support it in the interests of Europe, provided that our immediate neighbors do the same. However, solidarity, the indissoluble bond with my people, is not affected by this criticism, these political considerations. My guardian angel saved me from the final test, arrest and torture.

In M fZ * 44, Weizsäcker allowed me to drive to Lugano in the company car and from there take the train to Geneva to visit the faithful Nostitz. Naturally, he also hoped to gain additional information from this trip, but to be clear, it was meagre. I took my Swiss acquaintance Fahrner with me, who gave me

had stood by us so valiantly, albeit unsuccessfully, in the matter of the Roman Jews. We stayed in Florence for two days. I spent one evening with Gerhard Wolf in his house on the slopes of Fiesole. The view of the silvery olive groves with Florence in the valley on a spring evening is unforgettable. Wolf told me about his work for the benefit of the city and, looking at him and listening to him, I could very well imagine his present and future success. He possessed what so many Germans lack and what is crucial for Italians: charm and humanity. He was cultured, which always impresses the Italians because they see this as a reverence for their own past, and he was brave in an almost naive way because he took Rahn's backing for granted. The Italians found this enchanting because, in their eyes, "the German" was chosen by God to play the role of hero in the great world theater. The German military, on the other hand, was as always when it came across a civilian with a certain and forceful opinion - I had already mentioned this in March i Q Q3

in Prague - impressed by Wolf. And the party bigwigs who stood in front of Rahn, the special

The "Führer's representatives" trembled, **knowing** that he was covering for Wolf, our consul in Florence, and ignored his bold speeches. I knew that Florence was in good hands with him.

In Geneva, I was looked after and pampered by Nostitz. I learned everything I needed to know from my Bernese friends Theo Kordt⁷⁷ and Georg Federer⁷⁸. I admired Nostitz because of his tireless cooperation with the International Red Cross and the World Council of Christian Churches; I would have been more relaxed because I was more skeptical. On the other hand, I envied him for being able to do so much good in his key position and with his experience, to help so many people, supported and shielded by Siegfried, our longstanding and loyal comrade who had recently taken over as head of the office. I also envied Nostitz a little because of his versatile and cultivated dealings, e.g. with Carl Burckhardt⁷⁹, to mention just one name. But if I had been offered the opportunity to return to Geneva permanently, I would have been embarrassed. For someone who, as a civilian diplomat, lived close to the front out of conviction, the only alternative to Rome was Berlin.

After my return, I had one of my last meetings with Dollmann, in whom the Romans saw the devil incarnate because he roared through the city in his fiery red sports car with a large German shepherd dog beside him. All the misdeeds committed by others were blamed on him. I was convinced that he was harmless, except for his hobby of taking the ladies of Roman society in turn for a while.

for a long time. We met every 8 to 4 days in a small restaurant near Piazza Colonna. Lunch always followed the same ritual: we exchanged Roman memories of the early thirties, discussed the idiosyncrasies and weaknesses of mutual acquaintances and talked about the military situation in a completely non-political way. But when the espresso was served, I said: "And now, Dollmann, you have to do me a favor!" I asked him to release the aristocrats who had been arrested the previous week.

women. It makes no sense to throw these - politically speaking - harmless gossips in jail. That would hurt us at the Vatican. Then I added with a laugh that we were basically on good terms and that he was going to arrest little nobodies next. The result of these lunches was that each time he released *a* prisoner to me, no less, no more. Meanwhile, our last meeting was somewhat stormy. The previous time I had pleaded with him to release the Marchesa Sandra Spaletti, a tall, golden-blond beauty from Florence and a star in the Roman social sky. He had complied with my request. A few hours after her release, however, this - sit **venia** verbo - goose had phoned all her friends from her apartment to say that the news had just come through from the BBC that Argentina - or was it Brazil? - had declared war on the Axis powers. Surely she couldn't be so stupid as to attach any political or military significance to this declaration of war? But that probably wasn't the point - it was pure pomposity and gossip. The fact that she got me, and perhaps Dollmann too, into trouble with his SS superiors wasn't worth a thought given the boundless egocentricity of her caste.

Dollmann, who had been told the text of the telephone conversation, which of course had been intercepted, was fuming with rage. He had the feeling that I had made a fool of him. However, he convinced himself that his suspicions were unfounded in view of my honest indignation - I did not spare any invectives about the stupid person. At any rate, he declared in conclusion that now it was over, he could never release another prisoner to me. The devil was riding me, and I literally said: "But, Dollmann, you have to help me. If things turn out differently, I'll help you too!" He was startled for a second - for me - and then he said with a laugh: 'All right! A few years later, when he was in trouble, I was worried and ashamed that I couldn't keep the promise I had made to him in spring 1944 to help him. I lived in Upper Bavaria, received no information and was cut off from abroad by censorship and travel restrictions. Fortunately, he didn't need my help and was quickly acquitted.

At the beginning of May 1944, Trott asked me if we could meet in Venice towards the end of the month. He had arranged a business trip to Fasano to see Rahn, but could take two or three days off beforehand. I told Weizsäcker about it, who immediately gave his approval for this trip, suggesting in his quiet, slightly ironic manner that it might be a good idea to make my way back to Rome before the Allies were at the gates of Rome. Weizsäcker and Trott had taken a liking to each other, both humanly and politically, since they met through my mediation: the young, ingenious firebrand, who could be rash from time to time, and the wise old diplomat, who was occasionally overcome by great hesitation.

So once again I set off by car in the direction of the Adriatic. Full of admiration, I celebrated my reunion with the magnificent Palazzo della Signoria in Gubbio. In Rimini, I visited the church built by Leon Battista Alberti¹⁰, the theorist of early architecture. The roof truss was largely missing, but the side walls were intact in their classical proportions and refined division. The church, whose actual name is only known to specialists, is generally called "Il Tempio Malatestino". Indeed, one has the feeling of entering a serene ancient temple. It was erected in honor of the Malatestas, one of those small dynasties of princes who, apart from their cultural feats that marked the end of their history, made a great name for themselves. The only question is how? According to reports, with cunning intrigues and nefarious crimes. One of Pisanello's magnificent medals shows the profile of a Malatesta, ravishingly arrogant, noble and dismissive. In his day, it was certainly better not to have him as an enemy. The reunion with Trott in Venice, which, apart from the businesslike conversation, I had looked forward to with so much expectation because of our long friendship, initially gave me a shock. **Now**, the passage of time and the disappointing outcome of his almost foolhardy trips abroad had brought him to the brink of physical and, above all, psychological exhaustion. To his ability

I hoped that during these few days in Venice and Fasano, where Weizsäcker had ordered him to go, I would be able to "nurse him back to health" through reconciliation and relaxation. But first, in keeping with our temperament, we plunged headlong into hours of conversation. The outcome of our situation, as he saw it, was catastrophic. In the East, the collapse could only be delayed, no longer prevented. In Italy, the same development was taking place, albeit at a slower pace and with less bloodshed. The establishment of the so-called "Second Front" in France could not be long in coming, not only because Stalin - partly suspicious, partly contemptuous of its lack of dynamism - had been demanding it from the Allies for years. It dawned on the Western democracies against their will - and they had to deal with this problem for a long time to come - that the whole of Europe up to the Brenner border and the Pyrenees would fall to the Soviet Union if the Western powers were not finally prepared to take the risk of landing in France. Military collapse in the east and south. In the west, a major attack that the Wehrmacht would only be able to resist for a few weeks due to its technical superiority at sea (sea-dominating fleet), on land (numerical superiority in tanks and armor-piercing weapons) and above all in the air (absolute domination of airspace). Trott supplemented this gloomy military picture with corresponding information in the political field. There was not the slightest indication that the Western democracies would be prepared to enter into any negotiations with a German government formed after the fall of Hitler. They insisted on our unconditional surrender, whatever they imagined this term to mean, which is absurd to any historian or politician. So my worst fears, which I had always put off, were confirmed. At the end of our hour-long debates, which dragged on day after day, Trott asked me the specific question of whether, in view of the desperate situation, we should not stop our initiatives and limit ourselves to 'wintering over'. My answer was that if we did nothing, no German would be able to face foreigners for half a century, the German name would be tarnished and German collective guilt would be proven. On the other hand, a revolution in Germany would dispel the fog of hate propaganda and create a completely new world political situation.

Adenauer, it must be added today, was of a fundamentally different opinion. He did not budge and, although briefly arrested by the Nazis and thus in possession of a "vaccination certificate" vis-à-vis the Allies, he preserved his political virginity. In contrast to Trott and his friends, he was therefore an irreplaceable negotiating partner for the Western Allies and made the division of Germany palatable to them for their temporary reassurance - according to "Richard Crossman" about his childhood friend Trott.

I still stand by my assessment of the situation at the time. And yet I've been tormented by the fact that I didn't avoid the situation in May if necessary, but instead asked Trott's questions.

- probably in the sense he expected and hoped for. It was reckless, even irresponsible of me to give such advice when I would soon be sitting in the safety of the Vatican refuge in Rome. However, I fully expected the assassination attempt on Hitler to succeed and, thanks to Stauffenberg's promise to send me an airplane, I already saw myself in Berlin, where I and my friends would try to get to grips with the problems to some extent, at the risk of my life, of course. But the wisdom of Homer also proved true for Trott and me: when some of Odysseus' fellow passengers were swallowed up by the wild sea, the survivors shed rivers of tears. But then they would roast sheep and cattle and beat them vigorously until sleep overcame them.

If, like me, you knew your way around, Venice still offered excellent food and drink by the standards of the time. We took advantage of them. Trott was also enchanted by Venice. He had never been to Italy before and kept discovering similarities between the inhabitants of Venice and Beijing, where he had spent happy and decisive years. Although the museums were closed, the canals, the small and large squares, the churches and not least the Doge's Palace provided him with relaxed, cheerful hours. This time together in Venice was the crowning glory of our not always cloudless but deep friendship. After two or three days, we drove on to Fasano on Lake Garda in my company car. I had already noticed on the way that the Scrovegni Chapel in Padua with the Giotto frescoes was intact. In contrast, the frescoes by Mantegna lay in large fragments not far away. We then drove through Vicenza, which had been hit by a heavy air raid the night before. In some places, the beams of the half-destroyed houses were still burning. To my relief, however, the Palazzo Infinito and the other Palladio buildings we passed were undamaged. But would it stay that way or would all these cities like Padua, Vicenza, Mantua and Verona, described by Hofmannsthal as the crown jewel of Europe, be in ruins in a few months? In order to prevent this and similar events in Germany, we had to put an end to the criminal spook of the Third Reich as quickly as possible, as we all agreed during our journey through Vicenza.

When we entered the embassy building in Fasano, we were punched in the stomach. There was a stately blonde woman standing in the porter's lodge, screaming into the telephone receiver: 'He must be shot! I didn't need to know what it was about, and I was sure that this hysterical appeal would have no practical consequences. But I was embittered not to enter the box and give it a right and a left.

to be able to 'take a long, hard look' without risking denunciation, which was not worth the trouble. But what a reception at a German authority! From fiinf's words, shouted into the telephone, you could tell how low we had sunk.

To Trott's and my dismay, Rahn was practically out of action: He had undergone an appendectomy 48 hours ago and was in bed on a reduced bed rest. At least he gave us a fatherly welcome.

friendly and asked: "Well, how are you Gaullists?" We spent some pleasant hours in a sunny spring garden with Rahn's "young guard", Moellhausen, Overbeck¹³, Heyden, Gumpert and two or three others. At the crack of dawn the next morning, I took Trott to Verona to catch the Berlin express train. At the barrier, I was once again overcome by the dubiousness of my Roman-Vatican future. Throwing all doubts and reason overboard, I said: "If you give **me** even the slightest encouragement **now**, I'll burn everything behind me and jump on the train to Berlin with you!" Trott, usually more fiery than me, replied: "You have to stay here, we don't want to put all our eggs in one basket!" With this Anglo-Saxon expression, he reluctantly brought me to my senses: I was not allowed to leave Weizsäcker. But beyond that, I couldn't thaw out in Berlin without any instructions. I would have been accused of desertion before the enemy, perhaps only as a pretext for arresting me and, since I was in any case under suspicion with Kappler in Rome, subjecting me to weeks or months of interrogation. Trott had hit the mark with his few words and, on top of that, had a decisive influence on my later life. I was a leftover "egg from this basket".

On the way back to Rome, I experienced the fringes of the war. I urged the Italian driver to hurry, because the front south of Rome had collapsed and I had to get to Rome before the Allies did. The driver kept telling me that he was afraid when flocks of enemy bombers glided across the spring sky like migrating birds. And I kept telling him that only low-flying planes were a danger to us, and they were only active in the area around Rome. Bombers weren't interested in a single car. While I was still trying to reassure him once again, we saw from one of the silver bombers, which this time flew over us from the north, a shower of blackish bombs raining down, which we thought were aimed at us. We jumped out of the car and fled like rabbits to the neighboring field. A few seconds later we heard the bombs explode a considerable distance in front of us. Their target was two viaducts on a local railroad line in the Siena area. The viaducts and our road running underneath them remained undamaged. We were able to continue our journey.

But as darkness fell and we approached Rome, the scene became more dramatic. On the left side of the road, an uninterrupted stream of civilian refugees and wounded soldiers flowed slowly, very slowly, northwards, for a single horse-drawn carriage could condemn fifty cars behind it to drive at a walking pace, as there was no possibility of swerving or overtaking. We had been wedged between military vehicles on our side of the road for two hours; we were moving a little faster than the oncoming traffic, but still slow enough. Allied airplanes were constantly dropping flare bombs, which slowly went down, i.e. slid to earth, like a full moon that was a little too hasty. Even more beautiful were the so-called "Christmas trees", flocks of small flares that were somehow connected to each other - I never heard of technology.

would have decorated the Christmas sky delightfully. Here, however, these fireworks were accompanied by the constant humming of airplanes and bombs to the right and left of the road, thankfully always missing the target so that we could continue our journey. Since then, I have come to believe that lighting and firecracker effects can be exaggerated: Fireworks on the occasion of an anniversary or birthday have always been repugnant to me. When I saw the brightly lit "open city" of Rome in the valley in front of me, the cramp was relieved. I didn't care much for loud, dramatic events.

I was not relieved that the Thousand Year Reich would come to an end for me personally within a few days. The misery throughout Europe was too great for that, the future too bleak. The fall of Rome would do little to change the course of the war.

The day after they moved in, the Allies arrested me on the Strafte, threw me into prison for a short time and then locked me up in the Hotel Flora for eleven weeks. In view of the millions who spent years in camps or were murdered with cold blood, I almost shy away from mentioning this episode. But as it was full of personal insights for me, it forms a part of my life.

I had no confidence in the political wisdom of my opponents in the event of a defeat. The Western Allies had been too emotional and bungling at the end of the First World War in Versailles; this time, Stalin would also have a decisive say. But I assumed that here in Rome the Anglo-Saxons would abide by the mirror rules set up by the Fascist government when dealing with diplomats from the other side who were accredited to the Vatican. After all, even the Nazis had done this. If a state declared war on the Axis powers, a note was sent to its Vatican embassy - which, like all others, was located on Italian soil - stating that its members had to move to the embassy within 48 hours. Only when quarters had been made available in Vatican City did those who were allowed to stay - the Vatican limited their number to a few heads due to lack of space - receive the order to move. The others were exchanged in the usual, often tedious way. These rules had always been interpreted generously and there had been no complaints.

Simply transferring these mirror images to the present was reckless and foolish. We are being overrun by the military front of the enemy in a war of movement. Civilians also had little or nothing to say to the Allies in the early days. And I should have known from my experience in dealing with soldiers that they would first of all "put away" an individual with whom they were not familiar and who represented a problem for them, not with malicious or even inhuman intent, but in the opinion that this problem had to be dealt with first, that the individual was "worried and taken care of". After all, nothing would happen to them for the time being - and we could look at it later.

So, in my stupidity, I stayed at the Hotel Excelsior. From my window I watched the retreat of our troops, who, hounded by the Allies, were now leaving the Re-

of the "open city" just as little as their opponents. There was no escape, no dissolution. But despite all the discipline, the impression was devastating. What poor fellows they were, passing below me on the Roman boulevard, overtired, famished and torn. I went down and met two short, stocky figures, dirty and unshaven, carrying a heavy machine gun. I slipped them cigarettes, they turned out to be Silesian compatriots and declared with a grin: 'Well, nerdy from Rome, we'll fight on! A few hours later, I witnessed the American invasion from the same window. I don't know what impressed me more: the endless stream of material or the soldiers who seemed to be marching past in a casual festive parade. I told myself that if these groups, led by bold generals, took a serious risk, the Italian campaign would be over in two or three months; the front would run along the Brenner Pass.

The first time I tried to say goodbye to my Italian friends at the hotel, I was greeted as if I were a poisonous viper. I therefore gave up this endeavor, had dinner brought to my room and spent a quiet night. The next morning, the embassy driver came to collect my luggage on time. But instead of getting into the car with him, I ordered flowers for a few friends across the street, albeit without giving their names, and went for a walk. Soon afterwards, an angry crowd surrounded me and shouted: "A spy, an SS man!" I was more disgusted than scared. After a few minutes, an Italian lieutenant freed me and I explained my status to him. I asked to be taken to the Allied headquarters, but ended up in a garden restaurant in the park of Villa Borghese, where I was crammed into a large room with about a hundred others, "weird" characters, sinister figures, the likes of whom I had never met. Starving and sweating, I stood around for five hours because there were no chairs. Then, standing again, we were loaded onto trucks and drove through a jeering crowd throwing stones at us I had the feeling that the city was in the hands of communists. Eventually we ended up outside the central penitentiary, appropriately named Regina Coeli (Queen of Heaven), and I was shoved into a dark and dirty cell. So that was it.

I lost my temper, even though this contradicted the few principles of my otherwise incredibly liberal upbringing. As I had been arrested "off the street", no one could know where I was, no one could stand up for me. I had simply gone missing. As a result of hunger and heat first, unpleasant experiences later, my judgment was distorted by hysteria. I feared that the prison would be stormed by a mob and all the inmates beaten to death. Bugs did the rest to keep me from resting.

It wasn't until the next morning that I felt in control again. I read the sometimes pathetic, sometimes poisonous inscriptions of my cell predecessors on the wall. And suddenly I remembered a quote from Pascal: "Toute la tragédie de l'homme consiste de ne savoir demeurer tranquille dans une chambre." With burnt matches, I wrote this on the

I looked at a whitewashed wall and suddenly had the feeling that the world, my world, was in order again. These few words gave me an ironic distance to myself and my situation. Education, I had previously thought, helped us to gain an otherwise unattainable overview, made insights possible, perhaps even wisdom. Education was a way of life, a pleasure, sometimes just a vehicle for snobbery. At that moment, it was a help in times of need for me. But my equilibrium was jeopardized once again. The prison chaplain spoke to me in the afternoon through the little flap in the door. I explained to him who I was, pointed out that I had saved some people from this prison and asked him to inform the Vatican immediately. I also asked for a Bible. His only comment, full of clerical arrogance, was: 'This experience too, my little son, will bring you salvation! I was furious; these Roman priests really made it difficult to maintain respect and admiration for their church. Of course I didn't get the Bible, and he only informed the Vatican after a fortnight, so when Weizsäcker found out, he thought I had been sent back to the penitentiary.

The next morning or the morning after, I had the feeling of waking up in an aviary. Because whistling, singing and laughter could be heard from everywhere. I realized through my peephole that the Allies had used German prisoners of war to clean up the prison. Now nothing could happen to me! I occasionally chatted to one or two of the soldiers who were glad to have the war behind them. One of them even gave me a few cigarettes in exchange for two slices of my breakfast bread.

Even in the dark, there was suddenly noise and shouting, which frightened me in my position. After a few seconds, three blond Enaks sons, American soldiers, stormed into my cell with a tremendous roar. I didn't understand anything they were saying, but they came to get me and it couldn't get any worse. Like young bears, clumsy but good-natured, they loaded me into a jeep and asked me, I understood, to sing the praises of this vehicle, a request I gladly complied with, as it took me away from the "Queen of Heaven". I soon learned that the Americans, unlike the English, wanted to be praised - and if possible loved - without interruption, a wish that I was always happy to fulfill in the non-political sphere. For just as every woman has something about her or even just has something on that gives rise to an honest compliment, so too do the members of all nations have qualities that can be praised. In German, you lie when you are polite - and we Germans are known to never lie! This did not apply to me.

Suddenly I found myself dazzled in the "paradisiacally" illuminated hall of the Hotel Flora, barely a hundred meters away from the Hotel Excelsior, where I had lived for exactly two years. On the fifth floor, I was shown to a room and bathroom that seemed to me to be the epitome of luxurious comfort. I stood opposite a young Ofhzier, perhaps in his late twenties, who could only be English: Medium height and athletic, with a narrow head and close-cropped

blond moustache, he wore an open shirt, well-cut shorts, knee-high socks and suede shoes, so he was probably from North Africa or the Middle East. He explained to me in a few words that I would be interned here until a higher authority had made a decision about me. He then glanced at the telephone and told me not to do any mischief with it. So, I concluded, finally wide awake, I could use this phone to reach the embassy and reassure Weizsäcker and his wife, who were certainly worried about me. But I was no longer prepared to conduct any experiments, so I gave the Englishman my word, but at the same time said the following: He was to inform Weizsäcker, who was not only a gentleman but my fatherly friend, immediately the next morning that I was all right, and at the same time ask for washing clothes, linen and a Bible for me. He agreed to do so and of course kept his word; soap, clean linen and the Bible, each invaluable at that time, were handed over to me the next afternoon.

The next four or five weeks, as much as my situation improved, introduced me to the phenomenon of prolonged solitary confinement: My mood moved in extremes. In the mornings and evenings, when it was cool, I lived in a state of absolute mental freedom and serenity, free of all burdens and responsibilities. But when the heat weighed on my room directly under the roof a few hours later or before, or when the night grew long, I was like a desperate predator trotting up and down behind the bars of its cage, oblivious to the world.

The morning after my admission or transfer to the hotel, I got to know "the" Americans, because the guards consisted exclusively of GIs. I had certainly met Americans before, especially diplomats of course, but never the "people". The first thing I noticed was how loud these soldiers were, from the sergeant down, but in a good-natured, boyish way. Military men up to the rank of colonel, accustomed to serving in the open and concerned that their orders are understood even over long distances, shout just as much as the diplomat whispers pompously. But while it was common practice for us to bark like a vicious dog, half-loud and staccato, the Americans hooted.

I got to know the guards man to man. Because, humanely enough, I was allowed to go for a walk for half an hour, accompanied by a heavily armed soldier who would certainly be completely helpless in an "emergency". We went round and round the square just behind the entrance to the Villa Borghese, where the graceful children of the Roman aristocracy had romped about on their ponies in times of peace, even well into the war. My guards were almost without exception blond, tall farmer's sons from the southern states of the USA. Because of their tone of voice, I had difficulty understanding them at first. They were extremely surprised that I was

"Nazi devil" asked me about their family, wanted to know that they grew corn, cotton and sugar cane on their farms and told them that I was a German "farmer", owned forty cows and earned "my money" with wheat and sugar beets. How

Be that as it may, after three days I was being called "sir" by everyone, which was good for my self-confidence, which had been damaged by frivolity and weakness. They were all good-natured and likeable, with the exception of one greasy, black-haired fellow who was from Chicago. But I noticed something about them that is hard to put into words. They weren't stupid or simple, but they were 'limited'. They might have ripped me off in the cattle trade, but apart from the narrow horizon of their farm and now the war, which they also judged only by primitive mall standards such as pay, leave and discharge, the rest of the world was closed to them. Every Silesian farmer's son, indeed every Upper Silesian "buddy" who didn't know how to write or even express himself properly in either German or Polish, was complex, skeptical and almost subtle compared to these boys from the southern states. It was here that I first encountered the tragic problem that North Americans face when dealing with Europeans, Latin Americans and Asians, all members of ancient traditions and cultures. "The" Americans are puritanically petty bourgeois; they reject what happened before the "Mayflower" and what has happened since then outside of their history - apart from the French Revolution in many cases. For them, all Asians, Europeans and Latin Americans are opaque, intellectually snobbish and, in case of doubt, Machiavellian, i.e., as they summarize it in a single word, "sophisticated". The intellectual elite and the social upper class do not share these prejudices, of course, but they have to take them into account politically to a certain extent.

My afternoon visitors were more stimulating: day after day, some officer appeared to "talk" to me. They took turns, either because they wanted to involve me in contradictions or because each of them wanted to look at the strange bird they had caught. They were all English, which was pleasant for me, because I knew my way around them. The conversations, welcomed as an interruption to my isolation, seemed to me to be a kind of chess game in which I had to try to improve my personal situation and, above all, to lend weight to my sacred arguments in favor of a reasonable peace. I quickly succeeded in the first; whether my political arguments fell on fertile ground, I don't know; they certainly didn't have any effect.

I was successful with two personal statements; when one of my visitors asked me on the second day whether our troops would fight again between Rome and Florence, I told him that as a diplomat I knew nothing about it. But even if I did know something, I wouldn't say anything, because then I wouldn't be a gentleman, and we could only talk to each other on that level. That was i: o for me. The next day, another visitor told me that they would probably have me questioned again by a group (board). I replied boldly that they shouldn't do that. Because then I would be forced to give a passionate speech in favor of our criminal regime, and that would give neither them nor me any pleasure.

This consolidated my position and I now not only received laundry, but also books and money from the embassy. I read the books of Moses in the Bible with mixed feelings.

feel. Because the parts that were great about them I had learned from my mother as a child, the rest was very oriental and foreign to me. I learned the 9 . Psalm by heart and one of Goethe's Roman Elegies. Because in the prison, as on the elevated train rides through darkened Berlin, I had learned how comforting it is to be able to recite poetry. I passed the time with this until the afternoon, when I was almost always

got a visit. Because the poor Englishmen were obviously bored. One day, someone appeared who looked like a young, little John Bull, stocky, with reddish hair and pink pudding cheeks. He didn't even bother with me, but unleashed a torrent of bitter criticism of the English monarchy, Churchill, the Americans and Western capitalism. Once again I thought to myself what a strange profession I had chosen. For even as a prisoner, a diplomat must listen patiently and politely to the confessions of a foreign adversary. But when John Bull told me that salvation lay only in communism, that only Stalin was a truly great man, I stood up, opened the French window and showed him Rome, which smelled of sunburnt grass under a honey-colored sky and slowly cooling air, and was as beautiful as only a cloudless June evening can be. With cutting politeness, I explained to him that he knew absolutely nothing about totalitarian regimes - to my chagrin, I did. If his ideals were realized, grey fog and ash would descend on this heavenly Rome before our eyes, humiliating and obliterating three thousand years of European culture. If he longed for that, I would regret it. Before he could recover from his surprise, I had maneuvered him from the balcony to my room, from my room to the hallway, thanking him that this had been a fascinating conversation that would be worthwhile for each of us to reflect on.

One day, the head of all the guards, a touchingly good-natured, black-eyed curly-haired bear told me excitedly that a representative of the father would be visiting me in an hour. He looked anxiously at my table and asked me to put my books in a straight pile and put everything else in order, which I promised to do. The head of the Vatican's procuratorate, Commendatore Bellardo¹⁷, a small, petite man whom I knew from my first time in Rome and who was always amiable and helpful, arrived on time. He was accompanied by an English and an American colonel, who looked like giants next to him. The three of them sat on my bed, as there was no other place to sit apart from the armchair I occupied. I had resolved not to complain about anything. Because in my situation, I was in danger of losing myself in ridiculous trivialities and thus losing face with myself. When asked whether I had any complaints to make, I replied that I considered my internment to be unlawful, but that was not for them to decide. I cut off all other questions with the remark that I was being treated politely, even courteously, even by the guards, from whose mouths I heard a few remarks that were not directed at me.

I would definitely remember them, but I couldn't repeat them in such fine company. The conversation ended in general laughter, and when Bellardo asked me again in private on the way out whether I really had no complaints, I confirmed that I did.

I got the nicest visitors every now and then after dinner. Then the young Englishman who had first received me in this room appeared. I asked him to take a seat on the chest of drawers, as the armchair was mine as the guest, a remark he was pleased about. He came because he was obviously bored in the officers' mess. Dinner according to American custom at 6 o'clock and the only drink with the meal was delicate coffee, he shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. His compatriots, on the other hand, were obviously academics who had been put into uniforms and, although he didn't say so, he couldn't relate to them. He then sat on my com- mode, dangling his legs happily, talking about excursions on horseback and gazelle hunts in the Middle East, while I described rural life in Silesia. We both found it very stimulating. We never said a word about politics. One evening he sighed that it was too stupid: he had been in Rome for weeks and had not yet seen anything of the city. I laughingly suggested that I would be happy to show him the most beautiful things. To my roaring surprise, he replied that perhaps it could be done. Although he was younger than the others, he was obviously very influential, probably the son of a great house. We walked through Rome on various afternoons and must have made a strange picture: He a uniformed sportsman, I in a well-ironed gray flannel suit and behind us a martial-looking American guard. Passers-by must have thought I was a prominent Anglo-Saxon civilian with an escort officer and bodyguard. Some time later he was transferred to Viterbo, a good hour's drive from Rome. Meanwhile, he appeared on the morning of my release and explained that he had "come over" to ensure that I would not be taken directly to Vatican City, but would first be allowed to go to the embassy to organize my things myself. The embassy car would come to pick me up in an hour. I didn't quite know how to thank him for this friendly gesture and the effort he had put into it; he probably had no idea how much pleasure he had given me. As a prisoner, you live in extremes.

Before I was discharged, I experienced an episode which I had set in motion myself and which satisfied me. One morning, the staff sergeant (to be pronounced like *Stäffsörgeant* in American, so as not to attract unpleasant attention as an 'Englishman') told me that I would be discharged the day after next. He beamed when I thanked him for the not only polite but also kind treatment I had received from him and all his men. It was my wish to give them a small gift. I would write them the address of a store and the name of a red wine that they should buy ten liters of on my account; I had money. Since they were already in Italy, they should try some Italian red wine. He was delighted, but said he would have to ask his superiors and didn't know,

whether they would grant permission. The next morning he reported with a grin that the officers had spent an hour discussing whether they could allow me, as a captured "Nazi" diplomat, to invite their subordinates to wine; in the end they had given their consent. So I handed him a sum of money and told him that they should buy five two-liter bottles of red wine, but then show them to me so that I could make sure that they hadn't been cheated. Because for the bitterly poor Italians, every GI was a millionaire who could be ripped off fairly and cheaply. Half an hour later, two GIs triumphantly dragged in five "fiaschi", whose quality I vouched for and whose price I approved. Afterwards the guards came to me, one after the other, to thank me like well-behaved children.

So I had achieved two things: on the one hand, I had honestly made the guards happy, which they deserved. On the other hand, with this gesture I had covered up "my victors" by giving my guards gifts as a prisoner like an honorable and free man. Since that night in the penitentiary, lost, unknown and powerless, I had unobtrusively and patiently regained ground with the methods of classical diplomacy, whose decisive instruments include knowledge of human nature and humor. As I drove to the embassy in our official car, I had the feeling that my "face", the face of "the" German diplomat, had been restored.

I was received at the embassy with an emotion that left me somewhat embarrassed. Like a fatherly friend, Weizsäcker had taken responsibility for the inconvenience I had caused myself and, in view of the traditional nonchalance and slowness with which the Vatican had pursued my release, had once again realized the narrow limits of his influence. Mrs. von Weizsäcker greeted me with tears in her eyes, like a younger brother returning home unscathed from many scandals. Fortunately, neither of them had any idea of the false accusations and humiliations they would face in the years to come.

I turned to the day's events as quickly as possible and surveyed our dwindling group. For Weizsäcker was only allowed to be accompanied to Vatican City by a few members of the embassy, in accordance with the custom practiced by the Vatican vis-à-vis the Western powers. As had been planned for some time, he had chosen Braun and his family, Miss Rahlke and the consular secretary "Buyna", who was trained as a radio operator, as well as myself. The other members of the embassy, unless they were "local staff" who had been living in Rome for years and would be allowed to move freely in the future, had already been flown out by the Allies to Taormina, where they were to await their exchange for Western diplomats interned in Germany. We thought of them not without participation and concern. Were there still Allied diplomats in German hands and would the war situation even permit a regular exchange? Our concern proved to be only too justified. From Taormina, this group was soon transferred to Salsomaggiore, where they were interned with the members of the "Quirinal" embassy who had fallen into the hands of the Allies in northern Italy. Later they were all sent to the

Camp on Hoher Asperg near Ludwigsburg", and most of them were only released into the "freedom" of the western occupation zones and the misery of everyday life in Germany after more than two years in prison.

But we didn't have much time to dwell on our thoughts that day. A few hours after my arrival, we moved to Vatican City in an escorted train guarded by the Allies with our personal luggage and the embassy furniture needed to furnish the empty apartments. Mr. and Mrs. Weizsäcker and Mr. and Mrs. Braun, along with their wives and two daughters, were assigned apartments in the Palazzo del Tribunale, which served as the residence of the Vatican judges in times of peace. The rest of us, i.e. Miss Rahlke, Consular Secretary Buyna and myself, were given a floor in the Palazzo Santa Maria on the second floor and a very spacious room and bathroom on the ground floor. This old pilgrims' home, run by Yincentine nuns, was old-fashioned and spacious and at the same time modernized shortly before the outbreak of war. On the second floor, a row of my rooms was grouped around a large corridor or middle room. Fräulein Rahlke and Buyna lived in two of them, while others served as a spare room or archive. So I was well looked after on the second floor and had a spacious room on the ground floor, comfortably furnished with embassy furniture, where I **was** shielded and **could** hide away **if** things got too bad for me. But above all, I only had to shout across the corridor to get outside. There was a kind of courtyard with Santa Maria on one long side. To the right, on the narrow side, a small fountain splashed down from a half-height wall, which also formed the other long side and was surrounded by greenery. Painted iron garden chairs and oleander bushes in large tubs stood scattered around. To the left, however, the narrow courtyard was open and my gaze swept past the rococo façade of the sacristy, only to be drawn upwards to the dome of St. Peter's, which dominated the northern horizon with its power and harmony. I went out there countless times around midnight and, while the world around me slept, consulted with myself so that I could face the next day calmly and manfully. My thoughts went back to late Rome, where the Stoics, whose gods had died and whose empire was inexorably crumbling, had climbed the ramparts again and again and fought on *without hope* until the tender shoots of Christianity had taken root in the ruins of the ancient world and proclaimed a new future for the Occident.

First of all, we tried to find our way around. Our situation was brilliant, we were living in a golden cage. After a few days, however, something happened that was like an earthquake. During my internment, Braun's wife had given birth to a second daughter; both were well enough to take part in our move. Now it was time for the baptism of my Christina. As tolerant and generous as the Vatican was towards us Protestant Christians, allowing a Protestant clergyman to administer the sacrament of baptism on Vatican City territory was asking too much and was not expected from us. However

We were given permission to perform the baptism at the Villa Bonaparte, our embassy. Escorted by American jeeps, our small group drove to the embassy, where it was not without nostalgia that I saw again the park, which was not large but had beautiful trees, and the frescoes with Egyptian motifs and landscapes with which Napoleon had had a small salon decorated for his fun-loving and pretty sister Pauline Borghese. Pastor Dahlgrün, who had been a Protestant parish priest in Rome for years and had been left unscathed by the Allies, was waiting for us and baptized the little girl. To my delight, Brauns had chosen me to be her godparent and it was therefore up to me to give the christening speech. Since its wording has been preserved and it captures the atmosphere of that day, I have included it here:

Pastor Dahlgrün has welcomed little Christina into the Christian community through baptism. As sponsor and friend of the house and as a member of our embassy, I would now like to welcome her into our German community and give her the warmest wishes from all of us for her life. Christina was born into a difficult time. The fate of our armies in the East, West and South touches our hearts every hour. The existence of each and every one of us and of our entire nation appears to be under extreme threat. There is no point in indulging in rosy dreams. It is time to be brave and to reflect. To reflect on what is imperishable, what cannot be taken away from us. This is our German history, with its appalling failures, but also its days of golden successes
- a chain of more than a thousand years that has never broken and will never break. There is our rich language, the language of Luther and Goethe, and German music, to which all the peoples of the West, no matter how hostile they may be to each other, listen with delight. And finally, our cozy love of our homeland, for which we always yearn; for the tart sweetness of our spring, the heavy fullness of our summer, the colorful splendor of our autumn and the Christmassy stillness of our winter. Christina receives all of these things that I have listed here as an invaluable asset because she was born to German parents, and I believe that the little girl can be proud of so many good gifts that will accompany her on her life's journey. We adults don't want to limit ourselves to wishing well, but to work and fight in silence so that German children have a better future.

Rome, 20.7.1944."

Back in the Vatican City, we turned on our radios as we did every evening and heard that the assassination attempt on Hitler had failed - it was the 20. July. I had always thought it possible, even probable, that most of us who were involved in the preparations for an overthrow would sooner or later fall by the wayside. But I had started from the premise that this time, the well-prepared attack would succeed and Hitler would be cleared out of the way before we made an attempt to eliminate the main culprits and to wash away the worst stains from the honor of the German people through our sacrifice. If possible, we wanted a

regime, the legality of which could not be in doubt. Whatever our opponents in the East and West might have said, they would, if I may use the expression, my convinced hope, perhaps not negotiate officially with such a regime, but they would talk. I believed that if we laid our miserable cards openly on the table and did not try to play the West off against the East, negotiations would develop from this conversation. These negotiations would first take place with us and soon about us, whereby the negotiations about us would have made the contrast between Washington and Moscow, which would come to light three years later under completely different circumstances, virulent. Such a development would then be to the benefit not only of Germany, but of all Central Eastern European peoples and states. There was nothing left of all this after this catastrophic future. The hopeless military situation would develop into total defeat and end with the Allies' absurd war aim of unconditional surrender. Even worse was the fact that it was now impossible to bring the criminals who ruled us to justice *on our own*. When the enemy troops discovered the extent of the atrocities committed by our regime during their invasion, this opened the door to the theory of the collective guilt of the Germans, a theory that continues to have an effect on the unconscious of many foreigners today.

Perhaps this is the place to address a question that I have been asked again and again for two years, especially by Americans, and which irritates me because I find it absurd: the question of how much my friends and I would have known about the Nazi atrocities. Our knowledge was certainly more comprehensive than that of 99 percent of our compatriots. Nevertheless, we only found out about the gas chambers and incinerators shortly before the end of the war. But I wonder what that matters) There are limits to the outpouring of horror, despair and shame.

I had almost reached this limit when the Nazis organized the 'Reichskristallnacht' in all German cities at the beginning of November 1938, rounding up Jews wherever they could find them, looting their stores and burning their synagogues to the ground.

And the following day, when a 'Count Schwerin von Krosigk'¹⁰ as Reich Finance Minister put his name to a decree according to which the Jews also had to pay a billion-euro fine because a young man of Jewish origin had shot a member of our embassy in faraway Paris. What I experienced from that November evening until the end of the Polish campaign two years later was beyond my comprehension.

But there is another side to this issue: if today a German with a high school education, who is about sixty, declares that he knew 'nothing', in my eyes he is much more of a Nazi than many a primitive PG [party comrade] or SS man. If he perceives the 'Reich Kristallnacht' and the official or official announcements about the events in Poland as 'nothing', he is only proving his moral and legal sensibilities. Those who talk themselves out of it in this way are accusing themselves.

But to return to the starting point, the failure of the attempted coup, I was then as now of the opinion that it was precisely me, who - involuntarily

– was in a safe haven, a critical analysis would have been a bad idea. In the meantime, a host of historians and publicists - more or less reputable - have taken on this task.

– dedicated. Allow me to say, however, that we Germans, for whom law and order are paramount - and even Goethe's attitude to life went in this direction - are quite incapable of conspiracy.

In addition, my friends and I had discussed not only all moral and legal, but also all political and social problems from 1936 onwards to the point of exhaustion. From a practical point of view, the necessary military measures had been taken.

but failed in terms of technology and its decisive importance. Today, revolutions are no longer won by waving flags on barricades, but rather in the first few hours through the inadvertent occupation of radio stations, telephone exchanges, power stations and airfields.

However, I only made these considerations later; at first I was just dazed. For me, the total failure of the overthrow plan was also a personal catastrophe. Friendship has perhaps been the most important pillar of my existence since my youth. And now, in one fell swoop and under the most appalling circumstances, I lost the majority of my male friends: my cousins Schwerin and Schulenburg, Yorck and Halem¹, who had been executed earlier, from my school days, and from the Foreign Office Brücklmeier, Haefen² and Trott, to mention just the most important names.

Two months later I lost my mother, who had played the biggest role in my life and to whom I was attached with boundless love. It was a blessing that she died at home and didn't have to go through the misery of flight and the misery of the post-war period. Unfortunately, she witnessed the execution of her two nephews and feared for my safety, a worry that, if I had wanted to, I could have relieved her of with an ambiguous telegram via the Foreign Office. Her grave is destroyed, her garden devastated, the old trees to which she clung felled. For in January, the home that lives on only in my nightly dreams was lost.

My experiences in the two years until we returned to Germany in September 1946 are difficult to recount in chronological order.

During my internment, the Allies had landed in Normandy³ and the deadly two-front war, which had already been Bismarck's nightmare, but unfortunately not Wilhelm II's, and which Hitler had provoked, became a fact. From the east, the Red Army rolled cautiously but inexorably towards the Reich. We now really only had the choice of whether we would rather let the Russians or the Anglo-Saxons hold their victory march through the Brandenburg Gate, which I had already painted on the wall as a portent in the summer of 1943. With the failure of the resistance the last card was lost. There was no longer any hope that any

an Ally would find Weizsäcker, Braun or me worthy of a political discussion. Our work could only consist of influencing public opinion in neutral or hostile foreign countries with humanitarian intentions. From the European East, from Poland and Romania, but also from East Prussia, the first terrible news reached us - transmitted by Catholic clergymen, the Geneva Red Cross or Eastern European personalities whose anti-Nazi emigration had turned into anti-Soviet emigration without transition. With the help of the German clergy, we smuggled this information into enemy countries. German Benedictines in a Californian abbey were particularly helpful.

We were exasperated by the **naivety** of the Anglo-Saxons and the Americans in particular. Their view that it would serve the Germans right if they were tormented after the whole of Europe from the Volga to the Pyrenees was reverberating with their atrocities was understandable, even if not Christian and constructive. Above all, however, they did not realize for a year and a half that the Red Army's presence in Moscow was only an illusion. It was intended to create facts, as cunningly as brutally, that still largely determine East-West relations today.

The Americans negotiated with the Soviets, as could be seen from every communiqué since the Tehran Conference, as if they were dealing with their own kind. They believed that the same rules of the game applied to dealings with the East that the Western democracies, and previously the monarchies, had more or less agreed on for generations. Even more serious, however, was the fact that the Americans, in their missionary zeal, peppered the text of the agreements and treaties with fine expressions such as "freedom, equal rights, right to self-determination or democracy" and believed that the Soviet treaty guaranteed the realization of these postulates in the sense that the Americans understood them. It was not exclusively cynicism when the Soviets interpreted these terms to their advantage, but an intellectual deformation under the influence of Marxist-Leninist doctrine. Even then it seemed to me

– and today more than ever - it is important to make this clear. Because if you do not recognize this soberly, you either come to the conclusion that concluding treaties with Moscow is pointless, as it will interpret them differently anyway. Or, as at the height of the Cold War, one comes to the conclusion that the Soviets are cynically breaking every treaty anyway; it is therefore superfluous to even have a conversation with them. It should go without saying that both attitudes could provoke serious crises in view of the existing East-West tension, which is sure to continue for a long time to come.

There are numerous examples to prove that the Russians of both the Soviet and Tsarist eras behave extremely correctly and in accordance with contracts when it comes to *concrete* agreements that are *precisely* formulated down to the last detail, without preambles or declarations of intent. If Moscow undertakes to pay interest on a loan on time, you can sleep easy: the Soviets are even more correct in this respect than some "capitalist" states. When the Soviets declare that they are prepared to pay interest on 1 q. September

At 3 o'clock in the morning, the American "spy" would be exchanged for the "illegally arrested" Soviet trade representative on the Glienicke Bridge, which connects West Berlin with the territory of the "German Democratic Republic". On the other hand, it would be questionable, perhaps even catastrophic, if the Americans trusted a Soviet promise that Moscow would withdraw three divisions from the GDR as a result of the American concession. After a few weeks, American intelligence would report that the withdrawn divisions had been replaced by three new ones. When questioned, the Soviets would reply loyally that they had only been talking about the withdrawal of three divisions and not about a permanent reduction in troops. Moreover, an entity such as the Soviet occupation zone (SBZ) had long since ceased to exist, only the GDR. So if you want to negotiate a troop withdrawal with Moscow, you have to specify the manpower strength and the type and number of armored vehicles as well as the duration of this troop reduction for a certain period of time, and finally, to where the troops would withdraw. In addition, the wording of such agreements must be scrutinized down to the last detail by international lawyers and diplomats. If the Soviets were to sign such an agreement, one could count on their loyalty to the treaty. On the face of it, these remarks may appear to be mere quibbling, but anyone familiar with the infinitely laborious and delicate business of diplomatic negotiations knows that - as Talleyrand says - the devil is in the detail and that this devil can grow into a crisis, even a war.

In the meantime, the turn of the year 1943 was approaching, and with it a new calamity was coming to our people. Like other cornered gangsters, Hitler was no longer interested in saving his life and getting away with it. He only wanted to take tens or hundreds of thousands of lives with him into the abyss, if possible the entire German nation, which, as he once declared at the end of his career, was not worthy of him. He therefore once again pulled out strong units from the staggering and exsanguinated Eastern Front and had them take the offensive in the West. The German soldiers, fighting with the courage of desperation, came within a hair's breadth of breaking through the Allied front. A hasty panic spread through the camp of our western opponents as far as Paris. But then the German offensive came to a halt. From the outset, no supplies of material could have been expected, and the childlike faith of our compatriots in the "Führer's miracle weapons" finally collapsed in the Ardennes forest." Never in all the years of war have I followed a military event with so much information and therefore with such abysmal horror as the tragedy of our Ardennes offensive.

While the military and thus also the political disaster was taking its course, members of the American secret service - the British had apparently left - sought contact with us." The ambassador was not allowed to engage in such conversations, so the task fell to me. I was happy to take it on, remembering my experience.

during imprisonment. I have always enjoyed having discussions, especially with people from another world. Now I could learn something, find out something about the ideas of our opponents and perhaps correct the absurd, because schematic views of our people, at least on a subordinate level. I also knew that I would probably not be able to talk to Americans on an equal footing for a long time. If they wanted to see me, I had to obtain permission for them to enter Vatican City from the Secretariat of State. And then *I* was the host. The quality of these visitors varied, some were crazy bureaucrats, others apparently came from universities and one was apparently an assistant at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. Over time, I became friends with him to the extent that I paid him a visit when he was in an American hospital. However, I had other motives besides this gesture of friendship. I enjoyed the feeling of equality and independence that this excursion gave me, and was happy to drive through Rome in an American jeep in a completely legitimate manner. Incidentally, my driver, a dapper GI, grumbled loudly the whole way there and back about the Russians, who were worse than the Nazis and needed to be driven down our throats as quickly as possible. I agreed, albeit somewhat laconically. Given the state of disintegration in which the American army found itself - this episode took place after the end of the war, perhaps

I did not believe that the United States would be able to strike quickly. The illusion of many compatriots at home that the Americans would be able to strike quickly after the

From our observer post, we could not share the view that the defeat of the Wehrmacht would immediately lead to a fight against the Red Army. However, for years I succumbed to the misconception that a military conflict between the two world powers was inevitable in the long run. It was only when the Soviets also had an arsenal of nuclear weapons at their disposal that I realized I had miscalculated. But long before that, unlike many Germans, even in high positions, I was not at all comfortable with the idea of a Third World War. The way the Americans had fought the war against the Wehrmacht, a blitzkrieg against the Red Army was not to be expected from them. And to be 'liberated' by them only after a long time seemed 'unattractive' to our people.

From my conversations with the members of the American secret service, three insights or themes stuck in my mind: Firstly, I was amazed at the diligence with which the Americans had acquired countless individual pieces of information. For example, they knew far more about the family circumstances of Gauleiter Bohle, the head of the party's foreign organization, than I, who had known him personally for years. But when it came to the political significance of these details, they failed and were incapable of a synthesis that could have steered their policies in the right direction. The inability of many Americans to arrive at a synthesis,

I found this confirmed many times as an envoy in Washington (-953-§8). They pick out a single point and declare it to be "doctrine". Incidentally, the same criticism was made by the English

The German Foreign Minister Sir Edward Grey practiced on us Germans before the First World War.

On the other hand, these American visitors argued that the German youth were forever corrupted and lost because they belonged to the Hitler Youth. I contradicted them vividly and angrily, because that was just what was needed to make the twelve-year-olds pay for the actual or presumed sins of their fathers! I referred to Augustine's saying that the human soul is Christian by nature (*anima naturaliter christiana*) and expressed my conviction that if our youth were told the truth without accusations and harassment, they would soon behave just as sensibly and well-behaved as the youth of other civilized nations.

A third topic that the more primitive of my interlocutors wanted to rub my nose in was the question of how far I, who was obviously an opponent of the regime, felt partly to blame. I replied seriously and calmly that I would feel ashamed all my life about what had happened in Germany and would share responsibility for the consequences. In a legal sense, I felt innocent. If the person in question wanted to probe further, perhaps not even out of hostility, but out of his puritanical morality, I told him about Goethe's encounter with Madame de Stadl. This lady, who had been the first female reporter in Europe, had asked Goethe, next to whom she had been seated at dinner, countless questions that had become increasingly urgent and tactless. The Privy Councillor, who at first had answered the questions politely, had finally become impatient and said: "These are questions, Madame, that a man must settle with God and not with his dinner companion!" This episode, which I had come across shortly before by a stroke of luck and which I possibly formulated in a more tangible way than corresponded to the original text, did not fail to have an effect. **My** conversation partner hurriedly changed the subject and explained that he hadn't had tea as good as mine for a long time.

In the meantime, the war was approaching its horrific end for us, which also demanded unnecessary blood sacrifices from the Western powers. It was not only on the eastern front that our last fighting groups fought with the courage of despair because they learned of the atrocious conditions in the areas controlled by the Red Army through the refugees. Even in the West, the resistance did not collapse, even if it was barely organized. The formula of "unconditional surrender", to repeat, reaped a bloody harvest. For our soldiers, "unconditional surrender" possibly meant unlimited slavery, a suspicion that was fueled by rumors - which were soon confirmed - that were by no means unfounded. It was said that England and the USA had pledged to provide France with tens of thousands of German prisoners of war as forced laborers for reconstruction. Of course, Hitler and Sauckel had done far worse.⁷ But this detached view did not make imprisonment in the West seem any rosier for the German Landsers. Unfortunately, we in the Vatican City were informed enough to witness the senseless slaughter in the final weeks of the war with our eyes open.

Meanwhile, we had to prepare ourselves for what would happen to us the day after the capitulation. Fortunately, hints in the Swiss press, which we had access to, had been confirmed and precisely outlined by my conversations with the Americans. The Allies feared that Hitler would retreat with the remaining elite units to a fabulous "Alpine fortress" where he would be able to put up resistance for months. At the same time, a "Ver- wolf" partisan war would break out throughout Germany. This enterprise was to be financed with a fabulous treasure trove of gold that Hitler had buried at home or moved abroad. There was no truth in this whole story, which went back to Goebbels, apart from small amounts of gold for the foreign missions. But after the Western powers had underestimated Hitler for years, they were now darkly determined to credit him with satanic elemental powers. Unfortunately, this interlude cost the life of a good man, our envoy "Köcher" in Bern. The Swiss handed him over to the Allies, an action of which the Swiss, to their credit, are still ashamed today. Köcher was subjected to such harsh interrogations by the Allies in Milan, in which the accusation that he had embezzled the "gold treasure" for his own benefit apparently played a decisive psychological role, that this man of honor swung over the railing in the stairwell of the prison and committed suicide."

From a purely chronological point of view, we in Vatican City could have had no knowledge of this Milan tragedy. However, as far as our "sack of gold" was concerned, there was danger ahead. In fact, when Weizsäcker went to Rome, Ribbentrop had given him a small bag full of English gold coins - "sovereigns". I can no longer remember the exact amount, but it was considerable for the intended purpose, because we were supposed to be able to survive at least one year of blockade "until the final victory" and, if possible, recruit agents. Ribbentrop's intellectual level had never risen above Karl May or Wallace. This "treasure trove of gold", which Weizsäcker had already summer i 43 in the Vatican Bank, which bore the name "Bank of the Holy Spirit" (Banco di Santo Spirito), which was original to northern European ears, we now had to get rid of it as quickly as possible after my presentation to Weizsäcker and Braun. to give away. Depending on our situation, we paid ourselves one to three months' salary, the last of which was intended for the Braun family of four, as a final settlement. This amount was also properly accounted for, as had been the case with all funds for years. Then the remaining amount of money, a very large fortune according to black market prices, was transferred in equal parts to the International Committee of the Red Cross and the Steyler Missionaries, a largely German order. The corresponding receipts were deposited at the State Secretariat - so we were free of this worry. A few days later, the "unconditional surrender" took place - from that moment on, our small group was "nothing", because we could not be placed in any category or card index. The State Secretariat, i.e. Montini, hastened to notify Weizsäcker of this, as it seemed to us, with undue haste and distance. After all, Weizsäcker, Braun and I had been working together since June i 943

We risked our lives on several occasions for the benefit of the Holy See. And the announcement that we would be granted asylum left no doubt as to how reluctantly this was done. Shrugging our shoulders, we went back to business as usual.

A few days later, however, Weizsäcker received a letter from Montini that resembled a banner. The Allies had established and corroborated with - incidentally accurate - evidence that the embassy had made use of a secret sender since its relocation to Vatican City. Montini presented this as a gross breach of trust on Weizsäcker's part and demanded that the device be returned immediately, which it was. To my relief, Weizsäcker, who was generally inclined to blame himself rather than others due to his subtlety and noblesse oblige, remained steadfast and unmoved. He did not respond to Montini's accusations, but explained the situation to Braun and me. Long before we moved into the Vatican, he had discussed the rights and duties of the members of the embassy after their transfer in great detail with the Cardinal Secretary of State Maglione, who unfortunately died a few months ago. There had never been any mention of the obvious ban on using a secret transmitter. This was obviously because the Americans and English had also used such transmitters during their stay in Vatican City. The tragicomic thing was that this transmitter, which was now causing such a fuss, was basically useless to us. We could have easily submitted the text of the telegrams we sent to Berlin in this way to the Secretariat of State, and indeed to the Allied authorities. Only one telegram was of importance. In December, Weizsäcker lost his patience in the face of Ribbentrop's hysterical and arrogant instructions, which we received via this channel and which, of course, were not carried out. He telegraphed that if the Führer wanted to come into contact with the Western powers for the purpose of peace, Ribbentrop would first have to resign. We read Ribbentrop's reply not without satisfaction; the shot had been fired. Unfortunately, Weizsäcker could only afford to send such a telegram once, otherwise his children would have been taken into "clan custody".

However, a second understanding of *mifi* was linked to this poor transmitter: Montini and his staff were convinced for a long time that the fresh, unbiased, blond and blue-eyed Braun, the "prototype of a Nazi", was to blame for the commissioning of the station. After a few months, even Montini, whose strength was not in the psychological field, became convinced that Braun was not a Nazi, but the opposite. I was the driving force behind Weizsäcker's decision to take the secret transmitter with him. After the dealings we had to fight out with the State Secretariat over the next few months until September 1946 and in which we twice succeeded in outplaying Montini, he came to the conclusion that I was the evil spirit of our group, which he was right about from his point of view. I revered the Pope, this noble but tragic figure, who, however, came more and more under the influence of conservative advisors as the years went by and lost his tolerant, i.e. liberal, attitude.

seemed to have forgotten. The Catholic Church was one of the most important foundations of European history and culture; I would never forget that. But it was something else when a certain circle within the Curia believed that because I was a German, I should be treated badly or contemptuously. I wanted to defend the tiny reserve of personal freedom and human dignity that I still had left as a representative of my people. After all, the wren also defends the territory in which it nests boldly and vociferously, which is why it has been given the title of king in German, French and Japanese.

Out of the same desire to preserve my independence, I had turned down a suggestion at the beginning of w45 that appealed to me in many ways. Waetjen¹⁰¹, who had been living in Ascona for a number of years as Canaris' confidant, had not accepted the invitation to return to Germany after July 20. He now openly admitted his previously secret relationship with Allan Dulles¹⁰². Through the members of the American secret service in Rome, he suggested that I form an advisory group with him and probably a few other acquaintances to help Allan Dulles with his plans for Germany's future. Weizsäcker, whom I asked for advice, would neither agree nor disagree with me. In view of the completely confusing situation, he could **not** do so, but he would understand if I looked around for a new field of activity. After careful consideration, I asked Waetjen whether I should work from Switzerland or on an American staff in France. Since, as it turned out, the latter was the case, I turned it down; I would lose my independence. In the years that followed, I was happy to have made this decision. Because I would have lost face in front of myself and others, whose judgment I valued, if I had returned to Germany in the wake of the Americans. Since I had not emigrated i3 \$, which I had pondered for months at the time, I could now

not leave the sinking ship as a rat. I was also worried about my entry
flow possibilities had no illusions. And it soon became clear that even Allan Dulles was **unable to** assert his reasonable intentions in the face of the Allies' thirst for revenge and their desire for victory.

My despair reached its peak in early summer -945. A Dominican priest, who I remember as being of Belgian nationality, had agreed to talk to me and suggested the huge flat roof of St. Peter's as a meeting place.

beaten. We walked up and down in the sunshine, and he defended to me the division of Germany into separate occupation zones. I asked him whether he thought the Soviets would ever give up their zone again or incorporate it into their empire for good, as was already happening in Poland? He did not want to admit that he had any doubts about the Soviet Union's willingness to cooperate and abide by the treaty, especially as the Americans would stick to the letter of the zone agreement. When I asked him what he meant by that, he replied coolly that the Americans would vacate all the territories they had occupied east of the agreed demarcation line and

to the Soviets. To my further dismayed question as to whether the Americans really wanted to hand over the whole of Saxony, Thuringia and large parts of Mecklenburg to Soviet rule in the name of democracy and the right to self-determination, he replied with a cold yes. I replied that all hope was lost. If the Americans continued to pursue this policy, the whole of Europe as far as the Channel and the Atlantic coast would soon be in Stalin's hands. Not only for the freedom-loving Germans, but also for all Western Europeans, there would then be only one alternative: emigration or suicide. It was impossible to tell from this extremely disciplined religious whether my argument made an impression on him; we parted in the most polite manner. My report of this conversation also horrified Weizsäcker and Braun.

Around that time, Weizsäcker, in his own quiet way, drew a picture of Germany's future plans. First, we should try to get rid of the strongest of our neighbors: the Soviets, then the French, who we had mistreated and were therefore vengeful, and finally the English, who were distanced both geographically and emotionally. The last to go home, we tried to achieve, were the Americans, who were not our neighbors but the Soviets' competitors. As is so often the case with Weizsäcker, these few sentences anticipated world politics and West German foreign policy with its successes and failures. The following chapters from

*9 49 are about this.

A few months later, an event occurred that threatened to shatter the close cohesion and complete unity of the members of our small group. It concerned a much-discussed topic that was of great personal importance to each of us: our return to Germany, or more precisely, to the western part under Allied control. Mrs. von Weizsäcker had already made the plan in late autumn 1944, i.e. while the war was still in full swing, to return to Germany with the approval of the

Allies to return to Germany via Switzerland. She was worried about her children, especially her daughter Eulenburg, whose husband was missing on the eastern front.¹⁰³ Her wish was highly understandable, and yet it fell to me to point out the danger of this intention. If Mrs. von Weizsäcker really did manage to travel to Germany with the permission of the Allies, the **Nazis**, headed by Ribbentrop, would demand that we also come to Germany. What fate would await us - and me in particular - there needs no further explanation. But if we refused to return, we had no choice but to switch sides and throw ourselves at the Allies, which we all wanted to avoid for years and years to come. If we did it anyway, we had to reckon with the Nazis taking our next of kin into custody. It was difficult for me to present these points of view to my fatherly friend Weizsäcker during a walk in the Vatican Gardens. He became thoughtful and suggested that perhaps we could telegraph the deputy head of personnel, Bergmann¹ ", for advice.

ask. I agreed spontaneously because Bergmann was absolutely devoted to Weizsäcker and was a friend of mine, and we could rely on his good "nose" and sober judgment. As Braun and I had expected, our request was answered in code to the effect that such a trip was inopportune.

Since the unconditional surrender, the subject of the journey home had been the subject of hours of discussion. Mrs. von Weizsäcker understandably pressed for it more than ever, all the more so as her husband had flown to Nuremberg as a witness in the trial against Dönitz with the assurance of free escort⁰ ' and had returned safely to the Vatican City. Weizsäcker himself was also of the opinion that "nothing would happen to us", apart from the fact that he had read every wish from his beloved wife's eyes anyway. In this, both were typical representatives of the older generation, who were still dreaming in good faith of an "ideal world". I could list numerous members of this generation, who had already grown up before the First World War, who shared Weizsäcker's belief, but who were less subtle than he was up until 1933 in thinking that National Socialism was not so bad after all, that the

Misunderstandings and excesses would soon clear up and come to an end.

In contrast to this pre-war generation, I and Braun in particular were shaped by our youthful experiences: Defeat - revolution - economic crisis - seizure of power - terror - provoked war - vindictiveness of the opponents. All of this made us highly distrustful. We were prepared to trust our closer and more distant acquaintances. But when dealing with collectives and organizations, i.e. with states, their governments and their armies barbarized by war, we wanted to negotiate solid guarantees and not rely on their humanity and magnanimity.

One morning, it must have been in the fall of 1945, Weizsäcker called Braun and me and said that he had received a letter from Montini and wanted to discuss it with us at 11 o'clock. In any case, we met every morning at this time to exchange and discuss the information we had taken from the press or received from other sources. So this time it was more important, and Braun and I assumed that it was about our journey home. And so it was: Weizsäcker gave us the letter to read. It said in dry words that the Allies demanded that we finally lend them Vatican City. The Secretariat of State asked us to behave accordingly. After we had both read the letter, Weizsäcker asked *when* we would be able to travel. I replied that we first had to consider the question *of whether* we should leave at all and comply with the State Secretariat's request in this way. When Weizsäcker said that he did not want to remain in Vatican City as an uninvited guest, Braun seconded me and explained that we were not guests. We had been granted asylum and it was an international custom that this privilege, once granted, should only be revoked if the asylum seeker was guaranteed free passage and protection from persecution by the other side. I must add that the State Secretariat made this request to us twice, at that time and in the spring of 1946, so that some of the details mentioned here may only be from the second act. At the end of our very calmly spoken

During the discussion, I suggested asking Prelate Kaas for advice on what I would like to do. My suggestion met with the approval of the other two.

I knew **Kaas** from my first time in Rome (1930-32).¹⁰ At that time, he had been the powerful leader of the Center. Soon after the "seizure of power", he left Germany and moved to the Vatican. There, however, he met with a second fate: the predecessor of the current pope, Pius XI, had appointed him cardinal at a secret consistory.

"in petto" (in the chest), i.e. a candidate for the cardinalate at the next consistory. Such a consistory is a meeting of the College of Cardinals chaired by the Pope, at which he announces which archbishops or bishops he wishes to appoint as cardinals. Shortly afterwards, a magnificent ceremony takes place in St. Peter's, at which the new cardinals receive the scarlet cloak and the same-colored, wide and low hat from the Pope. However, there is something special about the cardinals 'in petto'. If the pope dies before the next consistory, his successor is not only not bound by this declaration of intent but, according to an old custom, *may* not even abide by it. The candidacy expires automatically. This is exactly what happened to **Kaas**: Pius XI died before the next consistory and Pius XII was therefore unable to appoint Kaas as a cardinal despite his close ties with him. He therefore at least conferred on him the dignity of Archpriest of St. Peter's, which brought him a lot of administrative work, but also great influence in Vatican City. Beyond that, however, he was undoubtedly the Pope's most important advisor and confidant.¹⁰

Every lunchtime, he walked from St. Peter's across the largest open square in the Vatican City to his apartment, a tall, slender figure, bent slightly forward. His cassock fluttered, his face was grim. He was a big gentleman, an evil old man, although the adjective "evil" is not only to be understood in a negative sense. I visited him from time to time since I lived in Vatican City because I liked him, which was obviously mutual. His patriotism was nationalistic at the time, which I found more sympathetic than the attitude of the future president of the Protestant Church Congress, von Thadden, at that time of humiliation.¹⁰ The latter came to Rome on a visit in 1946, sought out Weizsäcker and zealously advocated the thesis of German collective guilt. How he could reconcile it with Christian charity to include millions of women and underage children in this judgment of condemnation was inexplicable to me. He had obviously never heard of the Gospels or Jesus Christ, only of Jehovah. Kaas, even in his faults, was made of stronger stuff. Coming from Trier, he hated the French from the bottom of his heart and on top of that, when I saw him again after the war, he told me that Adenauer was an evil separatist. The latter judgment certainly went too far and was probably due to the years-long power struggle between the two for the leadership role in the center and, as it seemed to me, to a certain similarity between the two characters.

So now I went to him, told him our dilemma and concluded with the following explanation: With all due respect for Weizsäcker's attitude, I could **not** imagine it.

make it our own. We Germans are always accused of being inclined to blind obedience and willing as sheep. This characteristic did not apply to me, I was more inclined to rebel. I did not feel like a war criminal and should not be treated as such. If I wasn't given guarantees in this regard, I wouldn't leave Vatican City voluntarily; Braun thinks similarly. Already during my report I realized that Kaas's sympathies were on my side, and when I concluded with my unusually harsh statement, he kept nodding in agreement, but only said that he would raise the matter "at the highest level", i.e. with the Pope himself. The next day he let us know that we should regard Montini's letter as "non-existent". As the same procedure was repeated in the first half of ig46 with the same result, I was not surprised at Montini's lack of goodwill towards me. However, I should note the following: without the wisdom of Weizsäcker and the kindness of his wife's heart, a sting would have remained between us. And my quietly guilty conscience towards them only faded when the Nuremberg trial loomed on the horizon. Braun and I in particular would have been happy if we had been wrong i 94\$/46.

Apart from a few exceptions, which will be mentioned later, one could be un- I would describe our political existence in the Vatican City with the police formula "without any particular incidents". We did mosaic work, as the diplomat, contrary to widespread opinion, has to do almost all his life': he levels the terrain, shields against adverse winds, provides good accommodation and tasty, light food for the tenor. And yet both the diplomats and the tenor know that they depend on each other. The diplomats would be vain businessmen without the tenor, and the tenor would get a sore throat or stomach ache without the diplomats. So we gave ourselves over to miniature painting, but without a client; we braced our slender shoulders against a hurricane of vindictiveness and contempt. And yet we didn't give up because we simply couldn't do it. We gathered information, analyzed it and tried to spread the results to Western Europe and America, probably not without success: What mattered was a just and lasting peace and not a total victory that would solve *No* problem. It was dangerous to create a power vacuum in the center of Europe, because where power leaves a vacuum, violence flows in, so the first thing to do was to define the difference between power and violence. It was absurd to speak of a collective guilt of "the" Germans. Contrary to Stalin's assertion, there was no collective of even sixty people, let alone a people of sixty million.

Above all, however, we tried to make amends for our privileged position through this small-scale work. While millions of soldiers, torn down and starving in camps, sat idle or moved home, if they still had a home, millions of displaced persons populated the country roads and other millions eked out a living in the cellars of their own homes, while millions more were in need in devastated Europe.

and misery and the liberated concentration camp inmates could hardly believe they had escaped, we spent our days safe and unchallenged in our golden cage. It was not a pleasant feeling; and yet we could only alleviate it a little by doing what we thought was appropriate day after day: our domestic duty.

Finally, two facts of political significance should be mentioned which occurred in the last year of our Vatican asylum: The first Secret Consistory of the post-war period and the role of German prisoners of war in Italy.

At the Consistorium *Vacantis Apostolicae Sedis*⁹⁰, Pius XII also appointed two or three German bishops, which was received with gratitude by the Germans and with criticism by some foreigners. But the decisive factor in this event, which almost became a sensation, was the appointment of Galen.⁹⁰ As the new cardinals walked one after the other towards the main altar during the solemn and pompous ceremony in St. Peter's Basilica, each one received lively applause, in keeping with the temperament of the Italians, who made up the main contingent of spectators. But then the line of new dignitaries was interrupted by the high and solid tower of one man, Count Galen, striding confidently but without a trace of bravado. And suddenly a hurricane of enthusiasm set in, not only among the Italians, but also among the international spectators, and even among the blasé members of the diplomatic corps. Did they know of Galen's role in the Third Reich, of his completely untheatrical, self-evident firmness? Or was it his "charisma", whatever that may mean, that united a crowd of thousands in the fervor of enthusiasm? We didn't know, we small group of Germans, although each of us had experienced a similar phenomenon, but in satanic form, at the party congress in Nuremberg. But this was not the time for reminiscences and comparisons. The storm of applause for our fellow countryman Galen brought tears to our eyes.

The following day, a young chaplain told me, the German Cardinals invited the German clergy from Rome and the surrounding area to a meeting. Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich, opened the account of the German episcopate as dean with the following sentence: "You see, on my right sits the Archbishop of Cologne, on my left the Archbishop of Berlin. And I am the Archbishop of Munich. Germany is still together!"

In the following days, it was decided that the cardinals would visit German prisoner-of-war camps in Italy. Galen had chosen the "prisoner of war camps" in southern Italy, i.e. in the area around Taranto, in which - because military bureaucracy is even more stupid than civilian bureaucracy - some members of the Gestapo, thousands of members of the Waffen SS and paratroopers were indiscriminately crammed together. The cardinal, his companion told me, had spoken to the prisoners from three ammunition crates placed on top of each other, the key sentence being: "Don't let yourselves be misled; anyone who has nothing personally on their hands is and remains innocent!"

After returning to Rome, Galen asked the Allies for a plane to fly him back to Germany. When they made the mistake of refusing his request, he called an international press conference and declared that not even the Nazis would have dared to treat him like that. A few hours later, an airplane was at his disposal.

As the Italian economic situation and, above all, the supply of food also had an impact on our existence in the Vatican City, I would like to briefly discuss this. The inhabitants of Vatican City and a few privileged people received their food rations for free in the "papal annona" - it couldn't have been more Christian and communist. But for us, who wanted to eat well - even if not "luxuriously" - in view of the upcoming years of famine in Germany and who also frequently had guests, these rations were not enough. We went to the black market to buy additional food through our loyal "ragazzi" (boys), whom I had known since I was young and who had already been messengers for the embassy. Official rationing had completely collapsed since it was no longer regulated and monitored by the German military: the Italians would not put up with such regimentation if the conquerors' coercion continued. Instead, the black market functioned excellently, not only for the benefit of the rich and wealthy. Even the poorest of the poor did not starve any more than usual, a symptom of the deep-rooted humanity of this people.

However, this system only functioned smoothly because the Americans, good-natured and obsessed with their missionary "liberation" myth, shipped food and other consumer goods to Italy in astronomical quantities for Europe at the time. However, contrary to the assumption of the American writing-puritans, only a small proportion of these goods - perhaps only a quarter - flowed into the intended state-Italian channels. A considerable percentage was "diverted" during unloading, there were "failures" during transportation to the warehouse, and later "inexplicable failures" occurred during transfer to the Italian authorities and their efforts to distribute the goods fairly.

Of course, this distribution and supply system only gradually became established. In the Vatican City, where the richest mafia was always informed about everything that was happening on Italian soil, albeit not always correctly, there were reports of serious disputes between the managers of the black market. National fronts formed: The Italians, Americans, English and whoever else was walking around the Apennine Peninsula in Allied uniform accused each other of having raked in fraudulent profits at the expense of other nations' black marketeers. And then something happened that we only became aware of over time: The German POWs infiltrated this whole black market "establishment"; unobtrusively but purposefully, the "land ser", basically much more "political" than their officers, took one key position after another, covered of course by some Allied administrative official or officer. We now know how to organize and carry out every activity "correctly". - Still

Ten years after the end of the war, this adverb was not allowed to be used in France, because even the Gestapo henchmen, when they were accused of torture and executions, declared that they had "correctly" followed their orders.

In our case, the German organizational talent and correctness - today one would say "fair play" - of the Landser proved to be quite constructive, even if the transactions were not exactly legal, but served the common good. Whoever was involved in these transactions received their fair share, regardless of which nation they belonged to. Our prisoners of war were all the more willing to do this because they were less interested in making money than in gaining influence. This influx was intended to provide them with the earliest possible free return to Germany and, until then, an unhindered and comfortable existence - in the context of the time. Therefore, they primarily sought to gain control of vehicle fleets and spare parts depots, naturally again under the benevolent and casual supervision of an Allied officer. This had tangible consequences: If, for example, an English colonel down in Taranto had treated a German POW (prisoner of war) unfairly, he had to expect long delays if he wanted to travel to Milan or Bolzano by car. The petrol stations had once again run out of fuel, the spare parts stores did not have the part he needed and could not be procured for at least 4 hours.

Dale all civilian Germans in Italy, the strongest group being the Catholic clergy, Then the members of our cultural institutes, who were allowed to move freely, and especially we former diplomats, felt satisfaction at this development, which was not without irony. For the first and only time since the Napoleonic occupation, Germans were practising "non-violent resistance". I am not suggesting that we would have classified the tactics of our prisoners of war in this sociological category, which was only defined later. We simply had our satisfaction, our fun with it.

But we also benefited from this, at least in individual cases. The transmission of news within the POW community, which numbered in the hundreds of thousands, was as fast as it was imperfect. So if we wanted to know the fate of a German soldier, whether he had been killed, wounded or taken prisoner in good health, we received authentic information within a few weeks. A young German chaplain named Karl Bayer had been entrusted by the State Secretariat with the task of visiting German prison camps. He took over the transmission of the inquiries and answers.

At another time, I would not have attached much importance to Galen's triumph or the resourcefulness of our prisoners of war. But now I was facing total ruin, because I couldn't take the few gold pieces I had saved in Geneva and Rome with me. They would have been confiscated immediately by the Americans. In the foreseeable future, I would return to a Germany threatened by chaos and famine and, as a ScMesian, I wouldn't even know where to turn. After all, my

People morally and politically ostracized, a fate that I had to share. The fact that the majority of my fellow countrymen were far worse off than I was did not make the outlook any rosier.

In such a situation, you look out for the faintest glimmer of hope, you breathe a sigh of relief when you feel something solid under your feet, even if it is only a floe of ice. That is why I have paid more attention to the firm dignity of Galen and the unbroken vitality of the German lands in Italy than at other times.

One feature of our life in the golden cage of Vatican City was an excess of free time. After all, the duties we spontaneously took on or that were later assigned to us only kept us busy for a few hours a day. But if we didn't want to kill this free time in the form of boredom, we had to come up with something. Attempts to do something together failed. We saw enough of each other anyway. So we soon got into the habit of pursuing our own hobbies. Walking in the Vatican Gardens, we discovered Weizsäcker in a hidden corner when the weather permitted. Sitting on a small garden stool, he was quietly painting a watercolor in the English manner. The fact that he himself, likewise in the English manner, created these pictures without pretension or artistic ambition was what made them so appealing. At the same time of day, [Sigismund von] Braun and I would meet from time to time and, sitting on a marble bench or lying on a gently sloping lawn, scratch together the remnants of our school life. We tried to translate the Aeneid of Vergil and soon became somewhat practiced. But it was precisely this success that caused us to flag after a while. In time, we agreed to leave the Aeneid alone and turn to the Annals of Tacitus, a politically explosive text. However, they proved to be too hard a nut for our weak ancient philological teeth. Nevertheless, we made a discovery that proved how fundamentally important - but unfortunately not in our favor - the political situation has changed since the beginning of the 20th century had changed. We used a German translation of the Annals as a mnemonic device. It came from the pen of a classical philologist of international renown. But all too soon we realized that this liberal scholar, living in a constitutional state, had no idea of the tricks and ambiguities he might smuggle into the text when he dared to report on political facts and events. It is only now that the Americans, too, are moving away from the German professor's point of view and looking at the bitter facts of our time in the eye without illusion.

Weizsäcker set down his ideas on the past and the future in concise and nuanced notes, which he later destroyed. If he had deposited them in a sealed envelope in return for a receipt in the Secretariat of State or in a vault in the Vatican Bank, this would have been of decisive importance for the trial brought against him in Nuremberg. But who would have thought of such an absurdity?"¹

Braun devoted himself to his wife and two children. At the same time, he learned Russian, language-wise as he was. I usually retired to my large room on the ground floor after dinner and began to write in the absolute silence of the night.

The first thing I did was to write a kind of memoir in which I tried to describe my personal experiences in the years 1933-44.¹¹² It was never my ambition to write a history of those eleven years. It was only meant to be a "document humain", a human document, an account of my hopes, my agonies and my final fate. Today, this report is outdated except for a few parts, e.g. my first meeting with Hitler. Even then it had deliberate gaps. I only dared to mention the names of those friends and comrades whom I knew to have been executed. I omitted some other names so as not to hand their bearers over to the executioner if they were still free. Because I, like everyone else in our circle, was so obsessed with mistrust, even a kind of persecution mania, that I feared even this memorandum, which had been published in Vatican City, might somehow fall into the hands of the Nazis.

Shortly before the capitulation, I allowed the members of the American secret service to photocopy the memorandum. Later I heard rumors that this photocopied document was of great importance to those emigrants who still felt German - and there were a large number of them, especially among the elite. It had put them in a position to oppose both the dogma of German collective guilt and the Morgenthau Plan. However, the affair had a tragicomic aftermath. A sympathetic American suggested that I offer this memorandum to the "Time and Life" publishing house for publication in the form of a series of articles; I could earn 30 000 dollars with it. With this sum, which was astronomical by our German standards, I could have provided my family, which had been totally impoverished by the expulsion, with an immense amount of start-up capital. Nevertheless, I turned down the offer. I didn't want to "make money" with the memorandum about the work and executioner's death of my friends that was leaked to the allies. Secondly, but by no means decisively, a profound mistrust played a role in my decision: would the Americans not hand over 30 000 dollars to me with their right hand and immediately accept it with their left hand as

Confiscate "enemy assets"? I was shocked by the tendency of the Americans at the time - and hopefully no longer today - to treat every event from the point of view of whether money could be made from it.

Around the same time, Ludwig Curtius, the archaeologist, urged me to write my childhood memories. Because the world in which I had grown up as a child on a Silesian estate had disappeared never to be seen again. But these kinds of memories, in which it says: At the age of fourteen, I proudly put on long pants for the first time, seemed ridiculous to me. But I couldn't let the stimulus rest, and I finally set about describing five days of a year on a Silesian estate, seen through the eyes of a twelve-year-old.¹¹³ In the end, I thought I had succeeded quite well, a feeling I rarely get. And on top of that

I was delighted that my nephews and nieces later received this short manuscript with great favor, thus fulfilling its essential purpose. Even when I wasn't writing, those quiet evenings and nights in my hermitage were a godsend. For I was then able to deal with the ghosts of horror and grief in peace, as I like to do.

However, the decisive help in our Vatican asylum was given to us by the Germans remaining in Rome, who, informed of our role, declared their solidarity with us without exception. The attitude of the Catholic clergy was particularly great. Whereas at the beginning of the 1930s one could still sense almost unconscious reminiscences of the *Kulturkampf* (cultural struggle) launched by Bismarck or an overly **unilateral** support for the policies of the Center Party, these clergymen now stood man for man against a collective German guilt and for the vital rights of our tormented people. Among some of them, especially the Jesuits, one could almost sense something like German nationalism in reaction to the events.

For an outsider, it was fascinating to compare the different religious orders, in our case the Benedictines with the Jesuits. We had numerous contacts with both. The Benedictines, whose order is the oldest, had an aristocratic origin. Benedict of Nursia had founded it in order to educate and train the still rather wild Lombard lords' sons, if not to accept them into the order, then at least to educate and train them. So today's fathers are also subject to strict asceticism and are trained as scholars in the old, classical sense. On the other hand, they enjoy considerable freedom of movement after their final ordination. They are exempt from the residency requirement imposed on all other orders, i.e. they do not have to live in the monastery in the town in question. For example, a highly respected priest from Zurich never took up residence in the convent of Sant'Anselmo, but with our Protestant deaconesses, with the unbiased remark that he would be better looked after there. One particular original was a Dutch Benedictine who, as an architect, had built two religious universities in Latin America and the Far East. He was living in Rome at the time, still admired the Nazis without reservation and saw Churchill as a war criminal."⁴ One evening in the summer, a circle of friends and acquaintances gathered on the roof of the Campo Santo Teutonico for a

"glass" of red wine together. I was able to attend because the Campo Santo was de facto considered to belong to the Vatican City. As chance would have it, Father came to sit next to our friend Hermine Speier² ". He immediately asked her, with his usual impartiality, what nation she belonged to. She replied that she was German. When he expressed surprise at meeting a German of such a dark type, she replied that she was a German Jew. In reply, he asked whether this was really the case or whether she was only admitting to it because it was "chic" in the decadent **West** at the time?

But there was also a completely different type of Benedictine. Father Augustinus Mayer", probably 195 cm tall, often visited Miss Rahlke and me. Each time he appeared

more emaciated. There was no doubt about it: he gave some of his already very meagre rations to the poorest of the poor. We tried to "cheer him up" a little with a generous lunch, which we failed to do. Finally, we learned that a Benedictine is only allowed to help himself once to each dish. So when he came to us, we changed his lunch from two to five courses without making any significant changes, which forced him to eat a little more according to the rules of hospitality. He was also not without a sense of humor: one day, smiling from under his black cassock, he dug out the contents of a package he had received from the USA, a tin of American oysters and a pair of purple socks, remarking that these gifts were probably more suitable for a diplomat than a monk.

With the Jesuits, on the other hand, one often came across fathers who could just as easily have been general staff officers, which also corresponded to the intentions of the order's founder. They were of high intelligence, as disciplined as they were differentiated, and appeared extremely worldly. They were just as interested in political events as they were in scientific and technical developments; their intellectual curiosity seemed to know no bounds. In addition, as I learned after the end of the war, one of their most prominent representatives had worked very closely with Canaris for years.¹¹⁷ And one day, when I laughingly told a priest with whom I had been on familiar terms for several years that the Jesuits were something like the SS of Jesus Christ to me, he also laughed and took it as a compliment.

However, a correction of a restrictive nature is probably necessary at this point. In Protestant circles in Germany, especially in the north-east, where there is little contact with Catholics, there is a tendency to overestimate the influence and power of the Jesuits and also the power of the Catholic Church in general. The times in which the Pope was able to take on a secular role as an arbiter in the political arena, to a certain extent as a forerunner of the United Nations, only far more successful, are long gone. And anyone who is interested in saving the increasingly meagre remnants of our Western culture from a threatening future is filled with grave concern. For even this oldest institution of the West, the Catholic Church, is shaken and threatened by internal crises.

But we found the greatest moral support from the archaeologist Professor Ludwig Curtius and his student, Dr. Hermine Speier, as well as the Catholic historian Dr. Hubert Jedin.¹¹ ' During my first time in Rome, when his wife was still alive, I was often invited to Curtius' house, a milieu that attracted me. A relationship of mutual trust and friendship developed between Curtius and me, of which I was proud. His **vitality**, coupled with a comprehensive mass education in the sense of Wilhelm von Humboldt, aroused my admiration. Even then, he was an eccentric of the type that the English have always cherished. Now, after the death of his beloved wife, he was a world-famous original, world-wide, because he had students everywhere who were devoted to him. Every Wednesday from iggf-46, that had become so

Curtius first came to Weizsäcker's for lunch and visited Miss Rahlke and me at tea time. The following Wednesday he had lunch with us and drank tea at Weizsäcker's. On each of these weekdays around one o'clock, I stood on the steps of St. Peter's Church to receive him properly. At first you could only hear the bright sound of the iron tip of his knotted stick on the pavement, then he turned into St. Peter's Square and, as soon as he saw me, started an Indian howl. In summer he wore a suit made of Tongking silk, which might have been the last thing to have been ironed in his earliest youth. In winter, he entered the scene with a flowing coat and a sombrero. But whether summer or winter, whether in a day suit or tuxedo, he always wore canary-yellow low shoes, in whose uncleaned creases the dirt - sit venia verbo - looked light blue, a phenomenon that Goethe would have discussed with regard to his theory of colors. And on top of that, Curtius only shaved once a week, with the result that this plump - but by no means fat - and very agile man with his alert slit eyes was the spitting image of an ancient faun.

Nevertheless, Curtius was gifted with a pedagogical charisma that overshadowed his considerable scientific successes. As soon as Rome was occupied by the Allies, his students from America and England threw themselves into the breach and ensured that their "poor" teacher could continue to organize Rubens-style feasts. However, it would be wrong to conclude from the description of his eccentric habits that this was enough to describe him. Behind this somewhat bizarre façade was not only, as already mentioned, a classical education that was hardly to be found even then, but a humane humanity that we can only mourn today, a kind of paradisiacal innocence. And every Wednesday, he would read us the pages of his memoirs that had been written over the past few days, memories that have been unjustly forgotten in our hectic bestseller business."

Spinni", the nickname by which Miss Speier was and is known in archaeological circles, was of medium height with a remarkable head and beautiful eyes. She was already **working** as a scientific assistant at the German Archaeological **Institute** at the beginning of the 1930s. For 'racial' reasons, she could no longer be kept on. When I saw her again after the arrival of the Allies in the Vatican City, she held an important, but to all appearances inconspicuous and unimportant position in the museum administration.

On countless walks through the museum halls, I expanded my incomplete archaeological knowledge under her guidance. When I picked her up at her office to have lunch with us after a short detour through the Vatican Gardens, my strongest impression was that she exuded the unshakeable firmness of character that is characteristic of the best of her race. If I was silent, I found a few lines in my room in the evening. She had sensed my grief and despair. Even if she couldn't help me, I should at least know that she was at my side. Poetically very committed, as one would say today, she wrote

In her beautiful handwriting, influenced by the George circle, to which she was close, she copied her and my favorite poems: from the West-Eastern Divan or by Hofmannsthal and George. This handwritten reproduction gave the poems a weight of their own.

The "third in the group" was the Catholic church historian Dr. Hubert Jedin, who lives in Campo Santo Teutonico. He was - and is - my Upper Silesian compatriot from Neisse. Because he had a Jewish mother, he had to emigrate to Rome. Unusually tall and strong, he was, as the Italians put it, a "handsome man". On top of that, he had an explosive temperament. He has retained this to this day. He has since become a prelate, recognized worldwide as a historian of the Council and invited everywhere to give lectures or guest professorships. I saw him every second or third day, and at least once a week he was Miss Rahlke's and my lunchtime guest, who enjoyed the good food for those days without any false shame.

I learned from him that Catholic historians had fundamentally changed their judgment of the German Reformation and Luther. Luther was not a heretic, but a reformer, and the schism in the church was not Luther's work, but that of his blind opponents.

In addition, week after week he was full of original experiences and information that supplemented or corrected our image of the world outside Vatican City.

One day he asked me if I would like to meet an Italian university professor who was a convinced communist. He was a "very good" young man. Of course I agreed to this suggestion. And indeed, the professor, whom I met a few days later in Campo Santo, was a pleasant conversationalist. After a few general phrases, I asked him if he could and wanted to explain to me why he was a communist. Prepared for my question, he replied quite unbiasedly as follows: His father had already left the Catholic Church as an anti-clerical or, if you like, as an atheist, and he had later followed his example. A non-Catholic could hardly imagine how much such a decision meant for the person concerned a cutting off of his natural roots and social isolation. He was unable to bear this uprooting and isolation and therefore joined the Communist Party in order to belong to a community again.

I was impressed by this declaration. It influences my assessment of the domestic political situation in countries such as France and Italy, which until a few generations ago were almost purely Catholic. In confessionally divided or purely Protestant states, people are horrified by the high percentage of communist votes in the two countries mentioned. At the same time, people are surprised and relieved at how moderate, indeed downright loyal to the constitution, the Italian and French communists behave or, rather, must behave. After all, both parties would probably lose a large proportion of their voters if their hard core were to submit to Moscow's ideological guidelines.

would be prepared to submit to the Kremlin without a second thought. This dilemma also explains the often ambiguous attitude of both parties towards the Kremlin's directives.

In the fall of 1944, our existence in the Vatican City seemed "established" as far as it related to our private life and did not take into account interventions from above, which were of course possible at any time. We were, so to speak, a tiny establishment. But then an event occurred that challenged this establishment in a way that was both pleasant and difficult.

The Allies were now only casually guarding the POW camps. They were convinced that they would capture the majority of the escapees anyway on the long journey between the camps and the front, which had advanced far to the north, which was indeed the case. That fall, however, six or seven German prisoners of war arrived in Vatican City within a few weeks. One by one, they had managed with great ingenuity to break through the sophisticated barriers with which the Vatican rightly sought to protect itself from a flood of asylum seekers. However, as they were able to claim the right of asylum, they were looked after, well housed and fed by the chaplain of the Swiss Guard. We welcomed them with open arms. They, in turn, were only too happy to be reconciled by the members of a German embassy of whose existence they had no idea. Soon, however, an embarrassing situation arose: it turned out that they only wanted to wait for Hitler's weapons of war to be used so that they could then witness the "final victory" from the front line in Vatican City. It was impossible for us, and would have been disloyal in the long run, to conceal the fact that they were chasing illusions and that a catastrophe was inevitable within a few months. Of course, this put us in a bad light in their eyes: paid by Hitler and sworn to him, we were living the high life and committing treason on a daily basis.

The fact that an oath, it should be noted here in passing, because this problem has been an unresolved question of conscience for millions of Germans since 1933, means an agreement on reciprocity, was misjudged. Hitler had sworn an oath on the Weimar Constitution. As long as he kept it, I was also bound by my oath and did not need to go into a niche, as State Secretary Globke shamefully stated in his defense.

step down. He had therefore not taken the oath. In the summer of 1933, when it was clear that Hitler didn't give a damn about the Weimar Constitution, the oath he took was a meaningless formula to me.

The six or seven young people could not understand what was happening on all military and political fronts and the abyss into which our nation would fall. What were they supposed to be guided by? They had already been lied to at school out of sheer will or sheer fear. And they had been sent from school to the front after a short period of training. We simply didn't speak the same language; that was the reason why they couldn't understand us at all. We went easy on them as far as we could. And it deserves to be emphasized that, **even though** they didn't understand us,

respected us, without opportunism, because what could they expect from us?

tions?

In the months that followed, their world collapsed: No miracle weapons, no final victory and the Red Army at the gates of Berlin, the capital of the Reich. They now wanted us 'prophets' to explain everything. But even this explanation failed because they did not have even the most primitive historical and political knowledge. Faced with this situation, I made a decision that would have made any historian's hair stand on end. I "told" them world history once or twice a week in that old-fashioned way that didn't take China or India into account, but went straight from the ancient Egyptian Empire to the present day. I had to cover such a wide range of topics because I only had a minimum of literature at my disposal and therefore could not come up with any details. It also meant that I could better disguise "pedagogical" goals. I had two of them: one was to emphasize Jewish monotheism, which the prophets strictly guarded as a unique achievement. For only on its soil, fertilized by Hellenism, which introduced the Jewish people to humane Greek philosophy, could Christianity sprout centuries later.

The second goal was to show them exemplary examples of every kind of political goal and political behavior on the basis of Roman history in the almost exactly one hundred years from the Gracchian riots to the victory of Augustus. This suited me all the more as I had been studying that period for a long time. I was thus able to point out to them in an unobtrusive way the disadvantages of a totalitarian dictatorship with its unpleasant by-product, terror. I was able to prove to them that an ossified conservative attitude degenerates into an unfruitful reactionary and **nationalistic** extreme.

They visibly breathed a sigh of relief when I explained to them that my ideal was a parliamentary monarchy. But a monarchy could not be re-established for many reasons. As a result, I hoped for a national democracy in an extremely liberal form for our people.

I didn't lecture these young people on "world history" - I wasn't even capable of doing that - I "told" them. And it was precisely **this** inadequate method, which corresponds to my aversion to any kind of lecturing, that proved successful. The questions they asked became more informed and sober over time, and their knowledge of history, albeit rudimentary, gave them the opportunity to take a detached view of the so-called "Third Reich". In the first half of 1944, they gradually "crumbled away" and set off on a journey home.

For us, too, the decisive turning point came in September 1944. Robert Murphy¹², diplomatic advisor to the American Commander-in-Chief, General Clark, had the following statement made to the State Secretariat by his representative: 'The members of the

German embassy are given free passage and can settle wherever they want in the American zone."

1. Albrecht von Kessel, aged about five, around 1907. He was a quiet, thoughtful child who absorbed impressions like a sponge. His interest in politics was undoubtedly aroused early on and was strongly influenced by his parents and the times.



2. As the youngest of four children, Albrecht von Kessel experienced a sheltered childhood on the family estate in Upper Silesia.



Origin, family



3. The parents, Kurt von Kessel (18*---9°), professional officer, lord of the entailed estate and member of the Prussian House of Deputies, and his wife Hedra (18i •.1944), née von Bethmann Hollweg.



4. Albrecht von Kessel's grave on the Bonner Südfriedhof; 2006 he was moved to the family grave on the Friedhof in Garmisch.

5. Konstantin von Neurath (1881-1956), v0^ 193
193 Reich Foreign Minister,
SchtuäbischerGrandieigneur, to whom Kessel attested the
wisdom of an old shepherd,
was compensated by Hitler 1939 for the destruction of
Czechoslovakia with the post of Reichsprotektor in
Bohemia and Moravia. Kessel accompanied Neurath
as personal advisor to P.rag.



6. Adam von (1891, k!9°9--944), political cop of the
German opposition to Hitler, was one of Kessel's closest
friends in the Foreign Service.



Foreign service



/. Kessel's friend, the diplomat Gottfried von Nostitz (*1890-1976), maintained the connection to the free world for the resistance at the Generalconsulate in Geneva.



8. Joachim von Ribbentrop (-1946), Reichsaussenminister since 1938, was Hitler's diplomat, he followed the path of Bismarck and led German foreign policy into bankruptcy.

9 Ernst von Weimäcker (18*-1919), Secretary of State since 1933, was the last Reichsmann for all civil servants in the Foreign Office. Even after his move to the ambassadorship to the Holy See, he supported the covert activities of the German opposition to the best of his ability. In Rome, he was supported by his colleagues Albrecht von Kessel (right) and Sigismund von Braun

1919-1919



to. Tea time with embassy members in the Villa Bonaparte, the residence of the German ambassador to the Holy See, around 1933- seated, far left Karl Gustav Wallenweber; standing in the middle Albrecht von Kessel; seated in front of him. Marianne von Weizsäcker; standing behind the three seated ladies Charlotte Rahlke, secretary to Ernst von Weizsäcker; second from the right Hilde von Braun, wife of you Sigismund, von Braun.



Rom
e



ii. Kessel also maintained regular contact with the shady Eugen Dollmann, Himmler's personal bearer in Rome, not least because of Kalhiil. The picture was taken during the visit of the Italian ly t'u affenminisier Balbo to Germany (left: Balbo, center: Dollmann, right: Hitler).



ia. Eugenio Pacelli (iB 6-i 958), Pope Pius XII since*39 , was the key figure for Kessel, alongside Ernst von Weimäcêer, in his Roman efforts for peace and humanitarianism.

xy. The art historian Wilhelm Hausenstein (1888-1937) was Adenauer's choice for the ambassadorial post in Paris. Kessel's relationship with his Superiors remained cool despite similar interests. The picture shows Hausenstein (right) with Chancellor Adenauer.



i q. Reodor Blau! 1905-1975). Member of the Bundestag, the Defense Minister of the Federal Republic of Germany, formally led the German EDC delegation in Paris. Kessel remembered him fondly. The picture shows Blank (right) with Federal President Theodor Heuss.



Paris and Washington



i 11. Kessel accompanied Willy Brandt (i. 11. 1990), then Governing Mayor of Berlin, 1950 on his trip to Washington. The mutual appreciation increased its beginning. The picture shows Mr. Brandt visiting President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

i 6 After his dismissal from Washington, Albrecht von Kessel 1959 • oryeitIf the Foreign Service. has no criticism of the German Außenpolitik, of Adenauer and the basic structures of the Foreign Service. were the deciding factors.

We were all relieved, and I must confess that, in addition to a great sense of relief, I felt a slight sense of triumph that we had successfully fought the battle for free passage against the Vatican Secretariat of State and the Allies. In retrospect, it was unwise of us not to have insisted on written **confirmation** and a certified English translation of this American assurance from the Secretariat of State. But even my ever-vigilant mill-confidence lent me a hand at this decisive moment. I had no doubt that this American guarantee given by a diplomat would also be honored by the military. Moreover, in view of our tense, even icy relations, the State Secretariat would probably have rejected such a request for written confirmation as a brazen imposition.

Weizsäcker and his wife were escorted in a column of three cars via France to Lindau. Of course, neutral Switzerland did not allow such a military escort, and the road over the Brenner Pass was obviously overloaded because it had not yet been fully restored. Weizsäckers were therefore, we believed at the time, protected against all harassment by the American occupying forces. Mrs. von Braun and her two small children² were allowed to stay in the Vatican, the other four of us, Miss Rahlke, Braun, the consular secretary Buyna and I would be taken to Frankfurt by plane. This all seemed to be a favorable arrangement.²²

On a cloudless September day, the four of us, Miss Rahlke, Braun, Buyna and I rolled slowly across St. Peter's Square in an American jeep. In the shade of the colonnades, I saw a number of Italian women sitting gracefully on the ground with their children and grandchildren. And once again I became aware of the fact that no matter how much sympathy I had for the Italians, especially the 'little people', they were ultimately incomprehensible to me. Their, I would like to say, animalistic courage, combined with so much humanity and heartfelt tact, also combined with a shrewdness of care, enchanted me. The accusation that they were cheats is not true: they did not and do not base their prices on production costs, but on the buyer's financial situation. If the buyer is a poor but charming Italian, they are prepared to sell the goods for less than the cost of production. They find the balance by buying three times the price from an American who doesn't understand a word of the local language. In addition, they had little interest in intellectual problems, despite their intelligence. As a result, intellectuals could only count on a very limited response. As a result, they played a rather subordinate social role and were only able to achieve a certain degree of material prosperity in exceptional cases.

As our jeep drove slowly across St. Peter's Square, I turned my gaze to St. Peter's and its dome, as well as the part of the Vatican Palace visible from here. I wondered, as I had countless times before and after in my eventful life, whether I would see all this again. Or was it a fair farewell forever?

Occupied Germany (1946-1947)

The flight went smoothly.¹ But when we landed in Frankfurt, the trouble had already started. We were loaded into a "green Minna"; in a few minutes we found We found ourselves in a "dustbin", which roughly translates as an ash bin. It was a barrack camp, the individual cells were perhaps three and a half meters long and two meters wide. The whole thing was unbearable. I felt very insecure for half an hour, because I was not only responsible for myself, but also for the three others. I thought that if we didn't do anything, given the slowness of the military bureaucracy, it might take weeks before we were discovered in the camp. On the other hand, it was of course a great risk to visit the camp commander now and confront him clearly. If he turned me down, our situation could only get worse. Nevertheless, I decided to go and see him and said quietly and politely, but very forcefully and bitterly, that this would not do. We had been assured safe conduct. We were still under the protection of the Vatican (which, of course, did not quite correspond to the facts) and he should immediately see to it that we were transferred to a better camp. To my great relief, I was completely successful. After an hour we were on the Taunus heights in a villa that was available for prominent prisoners. I saw some familiar faces, but I had always disliked them. But then I met my crewmate Gusti Struwe, who was working in the library.² He said he was actually very happy about this job, he always had enough books to interest him and there were interesting people to talk to. For heaven's sake, he wanted to stay here instead of going back to this terribly destroyed freedom. A few weeks later, I learned that the Americans had extradited Gusti Struwe to Poland because he had allegedly committed atrocities there. After a few more months came the news that Gusti Struwe had died in a Polish camp, and the Polish government apologized, saying that this was not the Struwe they had been looking for. That was the way the world was going at the time; the only unusual thing was that the Poles admitted the mistake and apologized.

The next morning we were ordered to take our seats in a "green Minna" again. men. The journey went directly south through never-ending forests, of whose existence none of us had any idea in this part of Germany. As we didn't touch any towns, we lost all sense of direction. Only in the afternoon, when we seemed to be turning almost at right angles to the east, did we catch sight of the largely destroyed ScMoll of Bruch- sal. This determined the destination of our journey: the Hohe Asperg near Ludwigsburg, previously known as the Festungsgefängnis. The Americans had concentrated all the diplomats and Germans abroad who had fallen into their hands in this complex of buildings. I was against this development, even though it contradicted promises that had been made,

not much to object to. We were treated well and were given plenty of food by the standards of the time. We were also always able to talk to old friends and acquaintances. For the first three days, however, the three of us, Braun, Buyna and I, were held in a large cell in special detention. The Americans wanted to interrogate us first. The officers who had taken on this task were quite primitive. I had to dictate verbatim what I had to say to one of them, with which he then filled out my questionnaire, the document that Ernst von Salomon had rightly poured scorn and derision on.³ Every question could only be answered with "yes" or "no", whereas I often wanted to write "yes maybe" or "no, it's not black, it's not white, it's gray". I got over the political part quite easily, but then came the economic part and I was afraid of certain faux-fishing. I still had 500 dollars in gold pieces in the Vatican and was not at all prepared to hand them over to the Americans. So for the time being, I played an intermediate role between a fool and a bohemian. When he asked me how much I had earned as a civil servant, I replied that I didn't know, because this civil servant's salary had only ever been a kind of tip compared to what I had received from my Silesian estate. That wasn't true, but it made an impression. When he inquired about my other belongings, I said that I had arrived here in Frankfurt with a suitcase and that another suitcase from the Vatican would follow in time, that was all I had left. He looked at me in astonishment and asked how I planned to make a living. I replied that I had so many friends in Italy, Switzerland and England that I would certainly receive several care packages every month. As far as I knew, the situation on the German black market was such that if you sold even one pound of coffee, you could live quite well for a month. After this information, he finally thought I was a lunatic and filled in the economic side of the questionnaire as he saw fit.

Later, this camp life had its own appeal for me. I spent three years in a boarding school, where things were quite spartan. Like many of my comrades, I was mainly concerned with how we could annoy our teachers without getting caught. I decided to take up this sideline here at Hoher Asperg and had some success. After five days, we were released from our isolation, whereupon a cluster of friends, old and new cameos, immediately gathered around us, wanting to know how things were going in the free world. To allow this to happen undisturbed, I was given the honorable position of floor sweeper. This meant that everyone could reach me. It amused me that, according to the old German custom, on the very second day an older councilor reproached me for not having cleaned the hallway properly. A second time I stumbled across a similar German characteristic: at lunchtime we always had the opportunity to go for a walk in the very spacious ScMofihof, a really pleasant and stimulating interruption to our prison life. One day we were suddenly told that we had been banned from going out because of an incident. A few people were standing in front of the gate that led into the yard.

and explained that yes, that was the case. I said I hadn't heard anything about it. I would go out, they would see if anything happened. After five minutes, all the prisoners were in the Schloßhof. Apparently we Germans have a tendency to assume the position of a submissive servant from the outset and as a precaution.

I can summarize my statement about the world situation in a few words: I was firmly of the opinion, and held on to this misjudgement until well into the 1990s, that war would break out between [the] United States and the Soviet Union. On the other hand, I argued that our nation would soon be on the rise again, because we would have a role to play in our position between East and West, and because our people would always remain industrious and resourceful in practical matters. This thesis of mine was very soon confirmed by Byrnes' speech in Stuttgart⁴, in which it was made clear for the first time that the Americans needed us in the conflict between East and West and would therefore no longer treat us according to the rules of the Morgenthau Plan. On the whole, the atmosphere was good, even if the situation of the people who had already been held in the camps for two years was of course much worse than ours, who had only just arrived and could expect to be released soon. I should mention here that I had to start a row again right at the beginning because our splendid Miss Rahlke, who was quite old, was the only woman to be interned here among hundreds of men. I made a huge noise, this time much more impartially, and demanded that she be released or at most transferred to a women's camp for a few more days. I was successful, Miss Rahlke was the first of us to be released. Buyna, who had actually managed to conceal the fact that he was the only member of the SS in our entire community, was also released very soon.

Braun and I drove down the mountain after three weeks with mixed feelings, because we didn't know what to expect, whether we would find a roof over our heads and enough to eat. Our situation was bad insofar as we couldn't really fit into any branch of the bureaucracy: we were neither displaced persons, as we had lived in the Vatican, nor could we give a profession that made sense, as our own had been wiped out for the time being. At least the Protestant relief organization in Stuttgart, under my old comrade Gerstenmaier, had already let us know that they would help us through the first few weeks. We were dropped off in Ludwigsburg, took a short walk and looked at the castle, which was only partially destroyed. Then we went to the train station, presented our discharge papers, our marching order, which read Ludwigsburg-Stuttgart, whereupon the clerk said: "Yes, Mr. Baron". I've always found the title of baron particularly unpleasant, but at that moment I was relieved to *be somehow higher-ranking than other people*. In Stuttgart we were received in the most friendly manner. I made the acquaintance of this institution that Gerstenmaier had created out of thin air.

It is impossible to describe what Braun and I saw on our first short journey between Ludwigsburg and Stuttgart; even now, three years later, it is difficult to say anything about the sight that presented itself to us. We were amazed that such a highly developed and in part highly civilized people as the Germans could live in such an environment - ruins, dust, dirt, torn clothing, hunger, emaciated faces

- could continue to exist at all. In between, however, I was always convinced that this strange people of mine would somehow survive all of this, thanks to their gift for improvisation, thanks to their diligence and, perhaps strangely, thanks to their ability to survive, to have thought that in 1945, thanks to the decency of the overwhelming majority of our people.

In Stuttgart, we were welcomed with open arms at the Protestant Relief Organization. Gerstenmaier, with whom I had been closely associated since 1938, had created something truly masterful. He had unlimited vitality, a sharp mind, a wealth of imagination and also an unbiased ruthlessness with which he swept aside all existing regulations, whether from the Allies or the German authorities. This was certainly one of the most important foundations for German reconstruction. Gerstenmaier is one of those people who are best able to develop in chaotic times. At the time, he approached me with the question of whether I would like to work with the Protestant Relief Organization. Many of the members, a large number of whom were old friends, talked me into it. But I actually wanted to hide away somewhere in the countryside and heal the wounds of the past few years. I believed that I could do something from the countryside to help our people get back on their feet.

First of all, I traveled with my friend Nostitz to Icking in the Isar valley, where his old parents owned a spacious house. They spoiled me, the parents as well as my friend himself, immensely over the next three months. I felt very comfortable there, talking to my father, who may have once been a somewhat difficult bureaucrat, but now radiated the kindness and wisdom of old age. His mother, who suffered severely from arthritis, also had a special feminine charm and was also very interested in all things cultural, so that we were always able to forget the past in conversation. I brought a lot to this community, as I had grown up in the country. I arranged for my friend to organize a children's ladder wagon. And so we went into the forest every other day to look for firewood. I also managed to buy half a pound of butter from the farmers every now and then with the bad Italian cigarettes I still had. Looking back, it was a good time. But I didn't want this to be my home in the long run. Luckily for me, not too far from Icking, a friend from my youth had found accommodation in a country chateau, and there, in what you might call a large country estate from the 19th century, there was still a room for me. There was still a room of mine available. There was a danger that the housing office would put some refugee in this room, which would have been

The owner, retired lieutenant colonel Rhomberg, and his children were also very happy to take me in. So in January I moved to Rieden am Murnauer See, where I spent three and a half years in an environment that suited my nature and character. The mere fact of being able to continuously follow the course of a year in the countryside was an infinite comfort for me. In addition, during these three and a half years I managed to strengthen my health as never before, so much so that in the following years of my second career I had enough strength to overcome the hardships, difficulties and problems of a political and human nature. At first, in January, a more pleasant time seemed to lie ahead of me. I received more and more letters from abroad and also more and more parcels with which I was able to help both my hosts and, above all, my siblings. For example, I sent each of these three families a tin of five kilos of fat every month, a kind of miracle for those days. I lived quietly in this way, but of course I followed world events and the fate of our own country as closely as possible, as there were hardly any newspapers. I was torn, deeply worried as to whether it would be possible to get the German mining industry, on which everything seemed to depend at the time, back on track. There were, of course, also signs of a new order, which I clung to.

Paris

On a foggy day in the late fall of '94, I went to Murnau to bring a manuscript to a friend for copying. As I turned into the main street, I saw the latest issue of *Neues Zeitung* on display in a small general store, which I remember as the best paper published in Germany to date. Of course, published by the American occupying forces, it represented the American

point of view, but soberly and without polemics. It carried plenty of agency reports, and its commentaries and editorials were precise and concise, in contrast to the German fashion of feigning profundity through excessive length and vague formulations.

Stepping closer, I could read the bar headline: US senators demand German rearmament". I acknowledged this news with an inner nod of the head, as it were, because I had expected it. I was as far removed from feelings of triumph as I was from cries of outrage. Because I was not a militarist. Incidentally, this is something you primarily encounter in civilians who have never had **anything** to do with the military trade. Nor was I a supporter of the pacifist ideology whose first aim is to kill all non-pacifists. I have always been - *sit venia verbo* - a power politician. Because nothing can guarantee peace better than a fair, i.e. realistic, distribution of power that ensures international balance. If a power vacuum arises somewhere, brutal violence inevitably flows into it. We have just experienced this. For the Western statesmen, with Roosevelt at their head, had never seriously committed themselves to the balance of power in Eastern Europe, i.e. *on this side* of Russia's western border, but had relied on Stalin's "good will", embellished with a few hollow phrases, in Tehran, Yalta and finally in Potsdam. It was inevitable that the dictator would use brutal force to annex the Balkans, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland as well as eastern Germany, with the exception of Berlin, to the Soviet Union without much ado. Late, too late, the Western Allies realized that they had to fill the vacuum in Greece and West Germany if they did not want to lose the whole of Western Europe. There was a massive build-up of military power, particularly in West Germany, and the Americans had to bear the brunt of it. What could be more obvious than that they also demanded a "defense contribution" from us, for whose freedom they were prepared to fight with all means! The US senators' request that we should rearm was therefore nothing more than an expression of common sense, although at that time in Murnau I did not yet know how much the development that had been set in motion would influence my professional career in the years to come.

About six months later, on a sunny afternoon, we all sat under the large chestnut tree in Rieden Park, together with two friends from the neighborhood. We were drinking tea, real tea that had come in a package from abroad. One

Summery silence lay over the countryside and allowed us to observe the world with rare serenity. Then suddenly a maid came rushing out of the house and shouted from afar: "A long-distance call fair Mr. von Kessel!" A long-distance call? That was a sensation at the time. When I picked up the phone, I was greeted by the shrill voices of American telephonists and seemed to have been caught up in a real confusion. But then, without any haste, a secretary told me that Mr. Whitman wanted to speak to me. While I was still pondering who that might be, a voice that sounded somehow familiar came up and said: "This is Nucki Weismann".² This was Nucki, who we had gone out with at the end of the 1920s, an always cheerful companion who never pretended to be his father's son. Because this father was the powerful State Secretary in the Prussian Ministry of the Interior³, whose influence, at least in Prussia, was just as great as Globke's under Adenauer. Nucki explained that he was something like McCloy's personal advisor and asked if I would be willing to visit him in the Taunus. He would then immediately send me a marching order that would allow me to use an American military train to Frankfurt, where he would then pick me up personally.

Three days later I was safing on a luxury train, satisfied that my gray flannel suit, the last "good piece" in my wardrobe, still looked somewhat presentable. Nucki welcomed me in Frankfurt. As we drove out to the Taunus, he casually told me that McCloy wanted to see me. I was so surprised that it almost took my breath away, and at the same time I realized that this was the first pleasant news after twenty years of bad news. Who could have drawn McCloy's attention to me, who had been living in isolation in the "flat countryside" of Upper Bavaria, far from Frankfurt or even Stuttgart, for years? And what could this most powerful man, not only in West Germany but in the whole of Western Europe, want from me of all people? I approached this question cautiously, but only received an evasive answer from Nucki.

After having tea with Nucki and his wife in their bungalow, I made my way to McCloy. He approached me in a friendly manner, as is the American way: a stocky, strong-boned man with a clear forehead and an energetic chin. Nevertheless, he was good-looking, mainly thanks to his beautiful eyes, which radiated wisdom and kindness. As a result, I felt comfortable and at ease in his presence, and it would stay that way for the next decade.

After brief preliminaries, he asked a question that I was unprepared for and which therefore confused me. It was: "Can you tell me the name of a conservative German general?" After a brief hesitation, I replied that those I had known personally or who had been closely associated with our circle, such as Beck', Witzleben⁷, Tresckow', Kluge', Stülpnagel⁸ and others, as well as Rommel⁹, who had converted late but all the more strongly, had all died a violent death. But then there was the general Dr. Hans Speidel¹², who, as far as I know, lived in Freudenstadt in the Black Forest. He had studied history and was the type of educated officer. I would never have known him.

but had repeatedly heard that he had behaved impeccably throughout the Nazi era and especially during the war. This suggestion seemed to suit McCloy. He thanked me and, after a few sentences of a general nature, dismissed me with kind words. When I arrived back in Rieden the next evening, I was immensely relieved and could not help feeling that I had won a triumph. The door to returning to my old job was open. Because I had been received by McCloy, I would not be ignored or forgotten in Bonn. The following months were for me the most beautiful and happiest of the entire post-war period. There were still plenty of shadows: Weizsäcker was still in Landsberg prison. My family lived in extreme misery, which I was only able to alleviate a little with monthly parcels from abroad, a drop in the ocean. And the misery of the population had hardly diminished, because the Marshall Plan was only just beginning.

Despite these shadows, I now indulged uninhibitedly in the pleasures of country life. In every landscape I liked - and the Bavarian Alpine foothills are among the most beautiful I know - I have always wanted to experience not only the summer or winter high season, but also the slow flow of the four seasons. In Rieden, where I lived for a total of three and a half years, I had the opportunity to do just that. In mid-January, the Staffelsee was frozen solid and covered in a layer of snow. On nice days, we used horse-drawn sleighs to cross over to the other side of the lake, which in other seasons could only be reached by taking long detours. And one Sunday, the peasant boys held a race on the lake with their farm horses under a bright sky. In their naive selfishness, they made sure to keep the hardships of the times away from their farms. But even I

When they indulged in their baroque joie de vivre under a Bavarian white-blue sky, I was unable to make a serious reproach of them. In early spring, I woke up in the middle of the night to the sound of the lake ice cracking apart. Shortly afterwards, gulls from all over the area would gather on the cold lake and its last ice floes for their mating season. Instead of being puritanically ashamed, they disturbed the sleep of my nights with their loud cries. Spring followed with gentian and primroses and, when the lime blossom season was over, midsummer arrived. When the weather was good, I spent almost the whole day on the lakeshore, writing and reading or swimming far out to "Rabeninsel". The golden fall was followed by storms, gusts of rain and the first snowflakes. I enjoyed the whole rural year in its unchanging course. The mental wounds of the past decade healed imperceptibly, and physically I became healthier than I had ever been - a reserve of strength for the time ahead.

From time to time I wondered whether I should become a diplomat again, i.e. a civil servant, or work as a politician. But what did I have to do in the politics of the emerging state, which, as much as I affirmed its existence, would probably always remain a little foreign to me as a liberal Prussian from the Silesian East? I had learned a trade, diplomacy, and it made sense to take it up again.

It must have been in the fall of 1944 that Blankenhorn¹ wrote to me suggesting that I come to Bonn to talk to him about my future. He, who far surpassed us all in political talent, had quickly developed into Adenauer's closest advisor and had become a powerful man. He used this power over his

I never needed it from my former friends and colleagues. Apart from a few cases, he wanted to promote all of us, but his good intentions often failed to materialize. Because he was volatile and enjoyed the game of partisan combinations and intrigues.

It was already dark when I arrived at the famous zoological "Museum König". The stuffed animals had been cleared away and two wooden crates had been set up for Adenauer and Blankenhorn. As I entered the dimly lit museum, I read the Latin inscription on the arch of the staircase leading to the upper floor: 'Lord God, how great is your animal kingdom!' I couldn't help but grin and thought to myself: "Well, this is off to a good start!"

In his equally dimly lit shed, Blankenhorn received me with a big hello and never tired of assuring me that he had big plans for me. Despite my skepticism about "greatness", I considered my professional future to be secure. Not without the intention of showing me that he was aware of everything Adenauer was doing, he told me that the Chancellor was in the process of offering the banker Abs¹⁴ the post of future Foreign Minister. As far as I knew Abs, he would never be prepared to take on the role of Adenauer's political "Erfüllungsgehilfe" - a term coined in later years. This assumption of mine was confirmed. [..].

The next morning, I accompanied Blankenhorn to the Bundestag. On the short walk he declared with the emphasis that was often characteristic of him: "The bourgeois world must once again be made to look like a rocher de bronze!" I laughed, for it was typical of him to use the words of a Prussian king to sell his program to me.¹ I also took the opportunity to look around Bonn to see what was happening in the area of setting up our own diplomatic service. The Allies were not yet willing to concede us a Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but only a "Liaison Office to the High Commission". This was acceptable as a temporary solution, because we were not in a position, either in terms of personnel or organization, to create a ministry from scratch. Moreover, we were allowed to open consulates general in New York, **London** and Paris, but we were forbidden to maintain our own courier service for the time being. This regulation also seemed acceptable to me. I don't remember whether there was already talk of transferring me to Paris, where I was to be the representative of the consul general with the title of embassy counselor. Why it had occurred to me to be entrusted with this most difficult of all posts was a mystery to me. I fear it was primarily because I was interested in French literature and painting. I myself was only too aware of the difficulties that awaited me, but since it was offered to me, I did not want to leave this post to anyone else. Although I was convinced that France, as England

traditionally kept its distance, had to take over the leadership of Western Europe. In view of the unrestrained Francophilia prevailing in Adenauer's Bonn at the time, however, I feared that we would unconditionally renounce all our remaining opportunities and rights. I, too, hoped for a unification of Europe; however, the Bismarck Empire seemed to me to be the model worth striving for. France was to take on the role of Preußen, but we were to take on that of Bavaria, which insisted on "Bavarian interests" until the end of the First World War, and even to some extent until the Nazis seized power. I did not want capitulation, but an agreement on the order of precedence.

But before I could take up my post in Paris, many difficulties were to arise. First of all, the French wanted Dumont to become the second man in Paris. Since Mrs. Dumont, a Levantine, maintained close relations with the leading Frenchmen in Berlin, there seemed to me no reason to offer her husband the Paris post. But I couldn't imagine working well with Dumont on a personal level either. I therefore turned down the request to go to Paris as the third man. Because by then I knew that I held two trump cards: I had never belonged to the NSDAP, a major exception among my peers. And furthermore, I had never been on post in France. The latter was important insofar as it had been wisely decided not to appoint anyone as a German representative in a

country in which he had worked between 1933 and 1945. No matter how courageous and humane he may have been during the Nazi era, helping hundreds of people at great personal risk, there would always be some who would call him a savage.

Nazi slander. After some back and forth, I won the game, probably thanks to Blankenhorn's help: I would go to Paris as the second man. But even this did not put an end to the difficulties. Suddenly the French High Commissioner, François-Poncet, objected. For around three years, I had published a "Foreign Policy Letter" in Riedel, which appeared weekly on poor paper and in primitive hectography. In the beginning it contained almost exclusively press reports from abroad. Later, when it became easier for anyone interested to obtain information, it primarily contained foreign political commentary. François-Poncet, or rather Poncet's press officer, had apparently read through these more than one hundred and fifty letters word for word and noted that I had criticized French politics twelve or fourteen times. The fact that I had criticized American or English policy far more frequently and sometimes more harshly and had to a certain extent torn certain incidents in our own country to shreds did not interest the French; after all, they sometimes have a tendency to see only themselves in a self-centered way. Eventually this obstacle was also cleared out of the way. In the meantime, I had received instructions from Bonn to pay an inaugural visit to my future boss Hausenstein¹⁷ in Tutzing. I always thought Hausenstein's appointment was a masterful coup, even later when our personal relations cooled. He, only he, was able to open the door for us to the intellectual circles in Paris, which have a far greater influence on the social and political climate than we do. In Bonn, for example, it was

It is possible that a few years later, as Minister of the Interior, Brentano compared Bert Brecht to Horst Wessel in a speech to the Bundestag. In France he would have had to resign because of a general howl of rage, here in Germany only a few shrugged their shoulders. In the twenties, I had read a book by Hausenstein about Provence that I liked very much. Later, when I occasionally saw an essay by him about some painting, I reacted skeptically. As an enthusiastic listener to Wölfflin in Munich, I expected a picture to be placed in its historical context and analyzed in terms of its structure. Hausenstein, on the other hand, was not a historian, but only a critic and aesthete. In addition, like many writers of his generation, he used a flowery style, whereby one could tell that he was burdened with a mortgage of vanity, to paraphrase Bismarck. If I mention this at such length, it is only to explain that a close human relationship, about which he had harbored illusions for a long time, was impossible between us, but this did no harm to our objective task. He was, as I discovered when we first met, a medium-sized, slender, almost delicate man. Very well-groomed; and dressed accordingly, he looked extremely elegant, which would have a positive effect on the task he had been assigned. My first visit went well, even pleasantly. Shortly before I left for Paris, I paid my official visit to Francois-Poncet⁹, then the French High Commissioner. Until the outbreak of war, I had met the then French ambassador countless times, sometimes at receptions, sometimes in small circles in my capacity as a member of the protocol or as von Weizsäcker's personal advisor. He was a multifaceted personality and basically what we Germans imagine a French diplomat to be: elegant, characterized by Cartesian logic and familiar, perhaps all too familiar, with the tricks of our trade. When I entered his room, he pretended not to know me. That was unwise of him, for his behavior sent me into a cold rage. He gave me a brilliant lecture on Franco-German relations for about a quarter of an hour. I replied to him as follows: "Thank you, Your Excellency, for that brilliant analysis. Once again, I have learned a lot from it. The last time we saw each other, as far as I know, around February or March 1936, I was waiting for you in the hall of the Kaiserhof, where Ribbentrop was staying because his palace in Wilhelmstrasse was being renovated. He had asked you to join him at ten o'clock in the evening; it was one of his countless bores. He could just as easily have received you in the afternoon. As I escorted you up to him, I whispered to you in the elevator that Ribbentrop would tell you that Hitler would soon occupy the rest of Czechoslovakia. You only replied with the words 'Fuel romanticisme! Since then I have known that in French 'romanticisme' and 'crime' are synonyms." The remaining minutes of my visit took place in an extremely polite atmosphere. To his credit, I have to say that as a retired ambassador, he always spoke very positively and constructively about Franco-German understanding in his weekly column in *Le Figaro*. For example, he once warned French diplomats that they should not behave too cunningly and trickily towards us; it doesn't pay off in the long run.

At the beginning of **May** 1945 I boarded the night train to Paris, not without uncertainty. How would I find my way around the cosmopolitan city, how would I find accommodation, how would I manage the money?

and how would the Parisians treat me? To answer the last question in advance: As late as 1918, i.e. eight years after the First World War, it was still possible to be insulted if you spoke German in public. This time everything was different. In the three and a half years I spent in France, I was always able to speak German everywhere without even attracting attention.

Accompanied by Miss Stefanski, a Berlin original who knew her way around Paris, where she had worked at the embassy for years, and a "middle-ranking civil servant", now known as a "senior civil servant", we now formed the advance party. Hausenstein and other personnel followed a few weeks later. I don't want to dwell on the grotesque conditions under which we had to work in the Hôtel de Jéna and which improved only slightly even after the purchase of a rather dilapidated house. But they were an additional burden on our already difficult task. On the second day, I went up to the Arc de Triomphe in the evening. The sky was fading, it was the "blue hour". The street lights were already on and so were the lights of the cars that were rolling up and down the Champs-Élysées like an avalanche. It was a sight of overwhelming "splendor", but I don't want to make a fundamental judgment. After all these years of misery or rural modesty, I could hardly believe that such a thing still existed in this world. The next day was to be significant for me: I made my inaugural visits to the *Château de l'Orsay*, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. I felt insecure and even felt sorry for myself. But this visit was probably not pleasant for the French diplomats I had to visit either. At the end of the war and in view of our unconditional surrender, many of them had hoped that we Germans had finally come to an end; that we would never play a role in foreign policy again. And now, almost five and a half years later to the day, a German diplomat with a classic character and an unmistakably Prussian name presented himself to them. My first visit was to the German speaker Sauvagnargues." He received me in a reserved but extremely polite manner and even casually mentioned that he had studied in Germany. After a quarter of an hour, he led me to Seydow, who we understood to be the conductor of the European Abbey. I was then received by Alphand, the head of the European department. Both were extremely unfair and wanted to make me the scapegoat for all Nazi crimes and blame me for everything they disliked about the current situation in West Germany. They were not afraid to play up a wild speech by the foolish General Ramcke, for example, which had hardly been noticed in our country, as a kind of capital crime. They continued this game for some time. Every time I visited, **they** showered me with a flood of accusations. On **that** first visit I was horrified, later I was just irritated and finally bored. I soon developed my own tactics and, when they reeled off their litany, I just interjected laconically: I

Yes, oh really? That's news to me!" Only after many weeks, during which I visited them as seldom as possible, did they realize that they weren't getting anywhere with me with this nasty game and gave it up and had a factual conversation with me every time I visited. I returned to my office that first day outraged and at the same time wanted to keep this bad reception from Bonn as secret as possible. Otherwise there would have been a risk that I would have been dismissed for "incompetence"; and I didn't want that for the reasons explained above. First of all, I played "hare in the furrow" and made myself invisible. After about two weeks, Paul Medina⁴, a Viennese half-Jew who had been the Paris correspondent for the Frankfurter Zeitung before the war, appeared in my office. During the German occupation, Friedrich Siebur had covered for him in a noble manner by commissioning him to compile a German-French phrase book for the simple countryman. He wrote an original and in some parts highly amusing book about the common forms of speech used in everyday life.

To anticipate the rest of his life: After founding the "Frankfurter Allgemeine", he became its Paris correspondent. Over time, a very friendly relationship developed between him and me. A fortnight after my inaugural visit, he came to see me and said that at the Q_uai d'Orsay, with which he had excellent relations, they were wondering what I was doing and what I was up to. I replied that I was trying to set up the consulate general with great difficulty and had to deal with countless annoying little things, such as customs problems, on a daily basis. After another two weeks or so, he told me that people at the Q_uai d'Orsay were wondering why I was never seen there. I replied rather dryly that they must know that a consul has no business in a foreign ministry. After another deadline had passed, Medina gave me the news that the Q_uai d'Orsay wanted to hold political talks with me. So the breakthrough had been achieved, the test of patience, which had not been easy for me, had paid off. I had not chased after the French, but they had invited me to talks. I had won the first round of the poker game. I was able to report this invitation to talks to Bonn with the appropriate degree of modesty. In a roundabout way, I found out that I was praised there because I had been "well received" by the French. This was my unspoken comment: "Those clueless angels!"

We had only been in Paris for a few weeks when the Korean War broke out. I feared that this could be the prelude to the Third World War, even though EtzdorP⁷, who was more knowledgeable than I was, had already told me in '94 at the High Asperg that this war would not happen. In view of the military superiority of the USA (atomic bomb), I didn't believe it,

that the Red Army could advance as far as Paris. My worries were of a different kind: the Communists had a majority in all the suburbs of Paris. That's why there was talk of a 'red belt' around Paris. There was a danger that the center of the city would be besieged and at least partially occupied by the Communist suburbs. Even

If it only took a few days for the French army to put down the revolt, those few days could be extremely unpleasant. We therefore decided to evacuate women and children to Spain as soon as the first symptoms of such a development became apparent. KrapP', who had just transferred from the Schuman Plan delegation to the Consulate General, and I therefore took the shortest route to the Spanish border via Tours, Poitiers and Biarritz. We believed that once the "red belt" had been crossed, the women and children would not encounter any great difficulties.

Fortunately, all these preparations **turned out** to be superfluous, the Korean conflict did not develop into a world war. I don't like to think back to the next few months. They were the most difficult of my post-war years. I was constantly overwhelmed and often close to physical collapse. The fact that I could only afford two moderately furnished rooms for subletting due to lack of money, i.e. I was in worse accommodation than twenty years ago on my first post abroad in Rome, was still acceptable. On the other hand, I was very concerned about the state of the Consulate General. It was often small things that could have had the worst consequences. For example, a middle official told me, beaming, that he had called French customs and demanded very forcefully that they should finally release the three typewriters we urgently needed. I made it clear to him that if he had got hold of the wrong official and the latter had complained to the Ministry of the Interior, this could have turned into a full-blown incident. I then issued a directive to all the staff that any telephone call or letter to a French authority would require my personal authorization. After a while I withdrew it.

Hausenstein cost me a lot of my time - too much - not out of ill will, but out of ignorance in all matters of practical life. With his worldly-wise and intelligent wife, these problems were easier to discuss and settle. As he had hoped, he quickly made contact with the French museum officials. However, this led him to constantly develop exhibition plans. In doing so, he assumed that it was necessary to show the French what influence their "civilization" had had on our cultural life over the centuries. The idea of showing the French that we had also achieved something in the cultural field did not occur to him. I let him have his way, and over time, when almost all his plans had failed, he became less active and more skeptical. It was natural that he saw me as a "brother in spirit" and constantly wanted to talk to me about literature and painting, but it took up too much of my time. It only became worrying when he wanted to make me his confidant and discuss his personal problems with me. His Catholic faith had the exaggerations of a convert, which made me uncomfortable, as it did most native Catholics. I withdrew more and more from **this** personal area. My distancing offended him, our relationship suffered as a result, but I had no other choice; we were too different.

Before I report on further developments in Paris, I would like to say something about my attitude towards the "liaison office", which later became the Foreign Office. I had grave misgivings. Unfortunately, Blankenhorn took little interest in the office, but orbited Adenauer's sun like a planet. The political department was headed by the older Kordt, while Baas³⁰ and his deputy Melchers³¹ were responsible for personnel matters. All three were characterized by a noble attitude and absolute integrity. At the same time, however, they were old-style civil servants and basically only wanted to rebuild the old "Wilhelmstrasse", as it had existed until 1933, true to nature on the banks of the Rhine. They took too little notice of the fact that the whole world had changed fundamentally in the meantime. Nor did they realize that diplomacy was increasingly taking place in the form of conferences, to which people were rushing across continents and oceans in airplanes. You might regret this development - as I did - but you couldn't escape it. All in all, one had to realize that the new office did not provide any political impetus, no ideas or suggestions were brought to Adenauer, whose attitude towards our diplomats was in any case largely determined by a mixture of contempt and mistrust. The only one who was actively involved in foreign policy was Herwarth.³² As head of protocol, he constantly met with the Allied diplomats, represented our interests and gathered information that Kordt was unable to obtain. I also had reservations about the personnel policy, especially the reinstatement of some of the Wilhelmstraßen diplomats. I assumed that I would be consulted because, between

193 and 1943, who repeatedly stood in for Weizsäcker as his personal advisor, wanted to know exactly how individuals behaved in those evil years.

I did. But I wasn't asked, even though it could have saved the office a lot of later attacks and difficulties. I would have liked to stay in Bonn, but perhaps they couldn't spare me as a non-Pg in the field. Maybe some people wanted me out of the way because they found me uncomfortable.

I traveled to Bonn about twice a month to fight through requests of a personnel or financial nature for the Consulate General, but also to get information. For years to come, the flow of information was almost exclusively in the direction of Aus-land-Bonn. We abroad were largely in the dark about what people at headquarters were thinking or doing. To name just one example, a four-power conference on Germany was held in Paris in June in the so-called "Palais Rose". The General Consulate was only occasionally informed about it by the French, and understandably so, because the importance of the issues discussed there far exceeded the level of a general consulate. On the other hand, the Federal Government was informed in detail by the High Commission, as I was able to ascertain during the first days of the conference. I then wrote a letter to Blankenhorn, which he held in his hands the next day, as it had been delivered personally by someone traveling to Bonn. It stated that rumors were circulating in Paris about a four-power conference, which I did my best to deny. For since I had not received the slightest hint from Bonn

I had to assume that it was a "hoax". Blankenhorn understood this tactful hint; from then on, we received a steady stream of telegraphic messages.

- information that was already encrypted at the time. However, a fundamental "breakthrough" had not yet been achieved. Three years later, I still had to complain from Washington about a lack of information, which was less serious there, by the way, as KrekeleN³ and I were informed in detail by the State Department. But in other areas, too, there were frequent disputes between the senior officials of the "Koblenz Criminal Police" and myself, although, as we had been friends for a long time, these always took the most pleasant forms. If I mention such a case here, it is not in polemical form, but merely as a reference to the fact that I had to try to get to grips with the unclear and sometimes chaotic situation at the 'front' in Paris, often using quite unorthodox methods. In Bonn, on the other hand, the bureaucratic approach was to stick to the letter of any laws or regulations that I was simply not allowed to observe if I wanted to apply common sense and humanity. It was the following:

From a certain point onwards, we were allowed by the Allies to issue passports to our compatriots on our own again. Fortunately, Bonn had taken good organizational precautions and seconded a senior and three mid-level officials to **Paris** to deal with the expected rush of applicants. Apart from a few exceptions, they were former members of the Wehrmacht who had been imprisoned in France. In order to be released from the camps earlier, they had undertaken to remain in France for another three or four years as agricultural workers. They now applied to the Consulate General for a German passport, usually presenting a tattered pay book. In thousands of cases, this did not cause any difficulties, but there were exceptions, and that is what I was concerned with.

Only those who had been resident in the "Greater German Reich" before the outbreak of war, which, to anticipate, included the 'Protectorate of Bohemia', were entitled to a Pafi.

and Moravia' did not formally belong. Until the summer of '93, a brother and sister, say Hans and Frieda, had lived together in Prague. In August, Frieda had bought herself a job. Hans, on the other hand, had remained in Prague but had been drafted at the beginning of September as a member of the "German master race". He had then fought on all fronts for more than five years and was imprisoned in France for another year. Now he applied for a Pafi. If I stuck to the letter of the law, I wasn't allowed to issue him with one, because he had never lived in the 'Gron' German Reich'. I didn't give a damn about this regulation; Hans received a passport with my signature.

When I told Theo Kordt about this a few days later in Bonn, he was completely taken aback. He looked at me with a furrowed brow and said I couldn't do that. I replied that I had already done that and would behave in the same way in similar cases. The conversation became lively, but the tone was kept within limits, as Theo Kordt was my

fatherly friend, which pleased me, even though he was only eight years older than I. Everyone insisted on their own arguments. Finally, I suggested a compromise: I would see to it that the sentence was added to every passport for a "German Bohemian", and the aforementioned "Hans" fell into this category, in contrast to the Sudeten Germans: 'This passport is only valid for entry into the Federal Republic of Germany'. Because I **told** myself that once said Hans was in Germany, the devil take him if he couldn't find his way around. In any case, I was free and clear of responsibility for him once he was outside our jurisdiction. Kordt couldn't help but accept my suggestion, but I could still see a certain resentment in him that I had put him in such a position.

Slowly, things in Paris began to fall into place. At my request, the young Noebel^o, with whom I had been friends since 94, was transferred to the Consulate General. He was calm and cheerful at the same time, politically interested and talented. He didn't care about work, but when it came down to it, he had it thick as a fist behind his ears. As I was still quite isolated, I welcomed his arrival on both a human and a professional level. The second person I would like to mention is Paul Frank^{o6}, currently State Secretary at the Federal Foreign Office. Because he was Hausenstein's choice, I was looking forward to his arrival with great anticipation. The very first evening we spent in private, a friendship was forged that has remained untarnished to this day, twenty-two years later. This friendship contradicts all the rules of sociology with which we are over-fed today. He came from the very south-west of Germany, from Singen am Hohentwiel, I came from the far east-south-east, namely Silesia. He is a dark, rather small and pycnical type and comes from petty bourgeois, but always politically interested circles, I am his exact opposite in everything. Right from the start, I was impressed by his razor-sharp mind and his wealth of political ideas. But the thing that has always united us the **most** was that, despite our commitment to a united Europe, we were equally determined not to allow our national substance to be sold off.

In the late fall of 1950, the Consulate General was adequately staffed, but we had been sent two or three rivets from Bonn as well as a few others who were good and diligent civil servants, but not interested in foreign policy and saw diplomacy as a kind of black magic. It was therefore much more difficult for me than three years later in Washington to unite at least the members of the political department into a group united by good comradeship and friendship or, as one would put it in modern German, to integrate them into a team. It was not until a year later, when I had already become deputy head of the German delegation for the negotiations on the "European Defense Community" (EDC), that a corresponding circle was formed with me as "age president".

As soon as the work situation at our office had stabilized to some extent, I used every free minute to look around not only in Paris, but also among the *Français moyens*. It is said of the industrious Poincaré^{o7} that he wanted everything, but nothing

understood, while the lazy Briand³ ' knew nothing, but understood everything. Briand's statement that he had to walk along the Seine-Q_uais for at least an hour every day and watch the anglers to find out what the French people were thinking seems credible. Following his example, I not only visited churches, palaces and museums, but also ate in restaurants for cab drivers at lunchtime - often delicious, by the way - and safi on a stool in a bistro in the evening. What I thought I had intuitively gleaned from this atmosphere **had to pass through the** lack of logic, which for me is only a control instance and not a value in itself, due to **mental** discipline. Only then did I report my impressions to Bonn. My predictions, which often turned out to be correct, met with little sympathy in Bonn. For years - right up to the collapse of the EDC in igen - people there were lulled into euphoric ideas about the good will, indeed the selflessness of French politics.

In the fall of i p3o, I met Professor Hallstein³ '. He led the German delegation at the Schuman Plan negotiations and thus became one of the "founding fathers" of the European Coal and Steel Community. I had no idea of the influence he would soon have on our foreign policy and also on my career. We spent the evening together in a restaurant in Paris. He reminded me of Montini in his outward appearance and his high intelligence." His extensive and precise **knowledge** proved that he was extremely diligent. But what amazed me most was how he was able to turn any political problem into a legal issue in the blink of an eye. I began to doubt whether he had an organ for fair politics in the narrower sense. It was later said that he once said that foreign policy could be conducted like a civil trial. A few years later, "Carstens", one of the many professors who shared power in the Foreign Office under Hallstein, answered my suggestion that we should strive for a better relationship with the British with the question: "Yes, but what kind of treaty can we conclude with them? At the time, he did not understand that a treaty can only be the end and not the beginning of a political development. For the sake of fairness, however, I must add in conclusion that the all-powerful State Secretary Hallstein treated me personally with preferential treatment. When I reported to his secretariat from Paris or Washington, I could almost always expect to be given an appointment for a long personal conversation with him on the same day, an appointment that others would have to wait days for, only to be given short shrift. I was never able to find out what made him give me such preferential treatment. Perhaps he regarded me as an exotic bird that he found amusing to watch?

Before I report on the second phase of **my** stay in Paris, my participation in the EDC conference, I would like to tell you how I gradually got to know far more about France than I later did about the United States. In the summer, we often drove to Etretat on the Normandy cliffs in several cars. Over time, I saw almost all of the famous cathedrals, such as Amiens, Reims and Rouen. I must confess to having reservations about these three cathedrals from the high and late Gothic period.

to have stood there. The dissolution of the structures into refined ornamentation went too far for me compared to the tightly structured façade of Notre Dame in Paris, which I admired. Chartres was unique in its own way, but I was most impressed by the Romanesque cathedrals of Vézelay and Autun. On my excursions, I learned to love this French countryside, disdainfully referred to as "provincial" by Parisians, and its simple inhabitants, something I never really managed to do with Paris.

What struck me as odd, however, were the social conditions in France, which in my eyes lagged behind the reforms that had already been introduced in France at the turn of the century.

Germany had been introduced. The revolutions of 1848, 1849, 1871 and 1872 were bourgeois in nature and did not take into account the interests of the working class. Even today, the worker does not belong to "society" (*ne fait pas partie de la société*). When one day

One day my porter's wife asked me who the gentleman was who had just left the house, and she gave me an answer that seemed self-evident to her: "It wasn't a gentleman, sir, it was a worker!" Little has changed to this day; the integration of the working class has made little progress. Their social ambition seems surprisingly low in German eyes.

Perhaps this is partly due to the fact that most workers have relatives in the countryside who, in keeping with the still largely unbroken rural sense of family, naturally invite them to spend the vacations with them. There they can go fishing, the epitome of happiness for large sections of the population. But can this go on forever or will the workers one day break up the encrusted social order and make up for "their" revolution? A question of fate for the whole of Europe. Incidentally, there is also a similar example in German history: since the end of the war, our left-wing intellectuals have been complaining that the Age of Enlightenment has passed us Germans by without leaving any significant traces. This is probably due to the fact that in Germany, the Reformation already anticipated many of the things that the Enlightenment in the Catholic countries only took up two and a half centuries later. This, however, was a development that did not leave the liberalism never came to full fruition in Germany.

In the meantime, a plan was emerging that would also fundamentally determine my professional future for two and a half years: the EDC. In the summer of 1951, Hallstein, as head of the German delegation, had already been successfully negotiating the "Schuman Plan"², which formed the starting point for the "Coal and Steel Community".

Adenauer's first visit to Paris was an exciting and significant event. I had briefly checked in with the Chancellor before taking up my post in Paris, but **now** and, as it turned out, in the following years, first in Paris and later in Washington, I would have the opportunity to observe him closely. He fascinated me: he began a glittering career at an age when others already had one foot in the grave.

When he got off the train, I was able to look at him impartially from the second limb. He looked grumpy, an impression that was reinforced by his slenderness. His one

his age seemed to be a little stiff in the knees, which is why he walked a little sluggishly. But when he stood bolt upright, he looked like a man who had just turned 60. He had just reached the age of 60. His leathery facial skin gave the impression that Mongolian or Indian blood flowed through his veins, so that a joker from Bonn nicknamed him "Chief Dark Cloud" during the last hard years of his regiment. When he looked at his surroundings with cold condescension, you could feel that this was someone who was destined by nature to rule.

He has been compared to the Italian princes of the Renaissance because of his contempt for humanity, his cynicism and the way he dealt with truth and lies. This comparison is flawed in one crucial respect: he never needed to have people imprisoned or even killed in order to get his way. Examples of his cynicism and contempt for humanity could be cited in great numbers, but let others do that. Although he was decidedly anti-clerical, he remained a faithful son of the Catholic Church. And although he hated everything Prussian, he had unconsciously inherited much in his behavior and actions from his father, the royal Prussian sergeant. Why I initially approved of his policies, but later rebelled against them, will be the main subject of the following chapters. Here I would just like to talk about my personal relationship with him. He impressed me and I had respect for him. At the same time, I knew that I could not count on any sympathy from his side. Apart from Blankenhorn, with whom he had a mutual love affair, he only tolerated people around him who adored him or were unreservedly submissive. He made an exception for Globke, who pursued a sophisticated personnel policy for him throughout Germany. However, it was never my place to idolize politicians or at least appear submissive. The second burden that weighed me down in his eyes was my liberal Prussianism, a particularly bad combination. And, of course, it had not escaped his notice that I had been close to the victims of July 20. But he felt the greatest mistrust towards the survivors. Anyone who had taken part in a conspiracy once could do so again. He demanded "Cadaver obedience".

The success of his first appearance abroad exceeded the expectations of even the optimists. He moved with taciturn, somewhat rigid dignity and the greatest reserve. Even in view of the great successes he reaped in the years that followed, I never saw any expression of satisfaction, let alone triumph, on his face. What was granted to him in the coming years by the representatives of all friendly powers, e.g. the right of way for the patriarch, he regarded as the tribute due to him. This also corresponded to the attitude he took towards his own state, which he regarded as his patrimony, and towards democracy. Certainly, democracy had decisive advantages over dictatorship, but the fact that it also provided for the possibility of a change of roles between government and opposition was certainly a serious mistake.

Later, at another conference, I looked directly behind him and was able to observe how he conducted himself during the negotiations. I must say in advance that I could hardly muster the necessary concentration for such negotiations, which dragged on for many hours. I tried to pick out the important points from the endless series of speeches. But when, according to my expectations, the same empty straw was being threshed out for the sixth time, I stopped listening, suddenly realized that an important point was still being discussed and had to whisper to the member of our delegation sitting next to me to find out what it was actually about. Adenauer, who had taken part in the discussion briefly from time to time in the morning, didn't seem to be paying attention in the afternoon either. He drew the names of Parisian streets and squares on a piece of paper with his large wooden pen, which corresponded to his physical habitus: Place de la Concorde, Rue Saint Honoré, etc. But when it seemed as if the negotiations were about to end, he surprisingly spoke up - and held a maneuvering critique, so to speak. It seemed simple and yet it was reproachful, a combination that I have only seen in him in my entire life. For example, he spoke of "my friend" de Gasperi⁴ and his "esteemed colleague" Schuman.⁴ He singled out the representatives of each state one by one and praised them, but of course only in homeopathic doses. Nevertheless, these highly wealthy "statesmen" were as relieved, even delighted, as a primary school pupil whose class teacher was eager to send them off on vacation.

The claim that it was de Gaulle who brought about Franco-German understanding was a legend created by Adenauer. For it was Schuman who had laid the foundations for this. Adenauer, however, had no sympathy for him and his ascetic Catholicism, and it was obvious. Nor did he like the fact that Schuman liked to say that he had fought on the German side in the First World War. Nor did he have any sympathy for the almost romantic idealism with which this quiet, modest man championed Franco-German friendship. On the last day of his visit, Adenauer took a few hours off. On this occasion, I learned a few things about his personal dislikes and preferences. He did not find the famous Parisian "flics" (policemen), who carry out their duties elegantly and effectively, "tight" enough and thought of a sergeant who carried out his duties strictly according to a royal Prussian regulation. He also disapproved of the old candelabras on the Place de la Concorde. But then he visited the classical paintings in the Louvre and took his time. The French saw this as a gesture, a bow to their nation, which was to thank for the accumulation of all these treasures. But that was not the case: Old paintings were not just the chancellor's hobby - he also knew something about them. The Director General led him respectfully through the halls, stopped in front of the portrait of a young man and said: "This is a Giorgione". The old man was silent for a few seconds and said: "A beautiful picture - but it's not a Giorgione." The general director, half surprised, half embarrassed, admitted that this attribution was indeed controversial. At the very end, when we were all a little exhausted, Adenauer asked: "And where is the little picture of

Rembrandt; with the boy and his red cap and the dog? You know what I mean." The director general, meanwhile, didn't know anything and called the head of department, who explained that the picture was in the magazine and asked if he should send for it. To which Adenauer, now feeling completely at home again and used to people following his every **hint**, replied laconically: 'Yes, that's what you do.'

In the summer of 1953 there was a significant change in my career, but above all something decisive had happened in Bonn. Adenauer had appointed Hallstein State Secretary of the Foreign Office. When I asked Blankenhorn what he thought of this appointment, he said that he justified it. Hallstein could relieve him of a lot of work that he could no longer cope with anyway. As it soon turned out, this was the most serious error of judgment that Blankenhorn had made in his long and successful career. From then on, Blankenhorn's monopoly with Adenauer was called into question. Hallstein orbited the Chancellor like a second planet and was devoted to him to the point of obedience, even when he tormented him in a tyrannical mood. This was an embarrassing impression for the Chancellor. For Adenauer, Hallstein, with his broad range of **knowledge**, was a living encyclopaedia. In addition, thanks to his enormous manpower, Hallstein was able to get to grips with the Foreign Office apparatus, which had now grown into a large authority, down to its finest ramifications, something that Blankenhorn had never attempted. Hallstein also strengthened his own power by appointing one professor after another to the Foreign Service or at least entrusting them with important special tasks. Some of them, e.g. "Grewe" and Carstens, learned the diplomatic trade after a number of years and proved themselves in both the domestic and foreign service. But even today, legalistic thinking often produces exotic and by no means pleasant results for us. Just one example from the years after my resignation: at the height of their friendship in 1962, when I was already in the service, de Gaulle proposed a joint declaration to the Chancellor that was intended to show the world the extent of Franco-German agreement. It was, as the Anglo-Saxons would say, a serious but legally non-binding 'declaration of intent'. As soon as our international law experts got their hands on the text, they remarked that this declaration had to be turned into a binding treaty requiring ratification. When it came to a debate on the treaty in the Bundestag, a majority demanded that the treaty be preceded by a preamble, which it was. The preamble stated that our relationship with NATO and the other allies would not be affected by this treaty. De Gaulle was furious, because his "declaration of intent" was supposed to be the first step towards slowly freeing the Federal Republic from its close ties to NATO and the Anglo-Saxon powers and winning it over as a junior partner in his idiosyncratic foreign policy. This was not possible. On the other hand, however, the Chancellor now had a treaty text in his hands which he could use to constantly reproach the Federal Republic. Through their perfectionism, our international law experts had managed to ensure that we were constantly involved in *relations* with France.

In the summer of 1951, the European Coal and Steel Community, which was based on the Schuman Plan, was practically a done deal. A new negotiation proposal was already on the table, this time not in Luxembourg but in Paris. It was the so-called Pleven Plan, an American-French compromise. At a conference in New York on German rearmament, the Americans and French had clashed violently. Finally, they agreed on the creation of a "European Defense Community", or EDC for short.⁴ The idea was to unite soldiers from the six Western European allies into a single unit as far as possible, thereby depriving us West Germans of the opportunity to wage war on our own! I had other forms of our defense contribution in mind. I would have preferred a highly technical professional army of about 100,000 men. There could have been American control officers in every department of the Ministry of Defense and every divisional staff; above all, however, such an army would have had to be subordinate to a strong civilian Minister of Defense so as not to form a state within a state, as the Reichswehr once did. But of course I knew that such a plan was not feasible in our then and still weak state. The officers had automatically developed into an elite, a term that is currently a red rag to our left-wing extremist youth, even though they themselves claim all the privileges of an elite.

My other idea moved in the opposite direction: could we not plan the deployment of as many divisions as possible at the preparatory stage and then let Moscow deal with half or two thirds of them in return for corresponding concessions from Moscow on the issue of gradual reunification? Be that as it may, now that the Pleven Plan was in place, we West Germans had to try to make the best of it. However, I resisted from the outset against elevating it to a credo.

We always had to strive to hold an alternative as a trump card. With this view, to the extent that I even cautiously expressed it, I subsequently came into a smouldering conflict with Bonn. There, the thesis was repeatedly put forward: "There is no alternative to the EDC!" This played a trump card for the French opponents of the EDC, i.e. the Gaullists and Communists in particular. All they had to do was let the EDC fail - because of insufficient concessions on our part - and the German rearmament would once again be postponed *ad calendas graecas*. I must say, however, that my criticism of the "no alternative" thesis only began later, when the EDC was already heading for its first crisis.

First of all, however, I had to devote myself to practical matters, because in June Theo Blank⁴, who was to lead our delegation, arrived in Paris with a few companions. I will always remember Theo Blank fondly. He was a member of the Bundestag and belonged to the trade union wing of the CDU. His appearance corresponded to the image I had of a Westphalian worker: stocky, coarse-boned and of irrepressible vitality

and energy. He was proud of his origins, had the greatest integrity, tackled problems head-on in negotiations, fought them through and, for all his negotiating skills, never resorted to dubious tricks. I always got on well with him and I believe that he also held me in high esteem despite his fundamental distrust of all diplomats. However, you had to be prepared for the fact that he occasionally had a "tantrum" because he felt overplayed or betrayed for some inexplicable reason, which would never have occurred to anyone around him. But there was a very simple way to deal with such a tantrum: You simply had to leave the room, and after an hour his anger would be forgotten and gone.

His closest friends included the colonels Fett⁴ and Kielmansegg." I had been on first-name terms with the latter for years because he had been at the same boarding school in the Unstrut valley and I had met him there as a proud student. But I also soon developed a close, comradely relationship with Fett, an almost ingeniously inventive officer. I never understood why he wasn't accepted into the Bundeswehr, where officers of his type were urgently needed. Were there really weighty reasons for this rejection, or was it a mere intrigue of the Bonn viper's nest? The third was Privy Councillor Roediger⁵, who was to take part in the negotiations as a representative of the Foreign Office. Handsome, with a well-thought-out face, he was a disciple of Wilhelm von Humboldt, well-educated and of analytical intellect. But he didn't fit in with our group, which was not about analysis but about activities that, under Blank's leadership, were often violent, even drastic. I felt sorry for Roediger, because people either smiled at him or ignored him. What an absurd personnel policy to give him this job!

Only a few weeks passed before he was called back to Bonn; at the same time I received instructions to report to Hallstein. I had a bad feeling, which was true: Hallstein told me that I was to become Blank's representative and at the same time protect the interests of the Office in the negotiations. When I told him that this was a "suicide mission", he was shocked. On the other hand, I saw no way of turning down the job. My prediction proved to be correct both for the internal area, i.e. our delegation, and for the political area, i.e. the negotiations. To assess the state of the delegation when I left in November 1953 in the direction of

Washington on its departure: It consisted of almost two hundred people at the time.

These were representatives of various departments, some of whom had nothing better to do than argue and even fight. The worst of all was the representative of the Ministry of Finance. He was indescribably hard-working and always worked late into the night, but his diligence was of the kind that foreigners so often criticize about us. Once a week, Blank and later I held a chief's meeting. The heads of our representation in the various committees, e.g. military, economy, finance, justice and administration, came together for a detailed exchange of views. It was a Herculean task to keep this bunch reasonably in order, especially,

when Blank only came to Paris very rarely and briefly after the signing of the treaty. On the whole, the German representatives behaved cautiously and tactfully, but I had to warn them again and again about their eagerness. When I came to the Palais de Chail- lot, where the conference was meeting, and met two men in the corridor with thick briefcases under their arms, eagerly discussing, I whispered that they could only be Germans. No representative of any other nation would have done that. I brought this up in the management meetings and asked those present that they and their employees should not carry files with them in the corridors and conduct their discussions in the office. Once, the head of the Belgian delegation also pointed out the following to me: If it had been decided to prepare a detailed study on a problem in the next three weeks, not three days would pass before the Germans slammed a study of almost a hundred pages on the table for their partners; they didn't like that. Whenever I thought about my role as Blank's deputy or de facto head of the delegation, I felt depressed. While the other departments had sent a group of their officials to Paris, I was on my own. The office had only granted me a personal assistant, and I couldn't count on effective backing from the head of the office. If I still managed to get by to some extent during the almost two and a half years, I only have the soldiers to thank for that, especially their boss Speidel. Although he was older and higher-ranking than me, I could rely unconditionally on his support and friendship. As he attached great importance to the social and protocol side of life and was extremely obliging, I, like many others before and after me, initially suspected that he was perhaps an opportunist. But when you got to know him better, you realized that behind this smooth façade, which proved useful in my dealings with foreigners, there was a noble and strong character. This was confirmed by all those who were close to him during the war. But I was also on friendly terms with the other soldiers, most of whom were colonels. They were not wild-eyed militarists or hurrah-patriots, but were soberly in favor of this strange attempt at European unification in the military sphere of all things. But when I was once again in Bonn and visited the Federal Chancellery, where Blankenhorn had his office as well as Adenauer, a friend of Blankenhorn's from the same age rushed up to me and implored me to put a stop to Blankenhorn's extreme militarism. I promised to do my best, as I was not at all surprised that Blankenhorn, like his lord and master, was afflicted by "military fibers". In my eyes, the militarist Adenauer had already made a serious mistake. When it was clear to him that the Americans would insist on German rearmament, whatever the cost, he should have left the initiative to the Americans. When they made this demand, he should have said that he must have misheard them. Only five years after the war, we were supposed to rearm, surely that couldn't be true? He would have to think long and hard about it. Instead, he made the Americans an offer to rearm in unnecessary haste.

Instead of patiently negotiating something in return, he acted as a supplicant. When I entered Blankenhorn's office, the first thing I saw behind him was a large map of the Federal Republic hanging on the wall. It only took a few minutes before Blankenhorn stood up to show me the areas to which our twelve divisions were to be deployed. He loved to posture, quite spontaneously and **naively**, by the way, so that I could tease him about it without our friendship suffering as a result. For factual reasons, I spoiled his pleasure and asked him dryly if he didn't know that it would take two years before the first German soldier could shoulder a rifle. He exploded and shouted at the top of his voice that it couldn't be true. Although I wasn't very well versed in military matters myself, I pointed out to him the legal machinery that would first have to be set in motion and the barracks that would first have to be built, citing statements from the soldiers. After about a quarter of an hour he hung the **fictitious** role of commander in a **fictitious** cupboard for the time being, clever and quick as he was. But I couldn't guarantee that he wouldn't take it out again next week.

In the preceding pages, I have attempted to give a somewhat orderly account of the diverse and often contradictory impressions I had on the German side of the stage, to which I had been catapulted by Hallstein. If my misgivings were already great on the German front, the thought of having to play a role at an international conference made me recoil completely. As I had never attended League of Nations meetings, I lacked any experience of how things worked at a conference. In addition, I would be sitting opposite a group of diplomats who had been meeting at the conference table since 940 at the latest. On the one hand, they were skilled tacticians, and on the other, comrades who often called each other by their first names. On top of that, they all spoke the two most important languages, French and English, of which French was the mother tongue for the majority. My knowledge of French and English, however, was rusty due to lack of use. How was I supposed to overcome each of these obstacles and, on top of that, understand and critically evaluate the international legal text in which the result of an agreement was clothed? I had to rely entirely on the **lawyers in** our delegation.

However, the first few weeks of the conference went far beyond expectations. Blank proved to be a natural negotiator. He headed straight for his first goal: the absolute equality of the Federal Republic of Germany with the other participating states. He could be blustering but never hurtful, he often took the offensive without appearing aggressive, he was decent and absolutely genuine. After a few days, most delegates had respect for him. In the first few weeks, the Dutch only sat at the conference table as observers, but then they took part in the conference. If the negotiations concerned a particularly important point, the Americans and English also sent one or more observers.

If Blank was absent, which happened frequently at the beginning and was the rule after the signing, or if I had to negotiate with the foreigners for any other reason, I exercised the utmost restraint and caution. I moved as if on a thin layer of ice. Alphand, the president of the conference as the representative of the host country, tried to set one trap after another for me. One day he looked at his watch, realized that we still had twenty-five minutes until the lunch break, and suggested that we negotiate again on, say, Article XI, paragraph two, third paragraph. That was a perfidy. He wanted to get one of the most sensitive problems of the entire treaty over the hurdles in just a few minutes. He looked at me and asked: "What is the opinion of the delegate of the Federal Republic of Germany on this problem?" I replied laconically: "I have no instructions from Bonn on this subject". He turned red, to which I added that in order not to waste time unnecessarily, we could first listen to the opinions of the Italians, Belgians and Dutch on this point. The Italian chief delegate, who, unlike some of his colleagues, was a loser, pathos-filled a few meaningless phrases. In contrast, the Belgian and the Dutchman, as I had expected, tore apart not only Alphand's tactical approach but also the French proposal on the article in question. I could go to lunch with peace of mind. After the break, I spoke up, explained that I had received instructions in the meantime (which was not true), picked out those arguments from the speeches of the Belgian and the Dutchman that appealed to me, and thus gave the opinion of the German chief delegate. I soon realized that the Belgian and the Dutchman always offered me flank protection and gave me good advice when necessary. The Dutchman, Deputy Secretary General of NATO, also provided me with information from this area, to which we had no access, information that was important for assessing the overall situation. I have had a close friendship with the Belgian de Staerke^o and the Dutchman van Vredenburg³ since that time twenty years ago. Without their help, I would hardly have been able to complete my task. On top of that, they sang my praises everywhere, unexpectedly for me, as I felt insecure. This also reached Bonn and strengthened my position.

In the spring of 1953, I thought I sensed a change of climate among the French, and Speidel also had reservations. The phoenix-like rise of the Federal Republic was getting on the French's nerves. They had built countless restraints and controls into the treaty and now had to fear that these could also be directed against them. It is true that they had already secured some privileges for themselves at the beginning of the conference, despite the equality promised to us. For example, while we were to place all troops under the EDC, to which there was no objection, they demanded the release of a division outside this framework in order to be able to pursue their overseas interests, i.e. the defense of their colonial territory. The French had devised a particularly ingenious trick for the period after the signing of the treaty on [21. May 1953]. They demanded and achieved the establishment of a special interim committee, which was to be appointed by

clarification of a few additional questions was to ensure ratification by the French Chamber. Blank came to Paris for forty-eight hours every two weeks at most, so that I was practically the German representative on this committee, while Blank, assisted by Heusinger⁴, began to set up the Ministry of Defense. Until then there had only been one "Blank office". In that late phase of the EDC negotiations, politicians came in droves from Bonn to ask me what else could be done to appease the French so that the Chamber would ratify the treaty. My answer was always the same: The treaty was extraordinarily favorable to the French; I did not see what further concessions we could fairly make to them, except insignificant trifles. Of course, this answer did not satisfy my interlocutors.

Incidentally, there was another circumstance that convinced me that the EVG plan was a sham. I would do: The treaty had become so complicated that hardly anyone could find their way around it in its entirety, at least not me. It was a compilation of fair experts; but that is no foundation for an undertaking of this importance.

Of course, I could not reveal the full extent of my pessimistic assessment of the situation in Bonn, but limited myself to a skeptical stance. Because in view of the nervousness prevailing there, I would have achieved nothing other than being blamed for everything, the bearer of such bad news. There was only one politician to whom I openly expressed my opinion: Franz Josef Strauß." He was much more flexible, moderate and sociable back then than he is today. In view of his strong position within the Union parties and as a member of the government, I felt obliged, on the occasion of one of his visits to Paris, to dissuade him at least from adhering to the formula "There are no alternatives to the EDC" and to encourage him to think about some kind of fallback position. At first, he, who had arrived with all sails full, was blindsided. After an intensive but brief conversation, I had convinced him. He thanked me almost effusively - even many years later – and I implored him not to betray me, which he agreed to and kept.

Although my professional situation did not improve - the negotiations on the EGC remained extremely difficult, mainly because of the French partners – and although I could hardly expect any support from Bonn, let alone the will to live, the last year and a half in Paris gave me a long-buried zest for life. As in the years of terror, I didn't have to worry about my head and strength. In West Germany, the combination of the Marshall Plan and the typical German desire to work created the upswing that later became the "economic miracle". My family and friends also enjoyed a certain economic well-being compared to the previous decade. As my salary had also been increased, I decided to enjoy my life again. Instead of buying a decent apartment, I spent the money on going out in the evenings. There were no social obligations. Because the French, just like the

Even in normal times, Italians hardly ever invite acquaintances to their homes, but at most to a restaurant for lunch. And apart from the fact that even the diplo- mats at NATO didn't socialize much, we didn't belong to that circle yet. So I was usually free to spend my evening as I pleased. Several times a month I invited the "young people" from the EDC delegation and the Consulate General, insofar as they belonged to the political departments, along with their wives to dinner, which had the advantage that I also came into closer contact with them. It became a sport to keep discovering new restaurants, mostly on the "rive gauche", where you could eat well and not too expensively. I have special memories of the "Coq d'Or", opposite the Ile de la Cité. We sat at a long table and had a view of Notre Dame illuminated at night through the windows. A small restaurant in a narrow side street of the Boulevard St. Germain with only a few tables was of a completely different kind. You could only really eat there as a couple. I remember an evening with Kielmansegg, who was clever and superior enough to familiarize me laymen with the strategic problems we were negotiating at the EDC conference in a generally understandable way. The first thing you saw when you opened the doors was a spherical aquarium containing two or three goldfish. In front of it lay a large black and white spotted tomcat with a lustful, greedy look, occasionally beating the bar table with his oversized tail, but also occasionally hitting the lump of butter behind him. I think it's an American delusion that good food goes hand in hand with hygiene, but in any case the food in this small restaurant was excellent for little money. Incidentally, you only had to go to the famous cafés "Les Deux Magots" or

"Flore" as far as you could sit on the streets in the good season. It was

It was enough to watch the strolling crowd slowly passing by the tables. My delight was the flowery, delicate Indochinese women who **stepped** out of their luxury limousines in silver and white brocade dresses, their tight skirts slit almost to their hips, and tripped to the excellent restaurants next door. You didn't need to be active to experience something in those famous beach cafés. One evening, I was sitting at a small table with a friend and we were chatting in German. A waiter, who probably already recognized me as an old customer, came up to us and said in that classic French that even the little man in Paris speaks, with a cheerfully mischievous face: "Well, your Adenauer has once again pulled a fast one on us!" We both laughed out loud and I thought to myself: 'If only this French petty bourgeois with his sense of humor were president of our EDC conference! He could make the same demands as the arrogant Hervé Alphand, only it would be much harder for me to **brush them off.**'"

Another acquaintance was an Englishman, a little younger than me. You could see him so- He was a member of the elite of English public schools, which had raised the next generation of the British Empire for generations, but now seem to have fallen victim to the global tendency towards leveling. I watched him from the

The corner of his eye: Both his suit and his shirt were of the very best cut, without standing out in the slightest. Only his tie was crooked. I grinned to myself, because this crooked tie was proof of a highly cultivated snobbery that belonged to the pinnacle of elegance and was intended to give the impression of "immaculate carelessness". Somehow we struck up a conversation and once again I admired the refinement of English manners. To the casual observer, they seem 'quite natural', but even after years of acquaintance, they allow each of the two interlocutors to slip away without criticism or even hostility. My younger "friend" always came late to one of the street caf  s and then hurriedly poured quantities of whisky down his throat. Afterwards he offered me a ride home, a member of the British Embassy by the way. As he drove down and up the streets at a hundred-kilometer pace, I asked him to slow down a little. He calmly explained that I didn't need to worry. He had commanded a Tor pedoboat during the war, an argument that didn't exactly reassure me. A few weeks later, I lost sight of him.

A special kind of meeting point was a bar on the side of the Saint Germain des Pr  s church, a small pub called "L'Albay  ", where two Americans, a Weiller and a Negro, sang along to the guitar: American songs or more recent hits, but above all older English songs and especially, with a good accent, the classic, centuries-old French chansons. The visitors to this bar formed a kind of club and you often met friends there who had come to Paris for just 24 hours and hadn't had time to check in.

One evening I left this Albay   a little tipsy. As the mild air of a Parisian summer night enveloped me, I felt as if the last 20 years had been nothing but a nightmare from which I was awakening. Looking up at the sky, I remembered the "Merchant of Venice" and whispered to myself: "The moon shines bright on such a night as this . "

On one of the last days of June or the first days of July 1933 A German delegation led by Theo Blank flew to Washington to meet the Americans for the first time in their history.

to discuss military issues in our own capital. While Blank flew from Cologne to New York with Heusinger, the Bonn partner of Speidel in Paris, as well as some military experts and "Ahlers" as a press officer, I boarded a plane in Paris to join our delegation in New York as a representative of the Foreign Office, which initially caused a tantrum with Blank; I had been forced on him and his delegation as an informer. I took no notice of this. My first flight across the Atlantic still had a pinch of adventure in it. I still don't understand the advantage of reaching New York from Europe in six hours instead of twelve. To save time, of course," is the reason given. Yet since time immemorial, acquaintances or even friends have never had as little time to listen patiently to each other as they do today. The faster we race around the globe, the more we lose

We had the opportunity to maintain personal contact with our fellow human beings. So I flew from Paris to Shannon, the big airport on the west coast of Ireland, in the evening. At dusk, I could already see Limerick to our right, which was obviously the starting point for the countless "Limmericks", whose witty and often hilariously inappropriate flinty verses have amused the hearts of many Irish and countless Anglo-Saxons for generations. We landed in Shannon in the dark of night. The airport buildings were reminiscent of a sprawling barracks. While I was still realizing that we were obviously in a country of highly aggressive Catholicism, because posters in the corridors only fifty meters away announced when, where and how often one could (and must) attend mass during the day, a cohort of elderly American women rushed past me. In their mink furs and blue ringlets, they headed for the duty-free store, apparently believing they could finance their three-week tour of Europe with the nine dollars they saved on three bottles of scotch or bourbon. We, the other passengers, were served a good dinner at the airline's expense. In the meantime, our plane had refueled and we took off for the flight across the Atlantic, an uncomfortable undertaking despite all the statistics to the contrary. In the early hours of the morning local time, we landed in Gander, an American base in Newfoundland, i.e. on Canadian soil, to refuel again. In the miserable barracks, a few "gls" were lolling around on hard chairs, others were happily playing cards - it was bleak. But as we flew on, we experienced a magnificent sunrise and discovered white dots in the blue sea below us: small icebergs. A few hours later we landed in New York. I was a bit shaken up, but relieved to have solid ground under my feet again. New York, where we only stayed for a short time, fascinated me, but at the same time frightened me to the core, a judgment that would not change in the years that followed. The fascination was not only based on the magnificent museums or Fifth Avenue, which far surpassed the beauty of the Champs-Élysées or the Roman Via Veneto, which had been disfigured by travel agencies or car dealerships. There was also a certain resemblance to the Berlin of the 1920s in the air. But the horror prevailed. This city was a Moloch that devoured or trampled on everything, only to one day perish of its own accord. Bert Brecht said of "the long houses of the island of Manhattan: "What will remain of these cities is the wind that passed through them." And a few years later, the Düsseldorfer

"Kom(m)ödchen": "We all live in Babel and are building the Great Tower."

The next day we flew on to Washington. As an East German, I liked the spaciousness of the city and the architectural and horticultural beauty of the suburbs. Apart from the devilish climate, it was a good place to live. On the other hand, I had the feeling that washing clay had just come from the dry cleaners and, wrapped in cellophane, was guaranteed to be germ-free. This can perhaps be explained by the fact that this city had been artificially created out of thin air and that the ruling class consisted of politicians, journalists, civil servants and their entourage *from outside the city*. In the meantime, the

atmosphere had changed due to the racial riots - in no way for the better. The talks that our delegation held with the American generals at the Pentagon went smoothly, as both sides were working from the same starting point: A firmly established and well-functioning EDC and, as back-up, a large number of NATO divisions. But our visit was not to pass without surprise. At the same time, the Americans, British and French held a meeting in Washington. "conference". This term was wrongly chosen, nowadays one would speak more precisely of a "routine consultation". But in Bonn, "all the puppets were dancing" because the "Ute Herr", in his abysmal mistrust of everyone, once again thought it possible that the three Western powers could sell us some kind of counter-pleasure from Moscow to the East. He hastily dispatched Blankenhorn to Washington, who landed on the negotiating table of the three Western powers like a paratrooper. It seems to be one of the much-vaunted commonalities of the parties in the Federal Republic that the opposition accuses the government of undue haste. Back then, the SPD accused the ruling CDU of undue haste towards the West; today, the CDU accuses the ruling SPD/FDP coalition of undue haste towards the East. In my view, both accusations are not unjustified. This seems to be a fundamental weakness in our relationship with other countries. We could have made a constructive contribution to the foreign policy of the three Western powers towards the East in all modesty back then. Instead, we took the precaution of vetoing even the slightest Western initiative towards Moscow in advance. On the other hand, the integration of the West with far-reaching supranationality, i.e. the renunciation of sovereignty, did not proceed quickly enough for us; easy enough for us, since we

*9j 3 did not have any sovereignty anyway. And on top of that, Adenauer constantly engaged a foreigner as "Foreign Minister" for the Federal Republic, first McCloy and Monnet and later Bidault." That we owe a debt of gratitude to the first two is equally clear.

The question was how, data Bidault was two-faced and wanted to dupe us. It seemed to me that it was unworthy of us to lament and rush ahead, to develop no initiative of our own and at the same time to smell betrayal everywhere.

But back to Blankenhorn: he was not only charming and lively on the international stage, but as a loyal friend he had also decided to shine the spotlight of publicity on my person. In a stentorian voice, he explained to anyone who wanted to hear it or not that in a few weeks I would be transferred to Washington as a representative of the head of the Krekeler administration with the title of envoy. I was doubly uncomfortable about this. Diplomats in leading positions should always be there: In the drafting of new foreign policy guidelines, in the preparation of a conference as well as at the conference itself, and even more so during state visits. They should present their views energetically, even "brashly". At the same time, however, they should remain in the shadows on all sides, especially vis-à-vis the press.

I didn't like this publicity in my favor, and I also considered it premature. Because since IQ3 8, since Ribbentrop became our so-called RAM (Reichsaußenmini-

ster), and also under the Adenauer regime, there was trouble for me with every transfer or promotion. Only when I boarded the train, ship or plane was I sure that I would actually be able to take up my intended post. But before this development became acute a few weeks later, I had to fly back to Paris as quickly as possible; my desk there could not remain deserted for too long, otherwise Adenauer and Hallstein would quickly develop some "concepts" that were tantamount to capitulating to additional demands from France.

A few days later, some leading members of our delegation and I realized that we were fighting shoulder to shoulder with Adenauer and Hallstein, but with diametrically opposed goals.

After the signing of the treaty, the French had, as already reported, applied for and been granted the establishment of an "interim committee" despite this unusual request. The committee was to bridge the interim period until the ratification of the EDC Treaty by the French parliament. According to the French version, it was to make a few "cosmetic corrections" to the treaty text in order to submit it to the French parliament.

to appear more appealing. In the summer of 1953, the French delegation went a decisive step further on the instructions of its government. It demanded the signing of "additional protocols" - I don't know how many there were, as I was not there in November.

953 took up my post in Washington - which were essential for ratification by the Assemblée Nationale. This strange method, to put it mildly, was intended to blame us for the failure of the EDC. All we had to do was to take one of these

If we were to reject the protocols, the French would blow up the project and blame us for it. To the credit of the French Generalität and also far beyond this group, it should be said that the most important of its representatives adopted this tactic and let it be known. As far as I was concerned, I wanted to thoroughly spoil the plan to pass the buck for the failure of the EDC to the French. In the past, I was primarily concerned with protecting German

"concerns", a tactical turn of one hundred and eighty degrees. Since ratification of the EDC Treaty by the French parliament was all but ruled out, we were able to make very far-reaching concessions without running the risk of having to ratify it. The most important members of our delegation agreed to this tactic. Anyone who soberly analyzed the parliamentary situation in France in the summer of 1953 had to

that ratification by the Assemblée Nationale would be minimal at best,

but in all probability had no chance at all. Bidault, like an oriental prince charming, told Bonn again and again that ratification was assured. But, as I said, we had to make small corrections on one point or another, which was an impertinence. It was an irony of fate that Adenauer, Hallstein and I, albeit for diametrically opposed motives, suddenly joined forces to sign the protocols. Blank seemed to be, although he did not explicitly

said to agree with my motive. We saw little of him because he was primarily dedicated to building up the Ministry of Defense.

But then what I had feared happened: Blankenhorn's friendly gesture of praising me in Washington in every direction as the future envoy, i.e. as Krekeler's representative, quickly made the rounds among Western diplomats. In this numerically limited circle, personnel changes played - and still play today - the role of a barometer from which one believed one could draw conclusions about the future foreign policy of the sending state.

While the Western diplomats were still discussing my role in Washington, Adenauer had suddenly used his veto, his "Bonnstrahl", against my transfer. I could just about understand that my transfer to our most important diplomatic post, thanks to my obviously good relationship with Krekeler, was of little consequence to him. The perfidious attacks against my person and political convictions infuriated me. This also soon came to the attention of my foreign colleagues in Paris and the British NATO ambassador Steel told a mutual acquaintance: "They played a dirty trick on the kettle in Bonn." I was furious, not only for personal reasons, but also because my position vis-à-vis the foreign negotiating partners at the EDC conference could have come under scrutiny, but fortunately did not. But how should I behave? If I left the service now, it would have to be interpreted as an admission of guilt. So I took the initiative, went to Bonn and made a row with Blankenhorn and Hallstein, which was somewhat successful in that I was left in peace in Paris. The thought of resigning often occurred to me then and in the six years that followed. To put it pathetically, I was prepared to defend our constitutional democracy to the last breath, and as a civil servant I would be absolutely loyal to our so-called state. But the ruling CDU/CSU establishment seemed to me to rest on only two pillars: a submissive attitude towards Adenauer and the slogan 'Enrich yourselves', borrowed from the regime of the French "citizen king" Louis-Philippe (1830-1848)." Bonn left any historical tradition to the Pankow regime. Instead of falling back on the royalist, yet revolutionary generals of 1807-1813, we put Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Yorck and others at the mercy of the Pankow regime and as a substitute for this tradition that had been given away, the dreamer Baudissin³ invented the slogan of "Innere Führung", the meaning of which theorists and pragmatists have been arguing about for twenty years.

So instead of saying goodbye, I devoted myself to my task in Paris with an eternal forehead, as if nothing had happened. On November 11, declared a public holiday in France to commemorate the Armistice of 1918, I was the only one to go into our office building, which was only staffed by a "stable guard". Suddenly the phone rang and it was "Pauls" from Bonn, who was Hallstein's personal advisor at the time. He told me that I should be in Bonn the following day, i.e. on 12, to meet my new

boss to fly off. When I asked who it was, he replied that it was the realization of the plan we had been discussing for a long time. Although this meant the fulfillment of my wishes, as a descendant of a family that had been dealing in horses and cattle for centuries, I couldn't help but play my "hand", as they say in poker, to the hilt and explained the following to Pauls: I was immensely grateful for the post offered to me, but could only take it up if I was allowed to return to Paris after a one- or two-week stay in Washington to say an official farewell to my foreign colleagues, including many to whom I owed a debt of gratitude. If I didn't do this, it would look as if I had poked silver spoons. Pauls, whether authorized to do so or not, promised me this.

In Bonn, I quickly found out why the course of conduct towards me had been changed by one hundred and eighty degrees. Eisenhower, who had just been elected President, wanted to talk to Macmillan about the world political situation. As head of state he could not come to London, because then his visit would have been for the Queen. So he came out of Courtoisie to meet the British Prime Minister⁷ part of the way and met him on the Bermuda Islands, i.e. on British soil. Because of the special relationship between the two Anglo-Saxon powers, I regarded all this as a matter of routine and did not find it at all unusual or even worrying. But this "special relation" was a thorn in the side of the French; they felt set back or ignored. Bidault had probably taken the opportunity to fuel the Chancellor's ever-watchful mistrust of this meeting in Bermuda, especially when the British were involved. And so Adenauer decided to send me to Washington at lightning speed to get to the bottom of things. So once again, as for the first time in 1933 in Memel and most recently in December 1948, I was to be deployed as a volunteer fire department because of Khrushchev's ultimatum on Berlin. I was always happy to take on this task, even if it was not without quiet mockery of my employers. After all, it required little office work, only an expression of composure, a reminder to be patient and cautiously optimistic. If Adenauer entrusted me with this firefighting function, that was only right for me, especially as it involved my appointment as envoy, i.e. the second man at our mission in Washington.

On the flight to Washington, Krekeler and I discussed the meeting in Bermuda and all its eventualities. I did the same in Washington with my loyal friend "Federer" and other members of the agency. I interviewed some influential Americans to whom I had been recommended by mutual friends in Paris and immersed myself in the American press. After three days, I wrote a long and beautiful telegram, proving my diligence. Apart from the local color, i.e. the discreet reference to various confidential sources, I could just as easily have sent the substance of the telegram from my desk in Paris. It read: "The commitment to mutual close friendship does not require any

to expect important decisions." To the body of the telegram, which Krekeler signed with the unconditional trust in me that made the coming years so pleasant for me, he added the following paragraph: "If there are no instructions to the contrary, Kessel will fly to Paris in three days, wind up his affairs there as quickly as possible and take up his post here in about ten days." There was no objection from Bonn, and I flew back to Paris, happier than I had ever been in my career.

My belongings were quickly packed, as they consisted of two suitcases and four or fiinf boxes. When I was finally transferred to Geneva in '94, I would not only have left my Berlin apartment, the furniture, the books, the stamp collection and above all a Roman terracotta relics, but I was also able to easily "outsource" many an important piece from Silesia to Switzerland. But I was paralyzed at the time and thought that if the sky fell, all the sparrows would be dead. The sky did indeed fall for us Germans, but the sparrows, which I should have known as a child of the countryside, lived on as lively as ever and multiplied. But I was sitting on two suitcases and four or fiinf boxes of books.

As I only stayed in Paris for a few days, almost all the farewell receptions and dinners were canceled, which, if they go on for two or three weeks, put the celebrated person in a state that makes them ready for a sanatorium. As I was traveling from Cherbourg to New York on the "Queen Elizabeth" this time, a small group gathered at the Paris train station where the train to Cherbourg departed to see me off. As I looked over them, I was happy. For I could see that in the three and a half arduous years in Paris I had made a number of friends, almost always younger, for the rest of my life. That was far more important to me than any protocol honors. On the crossing to New York, I took stock of my three and a half years in Paris. I must say up front, however, that my account of this period may give the impression that I was naturally quarrelsome and in constant conflict with Bonn and the French "establishment". This is not the case. For even though I am skeptical by nature and often cannot resist the temptation to check the taboos in force at any given time to see if they might not just be made of plaster, when my suspicions are confirmed I tend to shrug my shoulders derisively rather than veer off on a collision course. However, it is boring to spend pages and pages reporting on days or weeks of general harmony. But there's no need to fall into the opposite trap according to the motto of certain American journalists: "Only bad news is news." My relationship with Bonn was ambivalent: like the German government, I supported the unification of Western Europe, but warned against perfectionism and haste. I referred to an example from our own history: the forerunner of the founding of the Reich was the "German Customs Union", under whose auspices the later Reich grew patiently and inconspicuously. A distortion of the political fragment, as pursued by the "Paulskirche", was doomed to failure. And even after the foundation of the Reich, Bismarck ensured that the

Princes and states lost most of their rights; their sovereignty was limited but not abolished.

In contrast to Hallstein, probably the most important person in the circle of European "technocrats", I was and am of the opinion that things should be allowed to mature and given a firm foundation through ever closer integration of national economies. Hallstein could easily demand "supranationality", i.e. the renunciation of national sovereignty, from the five other governments. We were not sovereign then - and still are not fully so today - and had bid a shameful farewell to our thirty-year history. The other nations were understandably not prepared to make such a sacrifice. A "Europe of the fatherlands" seemed to me to be the right goal for decades to come, albeit without the nationalist component that de Gaulle wanted to realize the hegemony of France.

Another tendency, which I and tens of thousands of my compatriots observed with grumbling mistrust, was kept a closely guarded secret by its advocates west of the Rhine and especially south of the Main, but remained palpable: the desire to transform the Federal Republic into a Confederation of the Rhine under the supervision of France. Such a plan, my friends and I were sure, could never take shape, but its very existence had a braking effect on our foreign policy. Despite these reservations, I had no qualms about supporting Adenauer's policy, the aim of which was a firm bond with the West. Only once this had been achieved were we able to pursue an active Ostpolitik with the backing of the West.

My relationship with France and the French was also multifaceted. "God in France", the title that Sieburg⁰ had given to his successful book, was, like so much of Europe, destroyed by the Second World War. Only "La douce France" had survived, with all its scenic charms and beauties and its population, which basically "lived modestly but civilized. In Paris, however, there was hardly any sign of the cheerfulness and charm; the "public" was full of grumpy faces. And the French people I had to deal with, mostly graduates of those legendary

Due to the constant concours (competition), the "grandes écoles" saw the person next to them less as a comrade or even a friend and more as an unwelcome competitor. In addition, there was another element which, with a few exceptions, poisoned the personal climate among French diplomats. One of them claimed, which was difficult to prove, that he had already stolen away to the Resistance in midsummer 1940 on the basis of de Gaulle's speech in London, while his interlocutors were

had probably only distanced themselves quite cautiously from the Vichy government of Pétain in 1943. Yet Pétain and his supporters had averted many a horror from France.

My Belgian friend de Staerke invited me to lunch one day with Henri Spaak², who at the time was either Belgian Foreign Minister or Head of Government. Spaak was one of the big Europeans, but unlike the

Most of his fellow Europeans had an unmistakable eye for what could be realized in the foreseeable future. At the end of an intensive discussion on the global foreign policy situation, I asked Spaak the following question quite bluntly: In the course of the protracted negotiations, I had succeeded in establishing a climate of human trust with the representatives of the four other powers and England. Only the French were politely icy and distant. If he could give me any advice on how I could achieve a better and more personal relationship with the French on the basis of his experience and great overview, I would be extremely grateful. With a **somewhat** mocking smile, he replied that that would be a lost cause. Belgium had withstood Hitler's 'blitzkrieg' for eight days before capitulating; a respectable achievement for such a small country. The French, on the other hand, always convinced of their "grandeur", their "gloire", had laid down their arms after just three weeks. They could not forgive themselves for this, nor of course could they forgive the Germans. Only the passage of time, and one had to reckon with long deadlines, could heal this resentment.

To come back to the balance of the Paris years: I had the feeling that although I had not won the sympathy of the French delegates, I had gained a certain amount of respect. Among the heads of the other delegations, mainly the English and American observers, I met with considerable respect and sympathy, **as** I was repeatedly assured by third **parties**, as well as, it should be emphasized once again, by a whole series of French people with whom I shared a kind of comradely solidarity. I must add that I could never have achieved this result* without the generous trust of Blank, the unwavering friendship of Speidel and the pragmatic idealism of all the leading members of the delegation. When I embarked in Cherbourg, I **did not** have the feeling that I had won a laurel wreath, but I had not given anything away either. I was able to go to sleep in peace, so to speak, on this giant ocean liner, the Queen Elizabeth.

Perhaps one or two readers will come **to** a negative judgment of my account of the three and a half **years** in Paris on the basis of my deliberately personal report. They might think that I have overestimated my influence on the course of events out of arrogance or vanity. That is not the case. I never forgot, even for a few hours, that I was only a small stone in the mountain of power. However, throughout my life I have considered it my moral duty to throw my - usually minimal - weight into the scales of decisive developments in line with my fundamental convictions. I have done this without pathos and without invoking the 'conflicts of conscience' that are so common today.

No one can seriously judge whether a councillor close to the right wing of the Bavarian CSU would have been more successful in Paris⁷³ than I was. Because in my eyes, the French "Marianne" is as charming as she is capricious. The more we Germans fall at her feet, the more she demands. But I don't want to construct an ideology from this either; I would be happy to be wrong.

The crossing from Cherbourg to New York on the huge luxury steamer "Queen Elizabeth", which I had been looking forward to with excitement and anticipation, turned out to be a disappointment. The interior of the ship resembled a Palace Hotel built at the beginning of the century in Interlaken or Montreux. To even get on deck and see the vastness of the sea, you had to use an elevator. On top of that, there was a hurricane-like storm on the second day. Tables and chairs had to be lashed down in the hall, the salons and the dining room. All the lounges were almost empty; nine tenths of the passengers remained seasick in their cabins. If I wasn't one of them, but appeared in the dining room for every meal, that didn't mean I was a seaworthy hero. I felt miserable. But I knew from experience that my stomach almost never gives up what it has ingested in the wrong direction - so it should also be able to cope with what I fed it during those days.

But all these trivialities should only provide the framework for an experience that I still remember intensely today. On the second or third day, I went on deck despite all the resistance of the storm, because the door to the outside was difficult to open and even more difficult to close. I clung to the railings and bars of the cabin wall with both hands so as not to be swept away. The sky, enlivened by a few wispy clouds, weighed heavily on the black sea, which seemed even more ghostly due to the white crests of the huge waves. Far and wide, there was no living creature that could be a match for this grandiose chaos. Suddenly, however, I spotted a lone snow-white seagull far out to sea, with no connection to our ship. This tiny creature was not only defying the elemental force of the storm and the waves, it was standing on its own. With dancing lightness, it even made the hurricane serve its purpose. I gazed after her in delight until she disappeared from my field of vision. Then, avoiding the other passengers as far as possible, I thoughtfully returned to the privacy of my cabin.

At that time, when I was still in Paris or already in Washington, I received new criticism. A circle of good acquaintances whom I held in high esteem, indeed with whom I was on friendly terms, sharply criticized me for actively supporting Adenauer's westward-looking policy. I was even emotionally accused of betraying my Prussian origins and homeland in favor of the Chancellor's Rheinbund policy. We were supposed to buy the reunification of the whole of Germany by neutralizing this area.

When I replied that Germany as a whole, floating freely between West and East like a balloon, would perish in the first political storm and that this would be the final "Finis Germaniae", I was pointed to the Austrian example. Certainly, I admired the Austrians for their tenacious patience and the way in which, despite American discomfort, they pushed through their state treaty (- 1955)⁷⁴, which earned their country the four-power guarantee of its neutralization. But a comparison between Austria and Germany was then - and still is today - impossible. Austria lies

in the shadow of the Alps. Its population is only about 12 percent of ours. Germany, on the other hand, with a population of more than 50 million, lies at the western end of the "runway" - forgive my use of this term from the Rurhland campaign, but it is incredibly graphic - which begins in Vladivostok and ends on the Channel coast. This is a tragic situation, both geographically and politically, because it means that we are involved in every conflict between East and West. Under these circumstances, it was then as now my firm conviction that we could only pursue an active Ostpolitik if the Federal Republic was firmly anchored in the Western alliance. However, a short note from the year 1943, which I recently found among my papers and which was obviously intended for Blankenhorn, proves that I was already aiming for the next phase at that time. I pointed out that it was the task of our foreign policy to think about how we could regulate our relationship with the Soviet Union and its satellites in a sensible way even *before* the final success of our Western policy. It was not my fault that he did not find a response at the time, nor for many years afterwards.

Washington

At the end of November, I flew to Washington again to take up my duties as an envoy on our "Diplomatic Mission". My loyal friend Federer met me at the plane. For him, the development had to be disappointing. Because at the beginning, when the Americans had only allowed us to set up a "Consulate General" in New York, he had been the representative of Consul General Krekeler as "chargé d'affaires". Now that we were allowed to open a "diplomatic mission" in Washington with Krekeler as chargé d'affaires, he had cherished the justified hope of remaining the representative of the head of the authorities. Instead, I had been put in front of him, the embassy counselor, as envoy because I was the older one, but above all because Krekeler had insisted for years that I should be his representative. I did my best to make up for Federer's disappointment. I believe that I succeeded. Our collaboration was excellent, precisely because of our different temperaments. If I tried to be too impetuous, he would hold me by the scruff of the neck, and if he was too much of a Swabian

I cheered him up.

As I became acquainted with the members of my new agency, I had an experience that was, and still is, significant to my years in Washington. I met a number of younger men of about 30 years of age, most of whom were Legation Secretaries in the Political Division of our agency. As I looked at them one by one, I felt spontaneous pity. They had spent years fighting on various fronts and had subsequently been imprisoned. Then they had completed their studies, often living in attics or cellars, starving and freezing in the cold season. As the next stage on this thorny path, they had to hurry to acquire enough knowledge to pass the entrance exam for the Foreign Service and finally get solid ground under their feet, namely a certain financial security. After passing the exam, they were only employed at the Foreign Office for a short time. Then they had to go back to school in Speyer, where the training center for junior staff was located at the time. This was a strange type of training, as it ran the risk of producing class leaders instead of cosmopolitan and agile young diplomats. No wonder many of these younger colleagues seemed like beaten dogs. I told myself that one of my most important internal tasks would be to help them and show them that things could be done humanely in today's world. Unconsciously, I was following a commandment that my parents had hammered into me from an early age. It was that one day there would be people who worked fairly for me, people like us, my parents and I, even if they were poorer. That meant a great responsibility: I would have to look after them personally and provide for them fairly.

I transferred this rule of life from ScMesian farm workers to "my young people". I gave them, as one of this group pointed out twenty years later, a "boost of confidence". It seems only natural to me that if you want to help someone, trust is a prerequisite. My conviction was not shaken by the fact that one of these dozen or so young employees, just one of them, schemed against me in Bonn, even denounced me. His behavior did not bother me. I was convinced that he would fail, which was the case after a few years.

In order to help my young employees effectively, I organized discussion evenings for the members of the Political Department who were under forty. The evenings began with a simple but stylish candlelit dinner with flowers on the table: they had to learn how to arrange such things, as they had never experienced them before.

After the meal, an informal and free discussion took place in my apartment. I asked Federer to take the chair or, as they say today, to act as a "moderator" so that I could take part in the discussion in an unbiased manner. As there was plenty of alcohol, what I had hoped for happened on the first of these evenings: the participants poured their hearts out. The skepticism, helplessness and even despair they expressed was humanly moving. The next morning, some of them turned up and apologized for the "nonsense" they had talked the previous evening. I replied smilingly that *this* had been the whole point of the evening. Only through such a discussion would it be possible to overcome their painful experiences and continued in English: "I want you to get these things out of your system."

As quickly as possible, I assigned everyone their own presentation, such as "The USA and the Far East" or "The Neutrals" or "Latin America". I let many a telegram or written report through, even if it did not entirely correspond to my views or style. It was more important to me to give them the feeling that they were contributing to a task that was crucial for us than the absolute perfectionism of our reporting to Bonn, where, in case of doubt, not much attention would be paid to it anyway.

Incidentally, this group also included four female members who did an excellent job and with whom I soon enjoyed the same level of friendly trust as with their male colleagues.

But the most important thing for the functioning of the authority was the unlimited trust Krekeler placed in me. Even during our long conversation in Paris, I was surprised that he agreed with my ideas, which differed in some respects from the policy pursued by Bonn. The unification of Europe, a matter of life and death, a French hegemony along the lines of the Prussian hegemony in the Bismarckian Empire. At the same time, however, an insistence on our German "interests", just as the Bavarians have done for their country from 18y i until today. From then on I heard again and again that he insisted that I should become his representative as soon as our office moved from New York to Washington.

And I certainly owe it in part to his attitude that I was able to take up the position I aspired to. As I got to know him better, I soon became convinced that behind his outward façade, which at times bordered on the formulaic and banal, lay an uncommonly sensitive and therefore vulnerable character that could not be touched by any intrigue, not to mention his modesty.

Over the next four-plus years, he insisted on discussing every detail of our reporting and operations with me. Not a single line of his went out that he didn't show me first. This process cost me a lot of time and required a great deal of patience on my part, as he was very long-winded at first, as was only natural. But over time he learned our craft so thoroughly and comprehensively that anyone who hears him today thinks they have a career diplomat of great style before them.

In conclusion, I would like to say that of all the foreign authorities I have come to know in my long career, none in my time could compare with our embassy in Washington in terms of cohesion and political stature.

Before I go on to describe my observations, experiences and political activities, I must point out the limitations to which they were subject: I saw far too little of the United States. I got to know nothing of the actual southern states. I also hardly visited the so-called "Midwest", where, apart from the industrial centers such as Chicago and Detroit, the much-cited "silent majority", especially the millions of farmers, live. I only spent three days in San Francisco, the most beautiful city in the USA. Although it is the furthest away from our continent, apart from Boston, it seemed more European to me than the cities on the east coast. Spanish foundations could contribute to this, but above all the feeling of the Puritan tradition of the East. The city on the famous "Golden Gate" appears cosmopolitan and liberal, and it is certainly no coincidence that the majority of German emigrants found asylum there.

And I must add another caveat of a general nature: The Americans have a tendency to embrace a new "doctrine" every five years or so. Towards the end of the war and a few years afterwards, they were convinced of the collective guilt of all Germans, insisted on the inherently nonsensical "unconditional surrender" and treated or rather mistreated us according to the slightly softened guidelines of the Morgenthau Plan.

But when Roosevelt passed away, for whom "Uncle Joe" alias Stalin was the most valued negotiating partner, the Americans' view of the world changed abruptly. Harry S. Truman, whom I appreciated and even admired for his common sense and civil courage, was not willing to accept the inclusion of other European countries in the Soviet sphere of influence. The "Truman Doctrine" was born², which made it clear to the Soviets: "This far and no further!" When Moscow attempted to seize Greece by means of a civil war, the Americans provided massive assistance to the legal Greek government in suppressing the

northern Greek uprising of a communist nature. Since then, Greece has been part of the free Western world despite the almost constant domestic political turmoil.

It was only natural that the Truman Doctrine was extended to the whole of Western Europe. The Marshall Plan served to rebuild the Western European economy that had been shattered by the war. Plans for military defense began to take shape. The "Cold War" became the dominant political idea, as "détente" is today after a large number of other doctrines. I mention this for the following reason: Everything I say and write about "the Americans" refers *exclusively* to the years 1945-1989.

Many things have remained constant, others seem to have changed partially or fundamentally. To name just one example: Although the racial question has not yet been resolved, the integration of the Negroes has made considerable progress in the fifteen years since then.

And to conclude this long preface, one more thing: the United States, at that time still undisputedly the first world power, was somehow interested or involved in all political problems, developments or conflicts around the globe. However, since it is not my intention to make a contribution to the history of that time, I will limit myself to describing a few events that were directly or indirectly relevant to the federal government.

- and therefore also for the embassy - were of particular importance. However, I will first try to describe my personal impressions of America and the Americans.

America and the Americans

At the beginning of my time in Washington, I believed that Americans were basically very similar to European nations and had only crossed the ocean by chance. The longer I lived in the United States, however, the more I became aware of their fundamental difference, even foreignness, to us Europeans in many areas. I would like the term "foreignness" to be understood as a value-neutral word. Since I do not intend to write an essay on the psychology of Americans and, as a pragmatist, I have little interest in abstract theories, I can only give a few examples to support my view.

One day I was standing on the crest of the Blue Ridge Mountains, which were easy to reach from Washington and to me bore a faint resemblance to the Vosges Mountains. I gazed down with delight at the green hills with their white farmhouses under red roofs. The landscape seemed familiar to me. But then I realized that something was missing, something was profoundly different from Central Europe. Over time, I think I found the reason for this foreignness: In America, people are still at war with nature. The coexistence of man and nature that we Europeans were familiar with, at least at that time, and that we have known since antiquity

I have not encountered anything like what is described as an idyll "over there". However, it must be admitted that nature is wild and hostile to humans in many areas, even if one disregards tornadoes, flood disasters and sandstorms. To start with a little something: One evening I stepped barefoot on a wasp that stung my bare foot. I didn't attach any importance to it until the next morning when I noticed that my leg had swollen up to my thigh. I went to see a doctor of German origin, who smiled and told me that I had been stung by a yellow jacket. This could be remedied with an injection; everything would be fine again in a few hours.

Far worse is the poison ivy (poisoned ivy), a light green annual plant that has nothing to do with the evergreen ivy as we understand it. Sometimes it creeps along the ground, sometimes it reaches a height of around 60 centimeters. This inconspicuous plant causes severe allergies with sometimes high fever, even if you only touch it lightly. Only **if** you have only spent **a short time in** the United States are **you** immune, so the poisoned ivy did not **harm** me. I was able to move through undergrowth or forests unharmed.

But even where nature is not hostile to man, he treats it brutally. There was hardly anything more depressing for me than flying over the so-called wheat belt in the Midwest for hours on end. One rectangular field followed another without the slightest interruption by woods or even bushes. Only around the farmhouses could you see a few scanty trees as protection from the wind. The farmer, as I had already learned in Rome in the year 144 during

my solitary confinement the boys" from the southern states has to the ground he works on, In contrast to our farmer, he has no ties whatsoever. Once he has earned money, he exchanges his farm for a larger one and sells the house along with the furniture. Because it would be too expensive to transport the household goods over long distances by land. He can also be sure that he will find the same standardized furniture in the new farmhouse that his predecessor left him for the same financial reasons.

But the biggest difference between the Americans and us Europeans is probably sociological: there has always been a ruling class in the United States. The so-called "Pilgrim Fathers" and subsequent immigrants came from the middle class and were full of resentment **against** the English aristocracy. They therefore prevented the emergence of such an upper class over the centuries. Over time, their views and lifestyle could have become exemplary and worthy of imitation for the lower classes.

Middle-class English women see it as a compliment when they are described as "ladylike". For American women, this was unthinkable.

Of course, there are also great gentlemen in American history, such as Washington and Jefferson, the Adamses and the old Boston families, who refer to their "blue blood" not without arrogance. And, of course, there are still groups today who see themselves as

elite, such as the officers who attended the military academy at West Point⁷. But a social class could not develop from this. The irrefutable dogma is: "All men are born equal", even if this dogma seems schizophrenic to us Europeans in a country where racial conflicts have been simmering or erupting for generations.

The "American way of life", which the Americans in their naivety tried to impose on the old nations of Europe and Asia, contains too many rules of practical behavior or even habits of daily consumption, in addition to ethical commandments, to have a profound effect on all peoples. This area also includes the exhortation 'to get things done'. The recommendation that you just have to do things right and then success will follow has often irritated America's allies. This recipe can only be explained by the fact that the concept of tragedy was foreign to the Americans, whereas it is as familiar to us and the Asians as the passage of time. Probably a decisive result of the unfortunate Indochina adventure will be that the American people will learn to live with tragedy, i.e. to grow up politically.

Another sociological peculiarity of Americans is their largely matriarchal structure. It undoubtedly goes back to the pioneer age, when the few women were rare and elevated to a pedestal, a position they still struggle to defend today. This begins in adolescence, where the rather shocking rule that "girls chase boys" applies. The most energetic representatives of the matriarchy were to be found in societies in the form of older women, who cold-eyed and with a loud rusty voice made their claim to rule known. Fortunately, they were a minority among their female counterparts.

Although not related to the subject of sociology, I would like to sing the praises of a high percentage of male celebrities in the United States. For example, when a small group of German business leaders visited Washington, it was easy to arrange a meeting with the Secretary of Commerce. I could call the Secretary directly and, if he was not in the office, I could be sure that he would call back as soon as possible. I told him about the presence of the German group and carefully expressed my wish to bring them together with him. He replied that he was already busy the next day, but suggested that we could meet the day after next for a short "business lunch" at the Metropolitan Club. Whether this lunch was followed by another meeting between the minister and the Germans, who often had no particular concerns, was not so important. The main thing was that they could report back home that they had been able to talk to the US Secretary of Commerce in person.

It was even more impressive when you were invited to a gentlemen's dinner attended by leading figures in American business. Not all of them, of course, but most of them seemed to be from New England or at least from the

three famous universities, Harvard, Yale and Princeton. They appeared modest and reserved, had excellent manners and spoke little and quietly. They embodied the "WASP" type (JThite, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant). None of us West Germans would have thought that there were men at the table who controlled billions of dollars in capital. I don't need to describe how their partners from the Rhine and Ruhr usually behave on such occasions.

I only came into contact with the brutal side of the gigantic corporations, which is increasingly worrying the Americans themselves, once. Krekeler had invited the then Secretary of Defense, who had previously been CEO of General Motors. A primitive man, you could tell that the well-known catchphrase "What's good for General Motors is good for the United States" was a matter of course. But that was not all: out of the blue, he declared that the French cathedrals were nothing more than a job creation program. Today they were building Cadillacs instead, and that was more sensible. I saw this as a crude **joke** and wanted to laugh out loud, but then realized from the serious, disgusted look on the face of his official representative that the minister was serious.

I would be embarrassed if my reference to the fact that there are significant differences between the Americans and us Europeans gave the impression that I was trying to tinker with the Americans. Of course, it is impossible to avoid critical comments in such a comparison. However, I would be only too happy if our Western European states and peoples, **instead of** sinking irresponsibly into luxury and indolence, took the Americans as their model in vital matters. For the Americans not only have almost inexhaustible reserves of material resources, but are also prepared to make great sacrifices for their **state** and their people in times of need. During the last world war, for example, numerous millionaire business leaders were prepared to give up their positions to serve the state - for an annual salary of one dollar (the one dollar men). What would be the result if Allensbach' organized a survey among our millionaires to find out whether they **would be** prepared to make **similar** sacrifices for the state and the people under similar circumstances?

Establishment and start of work

During my short stay in mid-November, I had inquired about the possibility of finding an apartment. The supply of houses was apparently unlimited. But as a bachelor, what was I supposed to do with a house, as good staff who were willing to move in with me were not to be found, only hourly helpers who were of no use to me? So I looked for an apartment house with good service.

Until I found one, I stayed at the Hotel Dupont Plaza, five minutes away from ours in four miserable houses that weren't even next to each other.

brought representation. On top of that, it was located in a bad neighborhood where proletarian Negroes were spreading more and more.

On the second day, I had another funny experience at the hotel. I got on the elevator with an American couple and their five-year-old son. The boy looked at me seriously from bottom to top. As his parents were of short stature and I was rather tall, he seemed to regard me as a being from another world and asked me if I was President Eisenhower. I stroked his blond head and answered in the negative, while his parents and I grinned at each other in amusement.

I would have liked to reply: "Thank God not." This would not have been a vote against Eisenhower, but against the office of President of the United States, probably the most impossible post there is in this world. For the American constitution stipulates that the president must make all important administrative and political decisions concerning the United States as a whole himself. Also, only he himself is, at least in theory, responsible to Congress. This means that a superhuman burden rests on his shoulders and that, since he naturally knows nothing about many problems, he must rely entirely on his personal advisors. If he falls seriously ill for an extended period of time and his replacement by the Vice-President falls into political disarray, the entire administrative and political apparatus threatens to collapse. Consideration has therefore long been given to relieving the office of the President of this overload of responsibility and work. However, this would mean amending the constitution, which would not only have to be approved by a qualified majority of Congress, but also by all the parliaments of the 30 individual states. A constitutional amendment is therefore difficult to implement, even if all those with insight support it.

The housing issue was quickly resolved: I moved into the "Westchester Apartment House" in a mansion neighborhood that was a little higher up and therefore somewhat disenchanted with the murderous climate in the center. My large three-bedroom apartment was furnished in a pleasantly neutral Colonial style, so that the few antiques I had saved were shown to their best advantage. It was on the ground floor and only a few meters away from the large restaurant, where I was able to entertain my guests in a largely shielded adjoining room. As a German ran the restaurant and almost completely directed the kitchen, the food was excellent. And because I treated the Negroes humanely and enquired about their home country and family circumstances, they **read** my every wish from my lips and served us excellently. After the meal, we went back to my apartment. There my driver, a young Hungarian aristocrat, served us coffee and drinks. The next day, he held a maneuver critique and told me whether the guests had had a good time and who had spoken to whom with particular **intensity**. I usually hosted two to three dinners a month for ten people. Eight people seemed too few to me, as two circles could not form. Twelve people was difficult in terms of protocol due to the seating arrangements.

On the other hand, I had the impression that people liked coming to my ten-person dinners - they thought they were original. There were about seven hundred to eight hundred people I invited to dinner each year, and I hardly ever ate a single meal alone in four and a half years. If I had no other obligation, I invited one of the younger members of our representative body to lunch or dinner. At the same time, I was always careful to reserve enough alone time at the weekend to think. Many of my colleagues were of the opinion that I was ruining myself financially with this broad hospitality. However, as the service was included in the rental price, this was not the case.

Before I turn to the day-to-day work at our mission, I would like to say a few words about what friendly NATO diplomats in Paris had to say about the two most important politicians in the United States, President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles.

They described Eisenhower, whom they had gotten to know as the first supreme commander of NATO, as friendly and of the best will in the world. He was never pompous, never pushed himself to the fore, but rather kept himself modestly in the background. He never wanted to hurt anyone, but always knew how to communicate, which was his outstanding gift. Whether this gift was enough to successfully occupy the most difficult post in the world was a moot point. I was neither able to accept nor reject the much harsher criticism of the soldiers and their doubts about Eisenhower's leadership qualities.

In the following four and a half years in Washington, I often met Eisenhower, even in small groups during the Adenauer visits. I can only confirm the comments made by NATO diplomats about his amiability and modest reserve. On the other hand, I found his desire to endear himself to everyone at his post to be a weakness. All the more so as he shied away from standing up vigorously for civilians and military personnel who enjoyed his trust when they were unjustly caught in the crossfire of public criticism. Despite the tendency of some circles in the United States to turn him into a mythical heroic figure, I cannot help but harbor doubts about the strength of his personality.

The verdict of the NATO diplomats when they learned of the appointment of "Dulles" as Secretary of State was apodictic: 'Dulles, this is war! At that time, when the United States was still far superior to the Soviet Union, I thought an American pre-emptive strike was not completely out of the question, but extremely unlikely. But I could not believe that the President and Congress would accept a Secretary of State who was heading directly for war without any alternative. I was therefore very eager to meet Dulles personally.

In the following years, I often met him on the occasion of a visit from Adenauer and Brentano, but then only in larger circles. From time to time, when Krekeler was absent, I had the opportunity to introduce a prominent guest from Bonn, such as Franz Josef Strauß, to him. There were then three of us. When Dulles sat down at his large desk again after greeting me, I noticed that he had a distinctive head. When he began the conversation, his light blue eyes usually looked up at the ceiling behind strong glasses; his mouth often remained slightly open when he had finished speaking. His arguments were brilliant and eloquent, as one might expect from an advocate of his rank, for he had been a famous lawyer for many years.

And yet for a long time I was still unsure what to make of him. So this was the man who, in the first few years of his term of office, had filled the world with confidence in victory, but even more with fear and terror? He proclaimed that he wanted to "roll back the Iron Curtain", "liberate" the Eastern European states, even pursue a policy "close to the precipice of war". The longer I knew him, the more doubts came over me. Was he perhaps insecure, plagued by doubts, and were his loud, even bellicose slogans the song of a child trying to cover up its fear in the dark forest? I don't want to pass final judgment on this thesis, which seemed outlandish to his contemporaries, but merely put it up for debate. In any case, it would explain his almost unlimited admiration, even veneration, for Adenauer. For in him he had a partner for whom there was no doubt about his person and his role in the world.

In the meantime, my first task was to take care of our representation, its composition and its performance. My first impression, which later became even stronger, was that the staffing was excellent, as was the relationship between the members, to which Krekeler and Federer had contributed a great deal. And the work that was done was more than adequate in terms of both quantity and quality. What surprised me was the largely non-political way in which American foreign policy was approached and reported to Bonn compared to our Paris representation.

The French problems and trends to be reported on from Paris were limited: France's relationship with the Federal Republic of Germany, the problem of European unity, NATO, the British and the Americans and, finally, with India and Algeria. Our representation there kept Bonn constantly informed about these issues and, as can be seen in retrospect, on the whole correctly and competently. In my estimation, the representation in Paris sent at least one telegram a day to Bonn with non-political content and also passed on messages of a harmless nature by telephone.

In Washington, as the capital of the then undisputed strongest world power, the amount of news material was immense. Because by virtue of its position, the United

countries are interested or even involved in all political events around the globe. It was therefore necessary to prioritize and eliminate about 90 percent of the material from the outset. The remainder, however, had to be thoroughly analyzed and carefully commented on and sent to Bonn by telegraph. In contrast to the economic and cultural issues, for which the written report is the appropriate form, in the political field it played the subordinate role of a constantly supplemented reference work for the country desk officer in office. It made his work easier if he was required to keep records for the state secretary or minister. The telegraphic delivery was not an indication of urgency, but of the importance of the information. However, if it really was urgent, the text was preceded by the formula "citis- sime".

It was my ambition, shared by Krekeler, to compress our reporting stylistically, despite its factual completeness, so that the Minister or Secretary of State did not have to spend more than an hour a week of his precious time to inform himself about American foreign policy and, as far as it was relevant, domestic policy from our Washington perspective. How far or how often this ideal was achieved is beyond my knowledge.

Despite this self-imposed limitation, we sent several telegrams with political content to Bonn every day. After initial surprise, the entire staff was fascinated; they had the feeling that they were at least involved as observers in a central point of world politics.

But even more importantly, as I have already emphasized, I was allowed to **assign** each of my "young people" a geographically limited area, such as Formosa (now Taiwan) and its islands off the mainland, Matsu and Quemoy, and the relationship with Red China, as their own presentation. Every eight or fourteen days I asked the speaker to give me a short lecture on his subject area, of which I knew little (which was true). A routine of more than twenty years allowed me to discover certain gaps in what was in itself a good lecture. He agreed with me, but explained that he hadn't been able to find out anything about it yet. I replied: "Go to the State Department later and try to obtain additional information. Work it into a telegram and present it to me around half past five. I'll sign it off and give it to the ambassador for his signature so that it can go out today." He left highly satisfied. These rules of procedure proved their worth in two respects. By delegating the work, it got paperwork of a secondary **nature** off my back, but it also gave the consultants the feeling that they were involved in solving the task we had been given on their own responsibility.

Incidentally, over time I came to regard these young people as members of my "kindergarten". I was pursuing a dual educational purpose with this: on the one hand, they should feel benevolently and fatherly cared for, and on the other hand, they should be protected from the "rush of heights" that young diplomats sometimes experience.

lapse. To refute any suspicions from the outset: This group was by no means "aligned" in terms of domestic politics. A CSU member was just as much a part of it as sympathizers of the FDP or SPD.

Incidentally, I followed a famous predecessor with this method, which only occurred to me later: the Earl of Cromer (died i g r y)", who, without using the corresponding title, was practically the regent of Egypt for years. He also spoke of his "children's garden", using the German term, as there is no equivalent English term in the British Isles. In later years, it was considered a distinction in England for younger diplomats to have been a member of Cromer's "kindergarten". And it is perhaps the greatest satisfaction of my long career that the majority of the top positions in our service are currently held by members of my former kindergarten.

One question that has been asked again and again for decades is: 'Isn't diplomacy an outdated profession nowadays' I will try to make a summary contribution to answering it, in order to deal with this problem in more detail later.

Of course, the diplomat's job today is fundamentally different from that of his colleagues fifty years ago. He would make a fool of himself if he tried to compete with the wealth and speed of information conveyed by the mass media. There are also very few facts that really remain secret, such as details of an ambassador's conversation with the foreign minister of his host country. Of the material produced by the mass media, the diplomat can, as mentioned, sweep more than 90 percent off his desk; because it reproduces what is already known in only slightly altered form or deals with issues that are of no interest to his government. The rest, however, he has to read and evaluate carefully. One such telegram reads as follows: "Today's article by Reston in *Times* suggests that if disagreements continue, US government may be prepared to review its position on XY regime. Reston told one of my associates that dropping the XY regime was already a done deal; he did not want to say so openly for reasons of discretion and loyalty." Conclusion of the wire report. Another telegram of secondary importance read as follows: "Military observer recently visited the rocky islands of Matsu and Q_uemoy, which lie directly off the coast of Red China but are dominated by Formosa.² The situation there is unchanged despite heavy Red Chinese bombing."

The most difficult tasks, which could hardly be solved to perfection, were tele-grammes of a fundamental nature, such as "Soviet world policy after the fall of Khrushchev from an American perspective" or "Increasing criticism of France's European and NATO policy". Editing these telegrams took days, sometimes even a week or two. One had to weigh up the available information and one's own arguments for and against. In addition, the length of the telegram could *not* exceed three minutes *without* neglecting the nuances.

pages. Because that was the maximum amount of reading Adenauer could be expected to do. Despite all the effort involved, this was the task that fascinated me most during my more than four years in Washington, and I was grateful to Krekeler that he signed these reports unchanged after thorough discussion. But I considered it a triumph that I was later told by a credible source that Adenauer had said the following: 'I like reading the telegrams from the kettle - but his political views! The compliment of the first sentence gave me great pleasure, but the criticism of the second sentence was mutual from about 1955 and therefore did not bother me much.

Nowadays, the ambassador and his staff spend most of their time dealing with visitors, whether individuals or groups, from their home country and, above all, preparing thoroughly for the visit of their own foreign minister. The Foreign Office then compiles a list of questions that the foreign ministers should discuss with each other. The embassy can add to it. The same procedure takes place on the American side. The two lists are then compared and agreed upon by the responsible officers. It is important that no question has been forgotten, but it is even more important that the two ministers do not discuss and agree on a problem that is not yet ready for a decision. This could lead to mutual disgruntlement. One or two days before his departure to the USA, the minister is presented with a "discussion folder" prepared jointly by the Office and the embassy. This contains a precise but brief statement on every conceivable topic during the talks. The experts can only hope that the minister actually reads the various notes, which unfortunately is not always the case.

The visit itself usually becomes a heavy physical and psychological burden for the members of the embassy. Although they have to stay in the background, they have to be there all the time, unless the ministers withdraw for a private conversation. And they also have to check the program for the next day and draft the must-communicé when the ministers have already left, often late into the night. There is a sigh of relief when the minister boards his plane again without any mishaps during the visit. A heavy burden for diplomacy, but also for Western foreign policy in general, is the constantly spreading fashion of holding one conference after another. The dates of these conferences are far too close together to throw sand in the eyes of the public. Although it has not been possible to reach agreement on certain points - usually the crucial ones - this is not a bad thing. After all, the next conference will take place in about four weeks' time. Added to this is the fact that the duration of these meetings is too short, because a deadline was set years ago by which this or that problem had to be finally resolved. This is why our foreign policy makers race around the globe in airplanes and stumble from one scMecht-prepared conference to another. And then, in order to meet the above-mentioned deadlines

The result is that the lowest common denominator is agreed upon, and the parties agree to hold marathon meetings that start in the morning of one day and last until the early hours of the next. The result is corresponding: agreement is reached on the lowest common denominator. When the minister returns to his capital city, totally exhausted and mentally drained, he cannot rest or sit down at his desk in the office, but has to give an account of his negotiating successes to one or other parliamentary committee for reasons of party politics and publicity. He often arrives late or sometimes not at all to do his "homework", i.e. deal with the piles of work piling up on his desk.

The result of this method is not only a pointless waste of the energies of Western foreign policy-makers, but the entire foreign policy of the West is thrown into a muddle, about which the foreign policy-makers in Moscow, whose diplomatic methods are far superior to ours, can only rub their hands in glee.

In retrospect, I can say without arrogance that, on the whole, our work was respectable and need not fear comparison with our representations in London and Paris. However, the diplomatic trade is always a laborious and all too often disappointing business.

The first event of significance that I had to deal with was a conference of the Americans, British and French on the Bermuda Islands in December 1945¹, not to be confused with the meeting between Eisenhower and Churchill at the same location in November.¹⁴ The intention was to discuss whether or not to accept the Soviet invitation to a quadripartite conference in Berlin. Little or nothing was expected from such a conference, a prediction that proved to be correct. Nevertheless, the statesmen of the three Western powers decided to accept the invitation, taking so-called "public opinion" into account. I was as skeptical of this term then as I am now. There is certainly public opinion at local or regional level on practical issues that are visible and understandable to the majority of voters, such as the construction of a hospital at local level or the founding of a university at state level.

But how can there be a "public opinion" about a process as highly complicated and crucial to world politics as relations between West and East? Party politicians suggest to unsuspecting voters that they have a say in the matter, instead of limiting themselves to informing them in broad strokes. The statesman cannot get rid of the ghosts that the party politician has summoned.

Incidentally, Churchill made a statement at the Bermuda Conference which also directly affected the Federal Republic of Germany. He described the situation in Europe in gloomy colors if ratification failed and added that an alternative solution would then have to be sought. We naturally informed our government quickly and in detail of Churchill's statement. Later, we were repeatedly informed, sometimes directly by members of the British Embassy,

partly from the State Department that an alternative solution was being considered in London. We deliberately played down this information in order to prevent Adenauer, who in any case believed that the British would do anything evil, from blaming London if the EDC failed. We reported truthfully that the British government still regarded the EDC as the ideal solution. It was only at expert level that alternative proposals were being considered in the event of its failure.

The extent to which the tide has turned since then can be seen from the fact that the Soviet Union pressed for Red China's participation in the Berlin Conference, but later dropped this demand. At that time, the idea of China's participation was a red rag to the Americans; today, twenty years later, it would have the same effect on the Soviet Union.

What distressed me, however, was the awkwardness with which the three Western powers moved. They wasted two or three weeks without reaching a firm decision, and at times it was even said that they wanted to hold a second 'Bermuda' conference in Paris. This was embarrassingly reminiscent of a statement by the French *Mora-listen Rivarol*¹, who had fled from the "Sansculottes" of the French revolutionary army and lived as an émigré in Hamburg. He wrote about the opponents of the French army: "The allies were always a year, an army, a campaign behind." It was reported from Bonn: Bidault's⁶ was still declaring that the ratification of the treaty by the National Assembly was basically assured; we would just have to be a little patient. At the same time, we heard, he was dropping hints about British intrigues. He was thus in the process of absolving himself, his government and the National Assembly of all blame for the failure of the EDC and passing the "buck" to the British. Within its limited scope, the embassy did its utmost to protect the Chancellor from

from this deliberate deception.

A few months later, the Americans triggered a rumble - as they had done before or since. The friends of the Americans were disturbed, the whole world worried: a hitherto little-known senator, Joe McCarthy¹, set about storming American democracy. This episode has certainly been analyzed and evaluated by countless publicists and historians. I can therefore only report on it and the impression it made on me from a frog's-eye view.

At the beginning, I saw the whole thing as the doomed plan of a political adventurer. He would never succeed in unhinging the democratic constitutional state and placing himself at the head of a fascist regime. Soon, however, I was shocked to realize that millions of supporters between New York and San Francisco were cheering him frenetically. I asked myself the anxious question of whether the democratic constitutional consciousness was perhaps not established like a 'rocher de bronze' after all. For the outsider, it was disconcerting to see how fearful many members of the State Department were at the height of the McCarthy campaign. One of them wanted to know if McCarthy was a kind of Hitler. I could hear him

with the remark that without seven million unemployed, i.e. ten percent of the total population, Hitler would never have come to power in our country. As long as the American economy was flourishing, there was nothing to fear. Other friends and acquaintances told me in horror that their children were fanatical supporters of McCarthy.

But then he made a major mistake: he attacked the military. But Eisenhower, who had previously abandoned subordinates and good acquaintances in an embarrassing manner, could not accept this: As a general and war hero, he wanted to protect the soldiers. But this set things in motion. McCarthy had to face a televised hearing in the Senate. By the evening he was a dead man politically. In the days that followed, the friends and acquaintances I mentioned told me that their children were horrified and wanted nothing more to do with McCarthy.

It was the first time I felt the political influence of television, which far exceeded that of the press and radio. •93°. And I ask myself what would have happened to Hitler if he had been able to use his psycho pathological and disgusting speeches to television. - In this respect, the McCarthy episode is of fundamental importance to me.

It must have been around that time that a member of the British embassy told me the following: his government still regarded the EDC as the ideal solution. But if it failed because of French resistance, his government would take the initiative. They were thinking of extending the Brussels Pact to the Federal Republic of Germany. (This would later give rise to the Western European Union, the WEU'.) In addition, the Federal Republic should then be admitted directly into NATO. I was immensely relieved when a concrete alternative to the EDC finally became visible. On the other hand, I felt a certain unease, as we were to join NATO directly. We would become part of the military front line and thus reinforce the Soviet Union's toughness towards us.

Since the beginning of the new year (i if necessary), the Indochina problem has increasingly preoccupied us and found expression in our telegraphic reports. An Indochina conference convened in Geneva failed.¹ ' In March/April, the only question was whether the French could defend their army camp, their fortress Dien Bien Phu, against the attacking Viet Minh. The fall of Dien Bien Phu was a kind of small stadium of French colonialism."

The Americans were torn in the face of this development. For them, anti-colonialism had been a dogma for almost two hundred years. On the other hand, the French, whatever they might do, were and are the most popular of all nations for the Americans. The thought that it would be shameful if a white nation were finally beaten by a colored nation may also have played a role, at least in the subconscious. In April i ggf, one of the highest officials in the State Department told me that Dien Bien Phu could only be held by the French for another week. The defeat of the French should also be seen as an American defeat.

There were two parties in Washington: The "hawks" demanded the deployment of American divisions to Indochina to "knock out" the French; the "doves" warned against any military involvement. With Krekeler's agreement, I emphatically sided with the "doves" in our telegraphic reporting. American divisions would be devoured by the jungle just like the French. The two decades that followed proved me right.

In the first months of 1954, the agency reported constantly on political issues that I have already mentioned in broad outline: the meteoric rise and abrupt fall of McCarthy, the failure of the Geneva Indochina Conference and the political and economic crisis for the French.

the disastrous military developments in Indochina. The Americans, on the other hand, made no productive contribution to the subject of 'The EDC and its possible alternative'. The reason for this was that the Americans are, as they themselves put it, 'one track minded'. With single-track conviction, they believe in a political development that corresponds to their wishes until the opposite occurs. Only then do they turn the tide in the shortest possible time, up to ninety, even one hundred and eighty degrees, which **confuses and even** frightens their friends and allies.

In early summer, I heard from the State Department that there were signs of increasing alienation between Moscow and Beijing. For the Chinese, the ideological commonality was impaired by the feeling that the Soviet Russians belonged to the white race despite everything.

Around the same time, Laniel's government in Paris resigned, not a sensational event in that era of the French Republic. What was important, however, was that Bidault disappeared into oblivion as foreign minister. The new government was formed by Mendes-France²¹, whom I had respected since my time in Paris, although I knew that he was opposed to the EDC. The American and British governments used all their influence to persuade him to take a positive attitude towards this treaty. Mendes-France, however, first took a few

weeks. Then, on August 3, he blew the whistle on the EDC project, but did so with French subtlety. He did not submit the treaty to the National Assembly for approval. ratification, which it would certainly have refused, but simply removed the ratification debate from the agenda. This was less vocal, but the effect remained the same.

I had foreseen the failure of the EDC for years, but I could not accept the fact with equanimity. I could not suppress a feeling of bitterness, even indignation, towards those members of the Parisian establishment who, unlike Mendes-France, who had **never** made a secret of his opposition to the EDC, had played **us by the nose**.

As already mentioned, there was a tolerable alternative for the Federal Republic: admission to the Western European Union and immediate direct membership of NATO. However, this had no connection with the unification of Europe.

I underestimated the catastrophic consequences of the failure of the EDC for the European idea at the time. From 1948 until August 1954, there was real enthusiasm for a united Europe in all six participating states, especially among young people. Then came the

The big shock was the lack of support from the masses. The topic is no longer popular today and is only met with a shrug of the shoulders. Certainly, governments, politicians and experts are still working on this project today, but for it to be realized, as with revolutions and wars of freedom, it requires an enthusiastic and sacrificial crowd. Today, twenty years on, there is no sign of this, and the question is whether it will be possible in the future.

or whether³. August 1954²² was not the death knell for a united Europe.

Immediately after the event became known, I received telegraphic instructions to fly to Cologne-Wahn and drive from there to Baden-Baden, where Adenauer's immediate entourage and the experts were staying while the Chancellor himself was taking a cure at the Bühlerhöhe. I was naturally pleased that they wanted to hear my opinion. The office, or rather our circle of friends, worked excellently: Braun picked me up at the airport and informed me in detail about the state of affairs. I dropped him off in Bonn and drove on south.

The circle I joined in Baden-Baden seemed like a bunch of startled chickens. I said that it was well known that the British had worked out an alternative that was quite favorable to us. Besides, we should not be nervous and should not lose patience. But that was not the case with the Chancellor. He announced loudly:

"Mendes must go" and made demands of the French government in an almost ultimate form. This was too much for the American and British governments, and so the American High Commissioner Conant^o and the British High Commissioner Hoyer Millar^ü were instructed to visit Adenauer on the Bühlerhöhe and hand him notes to the same effect. Afterwards, the German interpreter gave us the following account of the course of events. Conant was the first to appear and, in his schoolmasterly manner - he never had a hint of diplomacy - he slowly read out the note word for word. As soon as the interpreter had translated the sentence, Adenauer sarcastically shredded it in the air. In the end, Conant almost shuddered as he said goodbye and warned his British colleague, who had just landed at Baden-Baden airport, of the old man's resentment and lack of understanding.

Hoyer Millar, one of those famous British amateur diplomats who are able to handle any situation with a good sense of humor, opened the conversation with the old gentleman as follows: "Isn't it great, these French are ruining every pleasure? I wanted to fly to Scotland tomorrow to shoot grouse there." He then went on to describe how exciting this hunt was, how beautiful Scotland was and, on top of that, you could fish for salmon there. Adenauer was unable to contribute anything to this whole topic, he was condemned to listen. But then Hoyer Millar stood up and said that he didn't want to take up too much of the Chancellor's time.

He fished the note out of his pocket and said that he had a piece of paper that Adenauer already knew, and before the old man could recover from his surprise, he had already disappeared.

It was the only time in the many years I observed Adenauer that he gave in to emotion. The *démarche* of the two High Commissioners made him realize that he was in danger of being isolated. Just a few days later, he was once again the cool, detached statesman.

In the months between the fall of 1953 and August 1954, when the Western world was puzzling over whether France would ratify the EDC Treaty or not, another serious problem cast its shadow: the future of the Saar region. Adenauer had already announced his decision in advance. It was that the Saar region should be "Europeanized". Under the circumstances at the time, this somewhat enigmatic formula could only mean that the Saar region should be and remain a kind of French protectorate in substance.

The State Department was satisfied with this proposal, as it relieved the USA of difficult mediation duties. After all, it was explained - it was in the spring of 1954 - that we should only give up this trump card if France ratified the EDC Treaty. I don't remember how the referendum in the Saarland came about after all, at the instigation of Paris, and what reasons the French had for their stance. Because our representation in Washington had only marginally

- as an observer, so to speak - to deal with this problem. As expected, the referendum in Saarland resulted in a strong majority in favor of belonging to Germany.

I was particularly interested in Adenauer's attitude during this historical phase. Hardly a month went by without him loudly advocating the right to self-determination for our compatriots living between the Oder and Elbe rivers. He knew very well that the granting of this right could only be bought with the neutralization of the whole of Germany and the total separation from our allies and friends in the West, a price that would have been rejected by ninety percent of our voters. This demand of his was therefore, as the Americans would describe it, pure 'shadow boxing'. On the other hand, he tried to deny the Saarlanders, who felt German and wanted to join the West German rump state, the right to self-determination; what a German patriot!

In November, I received a telegram instructing me to attend a conference of our heads of mission in Latin America in Montevideo. It was chaired by Hallstein, who had come to the capital of Uruguay for a UNESCO conference. I was naturally pleased that people were interested in my assessment of the situation at the time, as they had been when the EDC failed and later, for example, before Adenauer's trip to Moscow. However, they refused to even consider the political consequences I had drawn from this, which I still regret today.

I flew out of New York one lunchtime and landed at **Caracas** airport, which is on the seafont, in the late afternoon. Sitting on a terrace, I enjoyed the balmy air of that hour of the day. This Venezuelan airport seemed to be a kind of hub for the whole of South America. For it was teeming with broad-nosed, busy Germans. From their loud conversations you could tell that they were traveling to or returning from various parts of Central and South America. They demonstrated in person why we are simultaneously admired and unbearable. On the other hand, a six-year-old German boy had been given an air rifle by a lady who came from Rio. Now this blond, blue-eyed toddler was experiencing the great hours of his young life. He stood at attention, presented the rifle and made a parade march along the gauze restaurant terrace, an obvious proof of the now controversial thesis that the German is born a soldier.

From Caracas, we flew again above the clouds to Rio de Janeiro in about 3 hours. Shortly before arrival, the view opened up onto a hilly landscape, the valley full of bright red fields, palm forests blowing in the wind on the heights, surrounded by individual white flowering trees. At the airport there were strange tropical plants with sharp contours, black-green and staring maliciously into the milky morning sky. Colorful, noisy people wandered around haphazardly and busily, and inside the gate of a barracks across the street, a mixture of beggar and policeman played the tango on **an** accordion at mid-morning to the delight of his colleagues. Several of the North Americans traveling with us looked around half lost, half dismayed and wanted to know when we would be leaving. The hour scheduled for our stay had long since passed. I tried to explain to them that we were here in the south, so our time measurements had lost their validity. We would still arrive in Buenos Aires reasonably punctually, which was indeed the case.

It was only when we continued our flight that the paradisiacal location of Rio unfolded before our eyes.

Romantic, wild mountain ranges rose towards the sea, sparing beautifully curved bays that were only connected to each other by narrow strips on the beach or between the mountains. The giant city lay beautifully nestled against the blue sea. The rest of the flight offered little of note. In the surroundings of Montevideo, as an hour later in Buenos Aires, one looked down on fertile, cultivated land, vegetable farms reminiscent of those on the Lower Rhine or in Holland. After a 30 hour flight, I landed in Buenos Aires, a huge city with beautiful parks on the La Plata, which is already 80 to too kilometers wide here. The city was clean, but like its inhabitants, colorless. The countless posters with the image of the dictator Perón and his beautiful wife **Evita**² ', who had become a national treasure due to her premature death, banners and other things were reminiscent of the fascist Rome of the early 1930s. But here, as in Italy, the general corruption mitigated the hardships of the regime. Incidentally, the widowed Perón "demonstrated" his pedagogical skills by taking over the patronage of

had taken over the "Ordensburg" for the next generation of female party members. What was striking at the time - it may be different today - was the extent to which the immigrants were able to preserve their national characteristics over generations.

A younger member of our embassy, Jörg Kastl² ', with whom I was friends from Paris, first took me to an Italian restaurant where, after closing time, the chef came out of the kitchen with his cap on his head and belted out arias as a real Neapolitan. Later, in a bar, I felt like I was in Berlin around 1933

transferred. A German Jew looked on at the piano and played in that unique mixture of precision and restrained sentimentality the hits of those years, and since everyone present was German or spoke German, I felt like someone watching a movie or play that fascinated him 45 years ago - but not without a macabre aftertaste

After two days, we flew to Montevideo - some ambassadors and envoys had already joined us - in a fat, old English-style flying boat. Although the city in the south was noisy and not very clean, everything made a cozy, bourgeois impression. Since then, the appearance of terrorists has changed this for the worse, there as everywhere else in the last twenty years.

Our conference was filled with many lectures under Hallstein's instructive leadership. **Most of** our heads of mission made a rather poor impression on me. Like the economy, the Foreign Service was suffering from a lack of suitable personalities; the toll of the war that had only ended nine years ago and the economic miracle that had suddenly set in was evident in all areas. Since quite a number of the heads of mission identified themselves with their host countries, my short talk on the USA's attitude towards Latin America was a terrible shock to them. I explained that the USA would only help those countries, and then only to a limited extent, which themselves contributed something to the elimination of their needs. My presentation fell on fertile ground with the other heads of mission, such as that of Mexico, and all the other members of the delegation; I received much applause.

After a three-day stay in Santiago de Chile, I flew back to Washington, experienced an indescribable sunset over southern Peru; we landed in Guayaquil, the harbor of Quito, on a cool night; I overslept the landing in Panama. In Miami I **had to** wait about three hours for the connection to Washington, where we arrived on 22. November around 13 .

On the flight back, I asked myself what political insights I had gained on this twelve-day trip. **would have** won the trip? I was careful not to pass judgment on this continent. However, all the participants at the conference in Montevideo agreed that air travel had revolutionized conditions in South America. The second thing I thought I had realized was that the wicked saying was true: "South America is a continent of the future and will remain so for a long time to come." Despite all the **treasures** and opportunities, there was a lack of people, both in terms of numbers and, above all, education.

The upper and middle classes were wafer-thin, and nobody liked to work. Subsidies from the United States were supposed to replace the work, but "unfortunately" the Yankees didn't see the value of this method. As a private citizen, however, I would rather have spent some time in Santiago than in Washington. Because in Latin America, unlike the USA, nobody took their own state very seriously. Easy-going, charming and with remnants of a traditional sense of style, these southerners professed to "live and let live".

In the fall of 1947, a problem kept us in suspense that shrouded the Chancellor in a cloud of mistrust and anger. Admiral Radford thought the time had come to defend Europe only "peripherally" and to withdraw the American divisions from our conference.

He had a considerable following in the Pentagon with this thesis. He visited Eisenhower, who was on vacation in Denver, to present his views to him. Other military officers, such as General Ridgway, then commander-in-chief of NATO, were fiercely opposed to this. Above all, however, Dulles appeared with an extensive staff to fight Radford's thesis² on behalf of the State Department, and did so successfully.

The unanimous opinion at our representation was that Radford's proposals were doomed to failure and that the whole thing was an uninteresting episode. Not so Adenauer. For him, it was not just an admiral's theories, but a secret plan by the American government to distance itself militarily from Europe. Friends in the State Department, who were well informed, assured him without being asked that no such plan existed. I had no reason to distrust this assurance, and our representative reported accordingly. This infuriated Adenauer and increased his mistrust of me. But worse was to come. Politicians from the Federal Republic, who were constantly visiting Washington, asked me about the Radford Plan, which had caused such a stir in Bonn. I replied that I was convinced that there was no such plan, only Radford's proposal, which had been rejected. Legitimately, these politicians passed on my statement, which also reached the Chancellor's ears. I could imagine his reaction to this as far as I was concerned.

If the Radford proposal remained just an episode, the Kennan plan for disengagement - withdrawal of Soviet and American troops from the whole of Europe - was a major success.

— high waves. I don't need to go into details here, just give a broad outline of the plan: The Soviet divisions were to withdraw to their own country, the American divisions were to fly home across the Atlantic. The whole of Europe was to remain neutral or, as we would say today, "non-aligned". A free Europe would not only extend from the Soviet western border to the Pyrenees, but in time would inevitably also extend from the North Cape to the Dardanelles, whereby bloody uprisings against the previous communist dictatorships in the Balkans would have to be prevented. The obvious rejection of this plan was that the Soviet divisions - as already mentioned - would only have to cover a relatively short distance over land.

The American divisions, on the other hand, would have to fly many thousands of kilometers to the USA. This could be countered with the argument that as long as the USA was clearly superior to the Soviets in the field of nuclear weapons, the latter would be wary of invading Europe and running the risk of their own country being reduced to rubble by nuclear weapons. Of course, it would take long, perhaps years of negotiations with the Soviet Union over this plan, the chances of which would be slim. If they were successful, however, Europe would have to supply the Soviet Union with billions of industrial and consumer goods for free every year for years, if not decades.

The plan therefore in no way prevented the Western powers from being dealt a big blow. But no matter how small the chances of success were, an attempt had to be made to make up for the division of Europe that Roosevelt had conceded to his "friend" Stalin. Most of my Western European [colleagues]⁹⁰ in Washington shared this view with me, and the embassy reported accordingly, albeit cautiously, to Bonn. But Adenauer reacted to this with a fit of rage; from then on, anyone who even uttered the word *disengagement* was considered disloyal.

I also got into trouble on a personal level because of *the disengagement problem*. The CDU member of parliament Kurt Georg Kiesinger⁹¹ - who later became German Chancellor - was visiting Washington. He had obviously overestimated the interest of official circles in him as the chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee and, having planned a stay of a whole number of days, began to get bored. He therefore told me that he had heard about the highly interesting discussion evenings I was organizing with the younger members of the embassy and asked me if he could take part in one. Although no one standing up had ever taken part in such an evening before, so that the younger members in particular could express their personal opinions without any consideration,⁹² in a moment of blindness I invited Kiesinger to take part. But that was not all: I did not prevent the *disengagement problem* from being discussed that very evening, with the younger generation unanimously and enthusiastically supporting the attempt at *disengagement*. On the way back to his hotel, Kiesinger told a younger member of the embassy that it had been a fascinating evening. The next morning he did not raise any concerns with me about the discussion of this particular topic, which would have been only fair, concerns that I could easily have dispelled. **Instead**, he denounced me, back in Bonn, as a neutralist who was forming cells (!) and trying to undermine the policies of the federal government.

When I came to Bonn soon afterwards, Brentano confronted me. I replied quite sharply that it was absurd to call me a neutralist. For even in my private correspondence with politicians and publicists I knew, I repeatedly explained why I considered a neutralization of Germany as a whole to be life-threatening and rejected it. Incidentally, the *disengagement problem* was only discussed on *one* evening. On another occasion, the repercussions of the failure of the EDC on the agreement were discussed.

Europe had been the topic. Brentano was apparently convinced by my account and the incident was settled.

In January 1911 I traveled to Princeton with the British embassy councillor Adam Watson⁰², with whom I was friends, at his invitation to visit George Kennan⁰¹. Princeton was a quiet country town an hour's train ride south of New York. Villas made of stripped wood lay under old trees, reminiscent of the elegant outskirts of Potsdam. The university, which in its restrained neo-Gothic dormitories

which housed around 3,000 students, made an impression that was as prosperous as it was dignified by our standards. The students themselves, in contrast to the impression one might have

The image they had of them and the visitors to the two other famous universities, Harvard and Yale, was not very uniform. Alongside aristocrats from New England, you saw intellectual Jews from New York - so petty anti-Semitism didn't find its way in here. There were also a few gangster types on display, whom I would have hated to meet in Chicago at night. The large sports halls, but above all the wonderful modern library building, were the result of private donations. That had to give a German pause for thought; here, private money flowed into selfish channels [...].⁴

By midday, Kennan, Watson and I had already begun a lively discussion about political principles, touching on the borderline areas of religion. A strange situation was already beginning to emerge for me - in the evening and the next day this would become even clearer. My two partners assigned the German people a higher status, a more important mediating role, not only in the spiritual but also in the political sphere, than I was inclined to grant them or expect from them. For this American and me, this Englishman, as well as many other Anglo-Saxons, as many conversations, some lively, some thoughtful, were to prove in the years that followed, the Germans were still the people of Goethe, Hölderlin, Hegel and Bismarck, gifted far more than condemned, and an indispensable catalyst between the American and Russian colossus. I was frightened and embarrassed because I feared that this people of mine would not have the "holy sobriety" (Hölderlin) to fulfill this role and because I was ashamed to realize that at home they only believed in one thing: brutal materialism, the "economic miracle".

In the afternoon I visited "Ernst Kantorowicz", who had written the heroic Staufer epic, "Frederick the Second", in his younger years, a book that had fascinated us when it was published and inspired lively debates. I met a somewhat pretentious Jew, to whom I ordered greetings. The conversation was pleasant but noncommittal: he wanted to know my opinion of Germany, which he visited every year, and I asked questions about American youth. The expression he used, "soulless", provoked my objection and I suggested that he replace this judgment with the adjectives "emotionless, amusing, unerotic". I had reservations about Germans and, more recently, many of the German Jews who emigrated to America equating "soul" with musical and erotic talent.

In the evening, dinner at Kennan's with three other guests, the atmosphere like in a pretentious scholar's house. Kennan and Watson unintentionally "slipped" into the exchange of memories of the winter half-year i 4#4j. At that time, they were in a subordinate position in the negotiations in Moscow about - or rather - the area from the Pripjet marshes to the Elbe and from Reval to the gates of Constantinople. As always, when men remember the time they spent together in their youth

The two men recalled their "youth" (youth in this case being anything more than fifteen years ago), not without laughter and anecdotes. Behind this, however, the horror arose, conscious to both narrators, but hardly felt by the others present. The horror of how irresponsibly, with what cheap optimism and with what ridiculous self-righteousness the bourgeois statesmen of the West had handed over the whole of Eastern Europe, the Balkans and more than half of our country to the Soviet rulers. It was spooky to listen to how important formalities were "wrangled" in the Kremlin all night long, and to be aware that at the same hour a new wave of the Red Army was already breaking deeper into the West. Power, as Jacob Burckhardt says, is evil in itself; but according to the teachings of the Catholic Church, it is part of 'original sin', i.e. the *innate* human instincts. Not wanting to see these instincts out of convenience or out of the two-grand optimism that goes back to Rousseau is another sin - which unfortunately usually takes its revenge on the innocent.

Kennan, like Kantorowicz and the "Atom"-Oppenheimer^o, was a member of the Princeton Institute for Advanced Studies", that great institution at which the scholars can pursue their studies, freed from material worries and relieved of the obligation to give lectures. In that institute, the three of us discussed the world situation seriously the next day. Kennan, supported to a certain extent by Watson, argued that the Federal Republic had to break away from the West and NATO in good time. Only then would there be hope for reunification, the realization of which alone could secure peace. I was of the opinion that the Germans absolutely needed and wanted close ties with the West. Only this could give them the feeling of being politically secure and - very important for a people plagued by complexes

- to be "socially" accepted. We had to try to talk to Moscow about our defense contribution before the treaties were ratified, but *before* the twelve divisions were deployed. I developed a kind of "Austria" solution, namely free elections and the establishment of a Reich government in Berlin, but without the immediate withdrawal of foreign troops, which could remain in the country for another three years. Kennan at least considered this thesis worth considering.

Incidentally, I also thought I detected a predominance of theoretical and legalistic considerations in Kennan, as with so many foreign politicians of our day. Like Churchill and Adenauer (and later Khrushchev), he too was not primarily a political nature. The root of the political is the game, growing from intuition into experienced ability, therefore the word "game" does not mean roulette, which is the political game.

adventurer, but to the Olympic champion and the great conductor indicative.

I later revised this judgment of Kennan to a certain extent: his decisiveness forbade him to "invoke" his intuition, and his current "profession" of a professor suggested that he should support his view, which was fed by the immediate, with theories and legal arguments. Even at that first meeting, I perceived him as a figure of great human significance. He combined the optimistic goodwill of the Americans, the "good will" at a high level, with the spirituality of Europe and Germany in particular. He formed a unity out of this, which he radiated calmly and with Christian simplicity.

After this visit to Princeton, the connection between Kennan and me did not break off, even if we only saw each other rarely, since he lived in Princeton and only came to Washington briefly, if at all. If he once announced his intention to visit my apartment in the evening, it remained uncertain whether he would come at all, for he lacked any sense of time. Once, when he was completely absent, I called his lovely Norwegian wife in Princeton to see if anything had happened to him. She replied with a laugh that George had once again gone missing, which is often the case; he would turn up at my place at some point, and he did indeed appear the next evening.

It was always a pleasure for me to listen to him sitting on my sofa, quietly, modestly and thoughtfully developing his political ideas. In the State Department, he was held in the highest esteem by everyone who knew him. His political concepts were diametrically opposed to those of Dulles. As already mentioned, Dulles basically pursued a defensive policy, speaking of containment, but disguising this with wild phrases such as "rolling back the Iron Curtain". Kennan, on the other hand, spoke softly about his policy of *disengagement*, which was to lead to a withdrawal of Soviet divisions from Europe, i.e. a peaceful but politically offensive policy. An evening conversation with Kennan is still vivid in my memory today, because it taught me something that I was sometimes able to observe later: Very intelligent people usually know a great deal, but lose all naivety in the process. Really clever people, however, retain an almost childlike naivety, which occasionally clouds their view of reality, but at the same time gives them great strength.

Kennan began the conversation by describing how he, as chargé d'affaires in '94 - the ambassador had already been recalled - had, together with the entire staff of the embassy, somewhere, I think it was in Oberursel in the Taunus, organized the exchange of mutual diplomacy.

mates had to wait. Without complaining, he let it be known that this months-long internment had not been pleasant at all. During this long period, he had only received two telegrams from the State Department. One said that the expatriation allowance in addition to their basic salary had been canceled, the second that they would not be entitled to leave when they returned to Washington. They would have been told this when they returned home

can. I only mention this episode because the administrative departments of ministries around the world seem to follow the slogan 'Strict but fair'.

When he returned to Washington, Kennan continued, he was received not only by the Secretary of State, but also by many other prominent people. They had all wanted to know what things were like in Nazi Germany. He had largely had to disappoint them, as little could be learned or observed from the internment camps. But then he asked those who had a decisive influence on shaping American foreign policy whether they were striving for a united Europe. All of them emphatically answered in the affirmative. He then explained to them that this Europe already existed in practice. It currently stretched from the Volga to the Pyrenees, from the North Cape to North Africa. Of course, this united Europe had to be limited to the core countries and, depending on the severity of their crimes, the Nazi gangs should either be shot immediately or court-martialed. Under no circumstances, however, should the German experts and the tens of thousands of innocent officers be dispensed with, but they should be allowed to continue working under Allied control. For it was only thanks to the Germans' ingenious organizational talent that the foundations for a united Europe could be laid.

They had categorically rejected his plan without even bothering to think about it. I did not comment on this, but only considered how much suffering humanity would have been spared if this plan, however naïve, had been accepted even as a line of approach. Instead, two years later in Casablanca, they had settled on the inane formula of Germany's 'unconditional surrender'. And I remembered that this Kennan, who repeatedly expressed his sympathy for us Germans, was demonized by Adenauer, Hallstein and their followers as our enemy.

Curriculum vitae

- '902 Born on November 6 in Oberglauche, Silesia, the son of Kurt von Kessel, a Prussian officer, Prussian commander and member of the Prussian House of Representatives and the Prussian Legislative Assembly, and Theodora von Kessel, née von Bethmann Hollweg
- *9°* Abitur at the monastery school in Rofleben
- 1926–1926 Studied law in Munich and Wroclaw Legal clerkship examination in
- *9*# Wroclaw
- *9*7 Joining the Foreign Service
- '93° i i. April: Assumption of duties at the German Embassy to the Holy See in Rome
- '93 z8. September: Assumption of duties at the Consulate General in Katowice; from October
*934 as vice consul
- '935 January to April: **Temporary** employment, **initially at the Federal Foreign Office, then from April to October as Vice Consul at the Consulate General** in Mel
- '935 i g. November: takes up post as Legation Secretary at the Bern legation
- '937 I g. February: Starts work in the protocol department of the Foreign Office in Berlin, then in the office of the State Secretary.
- *93 y. December: Secondment to the President of the Privy Cabinet Council, Reich Minister Konstantin von Neurath
- '939 3. April: Appointment as Legation Councillor and move to Prague together with Neurath, who had been Reich Protector in Bohemia and Carinthia since March 18
i. October: Returns to the Federal Foreign Office; takes up post in the Office of the State Secretary

'Against Hitler and for a different Germany'

- 1940 1 y. January to 20. May: Temporary employment as consul at the General Consulate in Geneva
May 22: Assumption of office at the Federal Foreign Office
- 1941 February 3: initially temporary employment, on February 12. February Appointment as Consul at the Consulate General in Geneva
- *943 20. July: Assumption of office, on August 6 appointment as Counselor of Legation to of the German Embassy to the Holy See in Rome
December 28: Appointment as Counsellor of Legation, 1st class
- i g46 Returns to Germany; initially an unskilled worker at the relief organization of the Protestant churches in Germany in Stuttgart, then editor of the "Foreign policy letters"
- INFO July 2: Assumption of duties at the re-established Consulate General (since July 1941 Diplomatic Mission) Paris as Head of the Consular Section
20. October: Appointment as Leading Legation Councillor
- *95* 6 September: Deputy Head of the German delegation to the Conference on the Organization of a European Army (later Interim Committee of the Conference on the Organization of a European Defence Community) in Paris
- 1953 20. November: took up post, from 22. December: Envoy at the Diplomatic Mission (since May 1953 German Embassy) Washington
- 1955 Return to the Federal Foreign Office Bonn, Department IV (East)
- *959 16. August: on his own request, transferred to temporary retirement as a
- 1959–1976 freelance publicist
- i g y6 1 y. April: died in Bonn

Notes

Albrecht von Kessel (1902-1976)

- ¹ Part Nom of this MS; cf. also the editorial preliminary remarks; in addition to Albrecht von Kessel's private file (family property - abbreviated in the text as NL AvK), a further partial file containing in particular Kessel's official files in the Political Archive of the Foreign Office in Berlin (PA-AA) and Kessel's personal file, also in the Political Archive, have been consulted as primary sources. The literature on Albrecht von Kessel is scarce. His name can be found in the relevant works on July 20, 1944 VOF especially in connection with the resistance's contacts abroad. (Cf. in particular Peter Hoffmann, *Widerstand, coup d'état, assassination. Der Kampf der Opposition gegen Hitler*, Munich 1969; Clemens von Klemperer, *German resistance against Hitler. The search for allies abroad 1938-1945*, Oxford 1993; Ulrich Schlie, *Kein Frieden mit Deutschland. Die geheimen Gespräche im Zweiten Weltkrieg*, Munich 1992). However, Kessel's name also appears in Joachim Fest's popular book *Staatsstreich. Der lange Weg zum 20. Juli* (Berlin 1994). In the biographical anthologies on the resistance, one searches in vain for a portrait of Kessel: [Rudolf Lill, Heinrich Oberreuter (eds.), *1944. Portraits des Widerstandigen*, Düsseldorf 1995; Ger van Roon, *Widerstand im Dritten Reich*, Munich 1987; Clemens von Klemperer, Enrico Syring, Rainer Zitelmann (eds.), *Für Deutschland*, Berlin 1994; Peter Steinbach, Johannes Tuchel (eds.), *Lexikon des Widerstandes 1933-1945* München 1998]. Kessel neither aligned himself with the Christian Democrats against Hitler (Günter Buchstab, Brigitte Kaff, Hans-Otto Kleinmann (eds.), *Christliche Demonstrationen gegen Hitler. Aus Verfolgung und Widerstand zur Union*, Freiburg 2004), nor did he belong to the social democratic wing. He was closest to the Kreisauers (vgl. Helmuth James von Moltke, *Letters to Freya 1939-1945*, edited by Beate Ruhm von Oppen, Munich 1988; Ger van Roon, *Neuordnung im Widerstand. The Kreisau Circle within the German resistance movement*, Munich 1967), but was only rarely able to attend their meetings in Berlin and at Gut Kreisau due to his assignments abroad. Apart from a biographical introduction to Verborgene Saat by Peter Steinbach, published in 1992, the only major study is Harald Vocke's biography *Albrecht von Kessel. Als Diplomat für Versöhnung mit Osteuropa* should be mentioned. Vocke's study is incomplete, however, as he focuses on Kessel's activities in the Foreign Office in the post-war period and - apart from a few retrospective remarks - almost excludes the early years and the beginnings of his career in the Foreign Service, the period from 1902 to 1943 (Harald Vocke, *Albrecht von Kessel. Als Diplomat für Versöhnung mit Osteuropa*, Freiburg, Basel, Vienna 2001). The most detailed appraisal to date of Kessel's role in the resistance stand against Hitler can be found in Detlef Graf von Schwerin (Detlef Graf von Schwerin, *Hinaus sind die besten Köpfe, die man hat. Die junge Generation im deutschen Widerstand*, Munich 1991). Marion Gräfin Dönhoff, *For the sake of honor. Memories of the friends and colleagues*, Joli, Berlin 1994.
- ² Kessel to Paul Frank, 23 July 1944. NL AvK
- ³ Marion Gräfin Dönhoff, *Um der Ehre willen* (as note 2), p. 175.
- ⁴ Richard von Weizsäcker, *Vier Zeiten. Erinnerungen*, Berlin 1997, p. 116.
- ⁵ Cf. in the 'Prologue' section of this book, p. 3 ff.
- ⁶ Albrecht von Kessel, *Das stille Gut*, Würzburg 2004, p. 67.
- ⁷ Ibid., p. 2g.
- ⁸ Albrecht von Kessel, *Verborgene Saat. Aufzeichnungen aus dem Widerstand 1933-1945*, ed. by Peter Steinbach, Berlin, Frankfurt 1992, p. 5 f.7
- ⁹ Kessel, *Hidden Seed*, p. 69.
- ¹⁰ Ibid., p. 8z.
- ¹¹ Ibid., p. 14.

'Against Hitler and for a different Germany'

i3 Ibid, p. i oz.

i q Eugen Gerstenmaier, *Streit und Friede hat seine Zeit. Ein Lebensbericht*, Frankfurt/M. u.a. i 98i, p.

q3o. i 5 *Die Weimäcälo-Papiere i i -i999 ya*, ed. by Leonidas Hill, Berlin, Frankfiirt, Vienna i 98s, p. z i i.

i6 Cf. in particular Rainer Blasius, *Fair Clrofdeuschland -gegen den grofen Krieg. Ernst von WeimäcÄer in the crises around die TschechaslawäÄei und Palen*, Cologne, Vienna i 98 i ; the publisher of the Weizsäc- ker Papers, Leonidas Hill (see note i 5), has a different assessment.

i y Ernst von Weizsäcker's note of November i 9q5, PA-AA, vol. i oz 8a, German Embassy to the Holy See; see also Kessel, *Verborgene Saat*, p. i6q.

i 8 Ibid., p. y8f.

ig Ibid., p. zoof.

zo Clemens von Klemperer, Nationale oder internationale Außenpolitik des Widerstands, in: Jürgen Schmädeke and Peter Steinbach (eds.), *Der Widerstand gegen den Nationalsozialismus. Die deutsche lseselhchaft und der Wide- stand gegen Hitler*, Munich, Zurich i 985, p. 63 g.

z i Kessel, *Hidden Seed*, p. 8g.

ii Ibid, p. 56.

a3 Ibid, p. 69.

zq Ibid, p. g if.

i5 Ibid, p. 55f.

z6 Ulrich Schlie, *Kein Friede* (see note i), p. i i 5.

z/ Albrecht von Kessel, Der Weg in die Katastrophe. zs—3 -. August i 939, in: *From the School of Diplomacy. Commemorative publication on the yo. Cleburtstag van Peter H. Pfeij'fer*, Düsseldorf i g65, p. 565 p, quotation on p. 5 ¢.

z8 Ulrich Schlie, *Kein Friede* (see note i), esp. p. I'3*'39

z9 Weizsäcker to Krauel, q.January i 9qo, PA-AA, Akten Büro Staatssekretär, Politischer Schriftwechsel des Herrn Staatssekretärs mit Beamten des Auswärtigen Dienstes, vol. 5.

3o Krauel to Weizsäcker, g.January i 9qo, ibid.

3 Kessel, *Verborgene Saat*, p. i 8 t.

3z Willem A. Visser't Hooft, *Die Welt war meine Gemeinde*, Munich i 9yz, esp. p. i 8zff. i 3 Kessel, *Verborgene Saat*, p. i 8qff.

3q Recording Switzerland', i 8.Janvier i 9qo, PRO FO3 y i/zq38y/C i 5 i z.

3s Aufzeichnung Barbey, Extrait d'une conversation avec M. Burckhardt, ex-Haut Commissaire de la SDN a Danzig", 3o.Janvier i 9qo, Schweizerisches Bundesarchiv Bern, E zy, 9yo8.

36 Helmuth J. von Moltke, *Letters to Freya ig y',r-ig ¢'*, (as note i), p. rot.

3y Cf. also Kessel's own realistic assessment of his position within the circle of friends: *Verborgene Saat*, p. '3 '

38 Decision of the National Group of the AO of the NSDAP in Switzerland, i September 3 i43. PA-AA, personnel file Kessel, vol. i.

39 Kessel, *Verborgene Saat*, p. two.

Thus Ernst von Weizsäcker, *Erinnerungen*, Munich, Leipzig, Freiburg i 95o, p.

3q6. ii Cf. the "Rome" section of this book, p. 59ff.

4 Weizsäcker, *Erinnerungen* (see note), p. 3z z.

¸3 WeizsäCker, unpublished MS Memoirs n. d. [i 9qq], p. i zy. Copy in possession of the author. On the differences between the various versions, see Leonidas Hill, *je genesis and interpretation ofthe memoirs of Ernst von fPeirärle*, in: German Studies Review zo, i 98y, pp. ¤q3ff

¸¸ Kessel to Hentig, i y. May i g63, NL AvK.

q5 Hubert Jedin, *biography*, Mainz i 98d, p. 3

q6 Several biographies and c o l l e c t i o n s o f sources have been published about Adam von Trott: Christopher Sykes,

Adam van Trott. A German Tragedy, Cologne i 96g; Henry Malone, *Adam van Trott. The career of a conspirator*

- 909-•939. Berlin i g86; Giles Mac Donogh, *A good Herman. Adam von Trott zu Solz*, London, New York i 989; Clarita von **Trott zu Solz**, *Adam van Trott zu Solo. Eine Lebensbeschreibung*, Berlin i g9q.
- φ/ Kessel, *Verborgene Saat*, p. 2yof.
- q8 Ibid, p. z y z.
- kg The substance of his conversations initially appeared anonymously in the first post-war issue of Foreign Affairs i 9q5 ; cf1. also the report by the British liaison officer: William Freud, Ein Beweis der tiefen Uneinigkeit. Ernst von Weizsäcker, the German embassy and the British secret service in Rome in i 9q , in: *Frankfurt Allgemeine Zeitung* of i z.July i 995.
- 5o "Excerpt from my circular letter from the end of October i g ", dated Vatican City, January 6, i 9qy, NL AvK.
- y i Ibid.
- y 2 Record of Ernst von Weizsäcker, June i gay, PA-AA, Files of the Embassy to the Holy See, vol. ioz 8a. s3 Cf. the 'Occupied Germany' section of this book, p. i 3 iff.
- 5q Diary notes September 8 i gay, NL AvK.
- y5 Diary notes zg. November i 9qy, NL AvK.
- yó MS "Der Papst und dre Juden", i gó3, published in: *Dre dr/t of June 3 i*3 y y* diary notes q. September i 9qy, NL AvK.
- 58 Ibid.
- 5 g Diary notes z9. September i 9qy, NL AvK.
- óo Wilhelm Hausenstein, *Partem Erinnerungen. From fünfJabren diplomatic service sg do-sg 55*, Munich i 96i, S. zóf.
- ói Hans Speidel, *Am uruerer Crit. Memories*, Berlin i q//,p. z98. óz
- Kessel to Margret Bove-, September 3o i 95 z, NL AvK.
- ó3 Cf. *Hasso von Et:Morf. A German diploma in the zo. Jahrhundert*, ed. by Rainer A. Blasius, Ziirich i g9q.
- 6q Cf. the 'Paris and Prelude' section of this book, pp. i 3yff.
- ó5 Kessel to Günter Diehl, August 3 i. i 95ó, NL AvK.
- óó Address to Herm von Kessel at the Embassy Washington press conference on y. May i9y 8, NL AvK.
- óy Kessel to Otto Heinrich von der Gablentz, January 9, i g5 y, NL AvK.
- ó8 Conversation between the editor and Hans von Herwarth, May i
- 99d. 69 Kessel to Eugen Gerstenmaier, December 2, i gy 8, NL AvK.
- yo Kessel to Unknown, Düsseldorf, i i May i96a, NL AvK.
- y i Denkschriftóglichkeiten und Grenzen der deutschen AuEenpolitik - ein Venuch', Munich Fall i 958, unpublished MS, p. 39' NL AvK.
- yz Poem 'The Hunt', undated, NL AvK.
- 73 One exception is his youthful memoir *Das stille Clrt*, which he found to be quite gclungen'. yq Kessel to Paul Frank, 23.J ' y , NL AvK.

Introduction to the edition

- i Albrecht von Kessel, *Verborgene Saat. Aufy;eichnyngen aus dem Widerstand s -sg339 45*, ed. by Peter Steinbach, Berlin i 99z.

Prologue

- i The Roßleben monastery school in the Unsmittal valley in northern Thuringia is one of the oldest and most traditional schools in Germany. In the course of the Reformation in the Electorate of Saxony, the then patron

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bailiff

"Against Hitler and for a different Germany"

Heinrich von Witzleben auf Wendelstein i 5q9 commissioned Georg Fabricius, a pupil of Melanchton and rector of the Fürstenschule Sankt Afra, to establish a boys' school in the dissolved monastery. It has existed ever since, with a brief interruption in the i 8th century due to a fire. The traditional Christian humanist values at the school deepened as a result of the First World War and led to a critical attitude towards National Socialism. Various former pupils and graduates, as well as a family member of the foundation's sponsors, were actively involved in the resistance against Hitler and were executed after the failed coup d'état of July 9qq: Erwin von Witzleben, Peter Graf Yorck von Wartenburg, Ukich-Wilhelm Graf Schwerin von Schwanenfeld, Egbert Hayessen, Heinrich Graf Lehndorff-Steinort, Nikolaus Christoph von Halem, Wolf Heinrich Graf Helldorf. Albrecht von Kessel graduated from high school here in 9z z.

- 2 Heinrich Wölflin (i *4* 945), Swiss art historian, i g i z-i 9zq Professor at the University of Munich; his approach to art history is referred to as formalism, as he viewed works of art primarily according to their external form, i.e. their style.
- 3 Kurt von Kessel (i 86z-i g z i), retired cavalry captain, landowner, member of the Prussian House of Representatives (German Conservative faction) and the Prussian State Legislative Assembly.
- 4 Friedrich von Kessel (i 8g6-i g y5), landowner, after his expulsion from Silesia i 95 i-i g5 y Minister for Food, Agriculture and Forestry in Lower Saxony and i955-i 958 party chairman of the All-German block.
- 5 Theodor von Kessel (i 8gg-i ggy), landowner.
- 6 Name of his father's estate in Silesia, located in the Cat Mountains north of Wrocław, which had been in the family since i6q6.
- 7 Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Torguao Tasse*, i. Aufzug, i. Auftritt, Zeile i o6, quoted from: Reclams Universal- bibliothek, Stuttgart -3 p. y.
- 8 Josef von Eichendorff, *Am dem Leben eines Taugenichts*, Leipzig n.d.
- 9 Immanuel Kant, *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, ed. by Wilhelm Weischedel, z Bde, Frankfurt/M. i g68.
- io Christoph Wilhelm von Zeutsch (i yo5-i y86), lord of the manor of Raake/Oels in Lower Silesia, was court marshal at the court of Auguste III in Dresden.
- 11 The Kessel family originally came from Keßlar and from 3 80 lived on the farm in Zeutsch near Rudolstadt in the Saale valley.
- 22 Theodora von Bethmann Hollweg (i 8/ I-9 44)
- 3 Moritz August von Bethmann Hollweg (i y95-i 8gy), grandfather of Theodora, i 858-i 86z Prussian Minister of Culture, founder of the conservative-liberal Wochenblatt party and opponent of Bismarck in the i 85os years.
- 4 Leopold von Gerlach (i y9o-i 86 i) and Ernst Ludwig von Gerlach (i y95-i 8 yy), conservative politician, i 8yy MdR.
- i 5 Freda Countess von Arnim (i 84--i g i6), married i 8 yo Theobald von Bethmann Hollweg (i 856-i 9 z i), Reich Chancellor from I 9o9-I 9 I y.
- i 6 Harry Graf von Arnim-Suckow (°4*I 88 i), diplomat, married to Sophie Adelheid von Arnim, the Sister Freda von Arnim-Bethmann Hollweg; led i 8 y i the peace negotiations with France, ambassador in Paris from the beginning of i 8yz.
- r y The offence of breach of trust in the foreign service, the so-called Arnim paragraph, was standardized on the basis of a historical incident. It was introduced into the German Criminal Code in 8/6 XS §35 3a. Harry Graf von Arnim-Suckow had i z3 ignored several instructions from Chancellor Bismarck as ambassador in Paris and supported the monarchy movement in France against the incumbent government.
Bismarck only succeeded in convincing the German Emperor Wilhelm I of the necessity of replacing Arnim and transferring him to Constantinople as envoy. In the course of a dispute between Arnim and Bismarck in the press, Arnim admitted that he had been involved in the handling of files at the embassy in Paris.

- of having taken the money. He was arrested for "offenses against public order" and initially sentenced to three months in prison, followed by nine months on appeal, which he evaded by fleeing to Switzerland. The Amim paragraph is still part of the Criminal Code today.
- i8 Bismarck, *Isedanlen and Erinneningerz*, Munich, Berlin i 99o, p.393 [1898]. Kessel's counting of the z6. Chapter" does not take into account that Bismarck had divided his *Grdenlm and Erinnerungen* into three books, each with its own sub-chapters. The i 5th chapter of the zth book referred to here bears the significant heading writing *Intrigues*".
- '9 Dietrich von Bethmann Hollweg (i 8/-933). i 9Oz Entry into the Foreign Service, -9°3-- 9o9 married to Renata Countess von Harrach (i 88 z-i q6 i), 191*—9*3 Embassy Secretary at the Vienna Embassy.
- 20 Gerhard von Mutius (i 8 yz--934), cousin of Theodora von Bethmann Hollweg, diplomat.
- 21 Theobald von Bethmann Hollweg (i 856-i 9 z i), i 9o5 Prussian Minister of the Interior, i qoy State Secretary of the Reich Office of the Interior and also Vice President of the Prussian Ministry of State, i 9o9-i 9 i y Reich Chancellor and Prussian Prime Minister. In the MS, Albrecht von Kessel erroneously dates his election as Reich Chancellor to the year i q i i.
- z z Bethmann's wife Martha, née v. Pful, died on i i. MEi'9' 4-
- 23 Friedrich von Bethmann Hollweg (i 89' 9' 4). eldest son of Theobald von Bethmann Hollweg.
- 24 Felix von Bethmann Hollweg (i 898-i 9yz), married to Marie Louise Countess von Revendow.
- z 7 Bethmann Hollweg's resignation in July i 9i y took place after his cautious course towards parliamentarization in the interior and - out of the insight that the war could no longer be tamed - towards compromise peace in the exterior had come into increasing conflict with the Supreme Army Command under General Ludendorff. Bethmann Hollweg's resignation from the office of Reich Chancellor was an admission that he had lost the power struggle against Ludendorff and that his advice counted less and less with Kaiser Wilhelm II. (Cf. Kurt Riezler's diary entry from z5.6.[i 9i /] If, in: Kurt Riezler, *Tagebücher, AufsäH-, Doèumente*, ed. by Karl Dietrich Erdmann, Göttingen i 9yz, p. 439)
- 26 The Hamburg historian Fritz Fischer initially wrote in a specialist article (*Historische Zeitschrift* i 959), then in his main work *Crriffnach der Weltmacht. Die KriegszielpolitiÄ des luziserlichen Deutschland i9 s je 8*, Düsseldorf'i 96 i) as well as in other books (*Weltmacht oder Niedergang. Germany in the First World War*, Frankfurt/M. i 965 ; ders., *Krieg der Illusionen. Die deutsche Politie von i9 i-i i9 iq*, Düsseldorf i 969 ; ders., *Biindn is der Eliten*, Düsseldorf i 9y9; ders., *Juli i9 zé*, Reinbek i 983) his much-noticed thesis of the sole responsibility of the German Reich at the outbreak of war 9- 4 and thus triggered the major historians' debate named after him (Fischer controversy), particularly within German historiography. One of its central theses is the assertion that the Reich leadership under Chancellor Bethmann Hollweg, who allegedly acted in a Machiavellian manner, first sought British neutrality in order to become a world power and then, in the so-called September Program9'4 with extensive war aims for hegemony on the European continent. As a combination
- For the version of the Fischer Conuverse see Gregor Schöllgn, *Crriffnach der Weltmacht ? z5 Jahre F'ischer-Kontrovers-*, in: HJb io6 (i q86), p. 3 4°6.
- z7 Paul Valery, *Jn crise de l'esprit'*, z Letters, first published in English in: *Athenaeus* No. 644 i, i i April i 9 i 9 and Nf 4*44. 2. N i I.
- z8 Ernst von Weizsäcker (i 88 z-i 95 i), i9oo joined the navy as a naval cadet, i 9i 9 naval attaché in The Hague, i q zo joined the Foreign Service, i 93 y Political Director of the Foreign Office, i9 8-13943 StMtS-Secretary in the Foreign Anne.9 43*94s Ambassador to the Holy See, in the Wilhelmstrafenproze '9 49 Sentenced to seven years in prison,*94a Revision of the sentence (5 years in prison), iqyo early release.
- z9 Eugenio Pacelli (i 866-i q5 8), i q3 o-i 93 9 Cardinal Secretary of State, from i q3 9-t q58 Pope Pius XII.
- 3° Anna von Kessel (i 89z i 96o), married to Alexander von Buch (i 886-i 96o), government assessor, land former member of the Board of Management
- 3' Wilhelm von Bode (i 845 i92 9, ennobled i9 '4), art historian, is regarded as the co-founder of the modem mu-

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- seumswesen, i3 Director of the Gemäldegalerie in Berlin, i 9oq Founder of the Kaiser-Friedrich-Museum (now the Bodemuseum) in Berlin, i9o3-i92o General Director of the Berlin Museums.
- 3z Renata Countess von Harrach (i 88z-i 96 i), married in her first marriage (i8°3-i9o9) to Dietrich von Bethmann Hollweg (i 2z-'933). Imperial German embassy counselor in Vienna, retired cavalry captain, divorced i 9o9, married for the second time to the diplomat Carl von Schubert (i 88z-i9dy), grandson of the industrial magnate von Stumm, i 92q-i 93 o State Secretary of the Foreign Office, i 9 o-i933 2 Ambassador in Rome.
- 33 Helene von Pourtalès (i 8q9-i9qo), lady-in-waiting to Empress Auguste, married to Ferdinand Count von Harrach on Sägewitz near Breslau, lived as a widow in Oberhofen on Lake Thun.
- 34 With the Treaty of Paris (May 26, i85 y), the Prussian King Frederick William IV finally r e n o u n c e d his rights to the Principality of Neuchâtel.
- 33 Frédéric von Pourtalès (i yy9-i86 i), officer in Prussian service; transferred to French service in 8o6, equerry to Empress Josephine; i 83 i royal Prussian master of ceremonies and state councillor in B e r l i n .
- 3* placide (French) = serene, peaceful.
- 3z Blüemlisalp, sometimes also spelled Blümlisalp, a heavily glaciated mountain massif in the Berner Oberland. Its three peaks are the *Blüemlisalphorn* in the west (3 66d m above sea level), the *Wysli Frau* in the middle ("White Woman", 3*5 m) and the *3forgen3orw* in the east (t362/ m).
- 3 JOhann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Torguato* J'eiso, i. Aufzug, i. Auftritt, Zeile3 39. zitiert nach: Reclams Üniver- salbibliothek, Stuttgart 2oo3 , p. 3.
- 3s Wilhelm II's interview with the London Daily Telegraph on 28. October 1908 was published under the headline "The German Emperor and England" and was seen as a diplomatic affront in Britain. Imperial Chancellor Bernhard von Bülow had allowed the interview to pass despite the completely undiplomatic, blunt abuse of the British it contained. Bülow never recovered from the domestic and foreign policy crisis triggered by the article and the associated loss of reputation with the Kaiser and in German politics.
- to Gottfried (Gogo) von Nostitz-Drzewiecki (i 9oz-i 9y6), i9zy entered the Foreign Service, 193a Legation Secretary Legation Vienna,*93 Transfer to Head Office, i 9qo Legation Counselor Consulate Geneva, i 9qy Officer in the Central Office of the Relief Organization of the Protestant Churches, i 93o Recruitment to the Department of Foreign Affairs, i 93 z Return to the Foreign Office as Lecturing Legation Counselor, i 933 Embassy Counselor in Den Hague, i93 y Consul General in São Paolo, i96q Ambassador in Santiago de Chile.
- with Richard Muther, *Geschichte vov der Malerei*. 3 Bde, Berlin 'i 9o9.
- qz Raoul H. France et al. (eds.), her *Leben der Polarize*, 8 vols, Stuttgart i8 *—*9'3-
- 43 Swiss stone pine = stone pine (lat. pinus cembra). Due to its rare occurrence in the high mountains, the Swiss stone pine is now a protected species.
- aq French: They do not belong to the 'good society' because there is no 'good society' in Germany." a3 Friedrich Hölderlin, Lebenslauf, in: *Lebensalter*, Gediciie, collected by Peter Härtling, Munich 2 3-

"The beginning of the end" - The Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia

- i Dated: Godesberg i 9y i.
- z Ernst von Weizsäcker (i 88 z-i 93 i), i 9oo joined the navy as a naval cadet, i 9i 9 naval attaché in The Hague, i 9zo joined the Foreign Diarist; 93a Political Director of the Foreign Office, is3 -- 943 State Secretary in the Foreign Office. *943 93 Ambassador to the Holy See, sentenced to seven years in prison in the Wilhelmstrasse trial in 9q9, in 9q9 revision of the sentence (5 years in prison), released early in 93o.
- 3 Herbert Siegfried (i 9oi-i 988), i 93z—943 Head of the Office of the State Secretary at the Federal Foreign Office, i 9q3 - i 9q3 Consul General in Geneva.

a Konstantin Freiherr von Neurath (1 73*st ó), i 9oi entry into the Foreign Service, i9i y Head of the Zi- vil Cabinet of the King of Württemberg, i 9 i 9 envoy in Copenhagen, i 9z z Ambassador in Rome,•93° Ambassador in London, i s3- Reich5außenminister, -93a'9a i Reichsprotektor in Böhmen und Mähren, i 9aó sentenced by the IMT to i 5 years imprisonment, i95a released early.

5 French: Not too much zeal.

ó Albrecht Haushofer (i9°3** sa5), son of Professor-General Karl Haushofer, lecturer in political geography in Berlin, i93 a-i93 ó freelancer at the Büro' (later called Dienststelle) Ribbenuop, i93 ó/3 y repeatedly inofficial sounding out of foreign policy assignments with Hitler's knowledge, but without foreign Minister Neurath, involved in the preparations for Rudolf Hess's flight to Britain in a double function - outwardly for Hess, in reality for the German resistance - had been under constant surveillance by the Gestapo since the Hess flight, was arrested and murdered by an SS mobile commando in Berlin immediately before the end of the war, April i9aa5.

y Fritz-Dietlof Graf von der Schulenburg (i9o2-i9aa), since the Röhm Putsch'•93< contacts with t h e military resistance, i937 -all Deputy Police President of Befli- +939 ^-^**Brftetender Chief President of Silesia, is39 +'-gparticipation, after zo. July i 9aa sentenced to death by the People's Court and

8 Peter Graf Yorck von Wartenburg (i9oa-i9a'). '93 Senior government councillor at the Reich Commissioner for Prize Education, sentenced to death and executed by the People's Court after July 2oaaa, friends with Albrecht von Kessel since their boarding school days in Roßleben.

9 Karl Hermann Frank (i 898-i9aó), i 93 8 Deputy Gauleiter of the Sudetenland, March 1939 State Secretary of the Sudetenland, March State Secretary of the Sudetenland. tär at the Reichsprotektor in Bohemia and Moravia, is43 Minister of State and SS-Obergruppenführer, i 9aó sentenced to death as a war criminal by the IMT and executed.

to Curt Ludwig von Burgsdorff(i 88ó-i9óz), *s° -'933 tshauptmann in Löbau, Saxony. *933*'937 Ministerialdirektor inn sächsichen Staatsministerium des Innern, 1938 Head of the Office of the Reich Governor in Vienna, i 93 s- 9'4 Unterstaatssekretär beim Reichsprotektor in Böhmen und Mähren, i9a2/a3 inn Felde, 943*9a5 Gouvemeur des Distrikts Knkau, i 9a8 vor dem Landgericht Krakau als Kriegsverbrecher angeklagt and approved.

i i Günter Lohse (born 1 9i<). *93 939 Employee in the Ribbentrop office, member of the NSDAP and SS, 193s transfer to the Foreign Office as Head of the German Press Division in the News and Press Department, i9a3 Legationsrat i. Klasse.

i 2 Marie Auguste Moser von Filseck (i8y5-i 9óo), married to Konstantin von Neurath since i9oi.

i3 Hans Hermann Völckers (i88ó-i 8 yy), i 92o entered the Foreign Service, i 933 -i 93 y Embassy Counsellor in Madrid, i 93 y-193 9 Envoy in Havana, i939-i9 5 Office of the Reich Protectorate in Bohemia and Moravia with the rank of Ministerial Conductor.

th Reinhard Heydrich (i9oa-i 9az), i 93 ó Chief of the Security Police and SD, i 93 9 Chief of the Reich Security Main Office (RSHA), i9ai Deputy Reich Protector in Bohemia and Moravia, victim of an assassination attempt in Prague in May t9a2.

Rome

i Manin Luther (i 89a-i 945), since 1933 *in Ribbentrop's office, i93 ó-r938 with Ribbentrop in London, i 93 8 Le- gationsrat i. Klasse, i 93 9 Head of the Special Department Party' of the Foreign Office, i 9ao-i 9a3 Els Mini- sterialdirektor with the official title Unterstaatssekretär' Head of the Department Germany and thus Liaison officer to all party and SS units, r9az participant in the Wannsee Conference, fell out 943• --in€ with the protector Ribbentrop and was removed from office and sent to Sachsenhausen concentration camp, where he remained a "protective custody prisoner" until 94s <' .

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- 2 Adam von Trott (i 9o9-i 9qq), since i 9qo on the basis of an employment contract at the Federal Foreign Office, from June i ggi Research Assistant in the Information Department - later Cultural Policy Department -, November
'9,3 Promoted to Legation Councillor, arrested after the failed assassination attempt on Hitler on July 3rd because of his close connection to Stauffenberg, sentenced to death by the People's Court and executed.
- 3 Lotte Rahlke, Secretary at the German Embassy to the Holy See.
- 4 Sigismund von Braun (i g i i-i 998), i 35 entered the Foreign Service, 943 q3 Embassy Secretary at the Embassy to the Holy See, i 953 re-entered the Foreign Service, i g53 -i g38 Embassy London, i 96z-i g68 Head of the Observer Delegation to the United Nations in New York, i g68- i 9yo
Ambassador in Paris, i gyo-i 9yz State Secretary, i 9y z-i 9y6 again Ambassador in Paris. 5
This refers to Hitler's "Wolf's Lair" headquarters near Rastenburg in East Prussia.
- 6 Ulrich Doertenbach (i 8g9-i 958), i gz6 entered the Foreign Service, 94 ' 943 Counselor at the Embassy in Rome (uirinal).
- 7 Pietro Duca d'Aquarone (i 8qo-i gg8), Italian senator since i 93¢, closest confidant of King Vittorio Ema- nueles III in the preparation of the coup d'état of July 5, i 9q3 .
- 8 On July 24,*943 the "Great Fascist Council" (by i 9 votes to y) asked King Vittorio Emanuele III, the supreme command ceded to Mussolini at the start of the war on io. June i 9qo to resume supreme command of the Italian armed forces, which he had ceded to Mussolini.
- 9 Hans Georg von Mackensen (i 883 -i9qy), Neurath's son-in-law, i 93 y-i 93 8 State Secretary of the Foreign Office,93 -' 943 Ambassador in Rome (uirinal).
- io Johannes Count von Welczeck (i 8y8-lga°), '93*—' g39 Ambassador in Paris.
- tt André Francois-Ponset (i 88d-i 9y8), i 93 t-l 38 French ambassador in Berlin, x9 8-39 x4° French ambassador in Rome.
- tz August von MackenSen ('49*' q3), Field Marshal General in Imperial Germany since i 9 i 3.
- i 3 Otto Prince von Bismarck (i 8gy-i gy3), grandson of the Reich Chancellor of the same name, married to Ann-Marie née Tengbom, i gz4 MdR (DNVP), i gz y joined the Foreign Service, i 9 z8-i g3 8 Counsellor of Legation (from i 93 d Counsellor of Embassy) in London, i 93 3 joined the NSDAP, i937—'94° Conductor in the Political Department
of the Federal Foreign Office, i 9qo-i q3 Envoy at the Embassy ROM (uirinal),' 944 temporary resting stand.
- 14 Eugen Dollmann, SS-Standartenführer and Himmler's personal representative in Rome.
- i3 After the founding of a Historical Institute of the German Empire in Rome, which had been proposed in Germany since r 883, did not materialize, the largest German federal state, Prussia, founded its own institution in i 888, which was initially called the "Historical Station", From i 8go it was called the "Institute", i 935 Prussia ceded it to the German Empire and incorporated it into the Imperial Institute for Older German History (Mo- numenta Germaniae Historica), i g3y renamed the "German Historical Institute in Rome", reopened after the Second World War *9s 3 eder.
- i6 Ludwig Curtius (74"934). Archaeologist and i gz -*93° Director of the German Archaeological Institute in Rome.
- 17 The German Archaeological Institute, the oldest foreign cultural institute in Rome, was founded on April z i, x8z9 by a circle of friends consisting of scholars, artists and diplomats as the "Istituto di corrispondenza archeologica" to publicize and research the monuments of ancient art, epigraphy and topography. The Prussian Crown Prince and later King Friedrich Wilhelm was the patron of the institute
IV, from i 83 g the institute was regularly financed by Prussia, i 8 y i it became a Prussian state institution, i 8yq an Imperial Institute. To this day, its fields of research are archaeology and its neighboring sciences in the countries of the ancient world from the beginning of human culture to around 8oo AD. AD.
- i 8 Henriette Hertz (i 8q6-i 9i3) bequeathed the Palazzo Zuccari and an art history library (Bibliotheca Hertziana) to the Kaiser Wilhelm Society for the Advancement of Science. Since i 9zo, the biblio-

- theca Hertziana as one of the world's leading art history institutes; since 1952 it has been part of the Max Planck Society.
- ¹⁹ Vittorio Emanuele III (1869-1947). ⁹⁴ King of Italy.
- ²⁰ Pietro Badoglio (1856-1956), 1943-1945 Chief of the General Staff of the Italian Army, after the fall of Mussolini from July 1943 to June 1944 Prime Minister.
- ²¹ The Axis alliance was over with Italy joining the German-Japanese Anti-Comintern Pact in November 1936, cf. on the emergence of the Berlin-Rome "axis" as before: J. Petersen, *Hitler-Mussolini. The Emergence of the Berlin-Roll Axis 1933-1936*, Tübingen 1973.
- ²² During his Roman mission, Hassell had resolutely, but ultimately unsuccessfully, opposed the increasing ideologization of a German-Italian alliance front and instead argued for 'systematic but sober cooperation with Italy'. (Ulrich von Hassell, Note on Foreign Policy, December 1937, quoted from: *Römische Tagebücher und Briefe 1933-1938*, ed. by Ulrich Schlie, Munich 2004, S. 364).
- ²³ Rudolf Rahn (1905-1995), 1938 entered the Foreign Service, August 1943-1945 Ambassador in Rome and Fasano to the Italian Social Republic, cf. also his memoirs: Rudolf Rahn, *Ruheloses Leben. Aufrufe und Erinnerungen*, Düsseldorf 1999.
- ²⁴ Villa Wolkonsky in Via Conte Rosso was the seat of the German embassy in Rome until the Allied invasion of Rome in June 1944 (Quirinal).
- ²⁵ Ulrich von Hassell (1881-1946), 1932 entry into the Foreign Service, 1932-1933 Ambassador in Rome (Quirinal); sentenced to death and executed after July 1946.
- ²⁶ Cf. diary entry by Ernst von Weizsäcker on 17 July 1943 in: *Die Weizsäcker-Papiere 1933-1945*, ed. by Leonidas Hill, Berlin 1994, p. 339ff, and Actes et Documents du Saint-Siège relatifs à la seconde guerre mondiale, vol. 1, Vatican City 1977, p. 663, doc. 227.
- ²⁷ Luigi Cardinal Maglione (1874-1954). 1939-1945 Cardinal Secretary of State.
- ²⁸ Giovanni Battista Montini (1897-1963), since 1958 in the Papal Secretariat of State, 1937 Substitute under Secretary of State Pacelli, 1963-1968 Pope Paul VI.
- ²⁹ Domenico Tardini (1888-1961), since 1935 in the Papal Secretariat of State, 1937 Secretary of the Curia Department for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs.
- ³⁰ Carl Diego von Bergen (1872-1946), 1903 entered the foreign service, 1919-1923 envoy (later: ambassador) to the Holy See.
- ³¹ Fritz McNshausen (1885-1938), 1903 joined the Foreign Service, 1931-1936 Vatican desk officer, 1936-1943 Counsellor at the Embassy to the Holy See. - 1937 Retired for one year.
- ³² Ernst Ludwig Wemmer (1909-1991), Ministerialrat and SS member, since 1 April 1934 at the Embassy to the Holy See as Jufpasser of the Party Chancellery.
- ³³ This refers to the 800 acre Klein-Totschen estate in the immediate vicinity of his parents' estate in Oberglauke, which Kessel's father had bought for his third son; see Albrecht von Kessel, *Das stille Gel*, Würzburg 2004, p. 63.
- ³⁴ Karl Gustav Wollnweber (1904-1987), 1933 Entry into the Foreign Service, 1934-1943 Embassy to the Holy See, 1943 Re-entry into the Foreign Service, 1946 Retirement (with the rank of Ambassadorial Councillor).
- ³⁵ On January 22, 1944, the 6th Corps of the 3rd US Army landed in the Anzio and Nettuno area south of Rome. By 29. January, around 100,000 men were brought ashore. The surprise on the German side however, was not exploited, so that the approaching German 14th Army succeeded in gradually encircling the beachhead.
- ³⁶ Johann Baron von Plessen (1890-1961), 1919 entered the foreign service, since 1933 Counsellor, then envoy at the embassy in Rome (Quirinal), married Maria Immacolata, gen. Maritschy, née Gräfin von Wuthenau.
- ³⁷ Hans-Joachim Ritter von Reichert (1903-1991), 1928 joined the Foreign Service, 1938-1945 Bot-

Rome (@uirinal), i 963/66 French internment, 949 Assistant in the personal office of the Federal Chancellor, i 951 re-entry into the Foreign Service, i 968 retirement.

j8 At this point, the note "Indent: the attempt to save the Jews in Rome - already in writing" was inserted in the handwritten ms. Kessel is presumably referring to the description of the rescue of the Jews from Rome, which he published in the *Fell* on April 6, i 963 under the title "Der Papst und die Juden" in connection with the discussion about Rolf Hochhuth's play "Der Stellvertreter". As this text cannot be integrated seamlessly into the memoirs text due to its different character, it follows here in excerpts: [Weizsäcker] was one of the most thoughtful and, if you'll forgive the big word, noblest men I have met in my long and eventful life. He needs no defense. [...] Anyone who has ever persevered as a diplomat under a totalitarian and criminal regime - why is not up for debate here - knows different levels of credibility: i. Written statements should be judged exclusively from the point of view of tactics. Their purpose is often the exact opposite of what the naive reader interprets them to mean. For example, there was the case of the corporal in the unit of one of my friends. This private almost talked his head off, but was saved by a written statement from my friend that he had always been a fanatical supporter of the 'Führer', whereupon he was promptly imprisoned two years later by the Americans as a senior Nazi on the basis of this document. The documents from that terrible time often consist, to put it simply, of nothing but lies. One must search for the motives behind the writing of a document instead of trying to read the motives out of the writing. e. Oral statements, insofar as they have been handed down correctly, which is much less often the case than the late believe, are subject to the same law that they very often contain only tactical lies. Only if the person recording the conversation is very precise, is able to overlook the complexity of the situation and is able to empathize with the psychology of his partner, is the reproduction of such conversations of any value. In this respect, the conversation recorded by Professor Carl J. Burckhardt with Attolico, the Italian ambassador in Berlin, about Weizsäcker's attitude is an ingenious document [...].

39 Guerrazzi, however, emphasizes in his essay that without the active collaboration of parts of the Roman citizenry, many of whom enriched themselves with Jewish property, it would have been much more difficult for the German occupiers to carry out the Judenaktionen; see Amedeo Osti Guerrazzi, *Kain in Rom. Persecution of Jews and collaboration under German occupation* 43 44, in: *VfZ* 2/2006, p. 23 fff.

40 Kessel mistakenly wrote "Farner" in his original manuscript. What is meant, however, is the Swiss Alfred Fahrner, who was head of the Institute for Private International Law of the League of Nations in Rome. 943.

41 The *Fell* article says at this point: 'With Mr. von Weizsäcker's consent, I went to see him in his apartment that very evening. He overlooked my situation and the risk I was taking...'.

42 Like Gogo von Nostitz and Adam von Trott, who was later executed, Kessel belonged to the group of young diplomats whose work in the resistance Ernst von Weizsäcker not only shielded from the party circles in the Foreign Office as a superior and fatherly friend, but also promoted to the best of his ability; see Ulrich Schlie, *Kein Friede mit Deutschland. Die geheimen Gespräche im Zweiten Weltkrieg 1939-1941*, München: Thienelhaus, *Zwischen Anpassung und Widerstand. German Diplomats - 93*-194s*, Paderborn i 94

43 In the *je/1* article, Kessel continues: "I would like to add that everything I did in Rome during the months of Nazi rule - it was too little, because I was afraid of being tortured by the Gestapo and, on top of that, it was often unsuccessful - was partly at the suggestion of Mr. von Weizsäcker.

I did, partly, as far as I had an idea, with his express consent. There was no secret between him and me and not even the shadow of a difference of opinion.

44 Open passage in the original ms. of the memoirs. The raid on the Jewish ghetto in Rome on October i 6, 943 was the most momentous in the year. 943 with i 23g arrests. i 023 people were subsequently deported to Auschwitz; cf. with a good overview of the state of research Thomas Schlemmer/Hans Woller, *Der italienische Frech'umus und die Juden i9 ee b'is i9 q*, in: *VfZ* 2/2003, pp. i65-zoi, here p. i 3f, esp. fn

- i i g. In total, about 2200-2300 Jews were deported, i.e. about 20 percent of the Jewish population in Italy.
- 45 Rolf Hochhuth, *The Deputy. A Christian tragedy*. Documentary play, premiered on 20. February 1963 at the Freie Volksbühne West-Berlin, published as a book Berlin - *s on the discussion about Hochhuth's influence by the Stasi see, among others, Michael F. Feldkamp, *Hochhuth's Quellen*, in: *Vatican 3/2009*, pp. 26-28 ; Werner Kaltefleiter, *Die Kirche schlechtmachen: Papst Pius XII. als Ziel östlicher Geheimdienste*, 3 parts, published as and y. February and on March 8 2009 in the weblog "Allegro Andante" at www.kath.de (<http://blog.kath.de/kaltefleiter>); On the discussion about the role of the KGB in the creation of Hochhuth's 'Deputy'. Legitimate questions, no answer', in: *Deutsche Tagespost* of 19. February 2009.
- 46 In the 1Pr/1 article, Kessel writes: 'Considerations of taking the Pope prisoner, of ordering him a forced stay in the "Greater German Reich", played a role with him [Hitler, U.S.] again and again from September 1943 to June 1945, i.e. until the Allies entered Rome. If the Pope had resisted this action, as we expected on the basis of clear information, there was even the possibility that he would be "shot on the run". We were therefore of the opinion that it was our highest duty to at least prevent this crime, which would again have been committed in the name of our people. Mr. von Weizsäcker therefore had to fight on two fronts: he had to advise the Holy See, i.e. the Pope, not to undertake any ill-considered actions, i.e. actions whose ultimate, perhaps fatal, consequences were not clear. And just as much he had to convince the Nazis, i.e. Hitler, through subtle reporting that the Vatican was benevolent and therefore weak in Hitler's eyes. The countless individual actions of the Vatican in favor of the Jews were so insignificant that they should not be taken seriously.
- 47 In the 1Pr/2 article, Kessel adds: "Pius XII, whom I had already known as Secretary of State and 12 years later as Pope I was convinced then, and I am convinced now, that he almost collapsed under the power of conscience. I know that he struggled day after day, week after week, month after month to find the answer. No one could take the responsibility away from him. Who can claim today, 20 years later, that the Pope found the wrong answer when he avoided martyrdom? And even if the Pope's answer really was wrong, who can throw the first stone at him?"
- 48 On March 24, 1945, the German police chief of Rome, Obersturmbannführer Herbert Kappler, had 1500 Aliens, including women and children, shot in the Adreatic Caves as a reprisal for a bomb attack the day before, in which German soldiers from a South Tyrolean police force and eight Italian civilians had been killed in Via Raselli 32. Hitler had originally ordered that every German Totenkopf hostages to be shot, but the Commander-in-Chief Southwest, Kesselring, had succeeded in reducing this number to 100 and selecting prisoners sentenced to death as victims; cf. Joachim Staron, *Fasse Adreatic Ma tta: Deutsche Kriegs'uerbrechen und sistmze'. C'eschichte und natianal' Mythmbildiing in Deutschland und rialien (1944-1999)*, Paderborn 2000.
- 49 Herbert Kappler (1908-1948), liaison officer to the Italian police in Rome since spring 1943, commander of the Security Police (SiPo) and the SD in Rome in September '44, responsible among other things for the deportation of the Jews in Rome and the massacre in the Adreatic Caves.
- 50 Albert Kesselring (* 1900 - 1990). ' 1944-1945 Commander-in-Chief South (since 1944: Southwest) in the Mediterranean region (Italy, North Africa), 1945 sentenced to death for the massacre in the Adreatic Caves, among other things, 1946 pardoned and released.
- 51 Wilhelm Canaris (- 1945). ' 1935 to February 1945 Chief of Abwehr in the Reich War Ministry (from March 1938 Amt Ausland/Abwehr in the OKW), finally with the rank of Admiral, 1944 dismissed because of his collaboration with the military opposition to Hitler, imprisoned, murdered in April 1945 in the Flossenbürg concentration camp.
- 52 The fascist Italian Social Republic (RSI) under the leadership of the overthrown Italian-

nian dictator Mussolini, based in Salò on Lake Garda, existed between September 1943 and the capitulation of the German Army Group C on May 2, 1945. It was limited to the German occupied territory in Italy and continued the war as an ally of Germany. After the fall of Mussolini in Rome on July 5, 1943, the German embassy to the @uirinal under Ambassador Rahn was also relocated to Lake Garda.

53 This refers to the Führer's Wolf's Lair headquarters in Rastenburg in East Prussia.

54 Mrs. Virginia Harris Casardi, American wife of the Italian diplomat Casardi.

55 Bernhard von Tieschowitz (1902-1968), art historian, military administrator, letter of the photographic department of the Kunsthistorisches Institut in Marburg, initially deputy to the art protection officer at the military commander in France, 1942 art protection officer at the military commander in France, 1943 head of the art protection organization in Italy, 1944 head of the General Administration of Group 2: Cultural and Art Administrations (Art Protection Department), after the war in the Foreign Office (Legationsrat I. Class).

56 Maximilian (Mucki) Prince zu Windisch-Graetz (1891-1976), son of Hugo Prince zu Windisch-Graetz and Leontine zu Fürstenberg.

57 Friedrich Wilhelm Deichmann (1893-1973), archaeologist and architectural historian, from 1935-1945 German Archaeological Institute in Rome, initially as a consultant, later as scientific director; Deichmann rendered particular services to the Institute in the final period of the Second World War and in the early years of the

post-war years until its return after the war-related expropriation of the Institut in 1945

8 Cesare Orsenigo (1873-1963), ordained priest in Marland in 1896, 1922 apostolic nuncio in the Low Countries, 1925-1930 in Hungary, from 1930-1945 apostolic nuncio in Berlin as successor to Eugenio Pacelli, the later Pope Pius XII. The nunciature reports are only available for academic research up to 1939.

59 Gerhard Wolf (1886-1974), 1924 entry into the Foreign Service, since the end of 1940 German consul in Florence, who succeeded in saving Florence from major bombardment and destruction by the Wehrmacht through tireless efforts in cooperation with Rahn, 1950 re-entry into the Foreign Service, 1955 honorary citizen of the city of Florence for his services in preventing the destruction.

60 Erwin Rommel (1891-1944), 1940 Commander-in-Chief of the German Africa Corps, 1942 General Field Marshal, 1943 Commander-in-Chief of Army Group B for the defense of Italy and repelling the invasion, committed suicide after Hitler gave him the choice of suicide or prosecution before the People's Court because of his contacts with the conspirators of July 20.

61 Kessel is mistaken when he portrays Rommel's death as a car accident. In fact, Rommel was wounded by an attack by Allied low-flying aircraft during an inspection trip to the front near Vimontiers on July 19, 1944; for Ernst Jünger's thoughts on Rommel, see Ernst Jünger, Foreword, in: *Sämtliche Werke, Bd. 2. Strahlungen I*, Stuttgart 1974, p. 18.

62 Although this gave Rome a de jure neutral status, the Germans nevertheless exercised actual and complete control from September 1943. Rome itself became Teil of the fascist RSI proclaimed by Mussolini and based in Salò on Lake Garda.

63 Leontine (Lotti) von Fürstenberg (1892-1976), Muller of Maximilian (Mucki) zu Windisch-Graetz.

64 In the original manuscript, Kessel erroneously writes 1941: Hugo Prinz zu Windisch-Grätz, born 1912, twin brother von " ", died 1942 in an airplane crash.

65 This refers to the Federal Foreign Office.

66 This refers to the Mark Brandenburg.

67 Gustav Adolf Steengracht von Moyland (1893-1993) Ribbentrop's office in London, from 1935 in the Foreign Office (Legation Secretary), 1943-1944 on Ribbentrop's personal staff, 1943-1944 State Secretary, sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in the Wilhelmstrasse trial 1946, released 1950.

68 Eduard Brücklmeier (1893-1973), 1935 joined the Foreign Service, 1936 Legation Secretary at the London Embassy, 1938 Minister's Office, 1939 Denunciation of statements critical of the Nazis and 1940 dismissal

- from the Foreign Service, was sentenced to death and executed for his participation in the coup d'état on July 22, 1944.
- 69 Ulrich-Wilhelm Graf Schwerin von Schwanenfeld (1902-1944), farmer and Officer, member of the Kreisau Circle, in 1941 end of UK position and transfer to the staff of the Commander-in-Chief West, Generalfeldmarschall Erwin von Witzleben, in 1943 on the staff of the Brandenburg Division, in 1944 pass headquarters of the General Quartermaster Wagner, sentenced to death for his participation in the coup d'état of July 20. July 1944 and executed.
- 70 Carl Friedrich Goerdeler (1892-1945), 1933 Lord Mayor of Leipzig, together with the former Chief of the General Staff Ludwig Beck according to 1933 head of the conservative resistance against Hitler, in August 1944 arrested, sentenced to death and executed.
- 71 Claus Schenk Graf von Stauffenberg (1907-1944), professional soldier, in 1926 joined the Reichswehr in the 1st Infantry Regiment in Bamberg. 1936 Studies at the War Academy in Berlin, in 1938 General Staff training, 1940 after the French campaign appointment to the organizational department of the OKH, in 1942 connection to the military resistance, 1943 Seriously wounded in Africa, in the fall appointed Chief of Staff of the General Army Office in Berlin's Bendlerstrasse, which gave him access to the situation briefings in the Führerhauptquartiere, carried out the assassination attempt on Hitler in Rastenburg on July 20. July 1944, in the night to the • 1944 shot in the Bendlerblock in Berlin.
- 72 Peter Graf Yorck von Wartenburg and his wife Marion née Winter (1904-2000) lived in Berlin-Dahlem at Hortensienstraße 50.
- 73 Fritz-Dietlof Count von der Schulenburg (1894-1944). 1933-1934 Oberpräsident in Königsberg, then representative of the Chief of Police of Berlin, Count Helldorf, 1939 Deputy Chief President of Upper and Lower Silesia with the rank of Regierungspräsident, due to his contacts with the military resistance, he was appointed to the Ludwig Beck after the 20. July 1944 sentenced to death and executed.
- 74 Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt agreed on 24. January 1943 At the Casablanca Conference, Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt agreed on the formula of 'unconditional surrender', which rendered any special peace efforts by the German Reich futile and made the always suspicious World War II ally Stalin should be weighted.
- 75 Hans Oster (1888-1945), bitter opponent of National Socialism since the assassination of his former boss Kurt von Schleicher 1934, 1935 Head of the Central Defense Department in the OKW, one of the leading heads of the military resistance against Hitler, May 1944 Arrest and Gestapo supervision, arrested again after 20. July 1944 arrested again and executed in Flossenbürg concentration camp.
- 76 Friedrich Hölderlin, Hyperion's Schicksalslied, quoted from Ludwig Reinen, *Der 'nuige Brunnen*, Munich 1990, p. 347-
- 77 Theodor Kordt (1893-1962), in 1921 joined the Foreign Service, in 1931-1933 d Office of the State Secretary, in 1938/1933 Counsellor in London, 1939-1946 Berne legation, in 1950 re-entry into the Foreign Service, until 1953 Head of Dept. III (Countries). 1953-1958 Ambassador in Athens.
- 78 Georg Federer (1905-1984), in 1925 Joined the Foreign Service, in 1938/1939 Embassy London, in 1940-1943 Legation Belgrade, 1945-1950 Hilfswerk der Evangelischen Kirchen Deutschlands in Stuttgart, in 1952 re-entered the Foreign Service, in 1952-1956 Embassy Washington, in 1958-1964 Consul General in New York, in 1964-1970 successively Ambassador in Cairo and Brussels.
- 79 Carl Jacob Burckhardt (1891-1974), Swiss diplomat, historian and writer, in 1931-1939 International High Commissioner in Gdansk, 1944-1953 President of the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC), in 1955-1959 Swiss envoy in Paris.
- 80 Leon Battista Alberti (1404-1472). Italian humanist, architect and architectural theorist of the Renaissance.

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8 z Richard C fOSSWan (i 9oy-i9 74), during the Second World War *as* an official in the Psychological Warfare Division under Robert Bruce L.ockh *zn*, later as deputy head of this division at SHAEF,

- i qq5 one of the first British officers to enter Dachau concentration camp, MP (Labour Party) for Coventry East after the Second World War, i q6o/6 i Labour Party leader.
- 8z Eitel Friedrich Moellhausen (i q i z-i q88), i q3q joined the Foreign Service, i gqo with the Plenipotentiary of the Foreign Office to the Military Commander in France, i gar accompanied VLR Rahn on his special mission in Syria, i9'-'3 accompanied Envoy Rahn on his special mission in Tunis, i 9q3-i gq5 Embassy Rome (@uirinal) resp. Fasano Office of the Plenipotentiary of the German Reich to the I t a l i a n Fascist National Government, after i qq5 Kaufmann in Milan.
- 83 Karl Kuno Overbeck (i qo9-i 9y 2), i q3q entered the Foreign Service, i 9 q/q5 with the Plenipotentiary of the Greater German Reich to the Italian Fascist National Government in Fasano, most recently Foreign Office Milan, i qq5-i 9qy American prisoner of war, after i 9q9/5o Federal Chancellery, Foreign Affairs Office, i 95 i re-entered the Foreign Service, i 9y i retired.
- 8p Wilhelm Günther von Heyden (i9o8-?), i 93d entered the Foreign Service, i 9qq/q5 with the Plenipotentiary of the Greater German Reich to the Italian Fascist National Government in Fasano, i 95 i re-entered the Foreign Service, i g5 i/5 2 Secretary General of the German Delegation to the Conference on the Organization of an EDC in Paris, i gy 3-i qy 8 Office of the Federal President, i g58-i g63 Embassy New Delhi, i 968-i 9y3 Consul General in Hong Kong.
- 85 Gerhard Gumpert (i 9io-i 98 y), i 93o local group leader in the NSDAP, i 939 entry into the Foreign Service, i9qs-94s with the Plenipotentiary of the Greater German Reich to the Italian Fascist National Government in Fasano.
- 86 The correct quote is: "J'ai dit souvent que tout le malheur des hommes vient d'une seule chose, qui est de ne savoir pas demeurer en repos dans une chambre." (Blaise Pascal, *Pensées sur la religion et autres sujets*, in: *Oumcs Hompletcs*, ed. by Jean-Robert Armogathe, Paris i 963, p. i6).
- 8y Commendatore Giovanni Belardo, at the end of the war in the Papal Secretariat of State in Section II, was the only late employee; at that time he no longer held the position he held in the Vatican archives at the beginning of the* 93os.
- 88 Bruno August Buyna (i 9o8-?), trained as a radio operator with the Reichspost, i 93s-'93 with the SS, ' 93 entered the Foreign Service as a radio operator at the embassy in Washington (until i ggi), from the fall of i 9q3 radio operator and cipher at the embassy to the Holy See with the rank of consular secretary, lastly i n Rome attending to the Chancellor's business, after i 9q5 resident in Rome.
- 89 From i 9qy-i 9qy, Hohe Asperg was the site of an internment camp set up by the y. US Army fair National Socialist prisoners o f war.
- 90 Johann Ludwig (Lutz) Count Schwerin von Krosigk (i 88/-i 977). 93--*9q5 Reich Finance Minister, May i 9q5 Reich Minister of State in the Dönitz government, sentenced to i o years imprisonment in the Wilhelmstrasse trial, i 9y i finally released.
- 9+ Nikolaus von Halem (i 9o5-i9 44). 39 Reichsstelle fiir Industrie in Berlin, numerous contacts with opposition groups, including the Kreisau Circle, arrested after collaborating on assassination plans i 9qz and i 9qq executed.
- directed.
- 92 Hans Bernd von Haeften (i 9o5--944) 33 Joined the Foreign Service, from i 9q2 as Deputy Head of Department in the Information Division (since 943: Cultural Policy Division) of the Federal Foreign Office, leading member of the Kreisau Circle, sentenced to death and executed for his participation in the July 2o,944 - m People's Court.
- 93 At dawn on June 6,•944 , around i 5o,ooo Americans, British, French, Poles and Ka-nadians and other Commonwealth personnel on fiinf different beaches in Normandy. At the same time, paratroopers and airborne troops took control of important strategic points in the hinterland. On i 2 June, around 33o,ooo Allied soldiers with 5q,ooo vehicles succeeded in linking the flinf landing heads to form a contiguous front ioo kilometers long and 3o kilometers deep.

- 9a Das Untemehmen Wacht am Rhein", the German Ardennes offensive between the High Fens and the northern part of Luxembourg against the r. US army on i ó. December i 9aa, initially succeeded as a surprise strike because the bad weather (closed cloud cover) prevented the Allied air forces from intervening against the approximately i.000 German tanks. With the start of the Ardennes offensive, Antwerp was taken under fire from Vi and Vz rockets. After reconnaissance, the Allied air force succeeded in controlling the airspace four days later and the last German offensive in the Second World War was over.
- 95 This refers to Hugh Robert Wilson (i 883-i ga 6), I 27-9' 37 American envoy to Switzerland.
- 96 Ernst Wilhelm Bottle (i 83—• 960), since November i 3- honorary work in the NSDAP AO, 932 joined the NSDAP, since 1933 head of the AO, 937 State Secretary in the AA, i 9a5 American prisoner of war, i 9a9 sentenced to Binf years in prison in the Wilhelmstra0en trial, i 9a9 pardoned.
- 97 **Fritz** Sauckel (i 8Q7-' 94*), VOf i 94z to i9a3 as General Plenipotentiary responsible for the recruitment of forced laborers for the German armaments industry, sentenced to death in Nuremberg as a major war criminal and executed, cf. on Sauckel's activities, among other things, the statements of Albert Speer on Sauckel during the Allied interrogation, reprinted in: Ulrich Schlie (ed.), *Albert Speer, Die Kransberg- Protololle s99 . Seise erste Aussagm undAufj;eichnungen (Juni-September)*, Munich 2Cft3 , pp. '72-180.
- 98 Otto Köcher (i 884-is4 5), joined the Foreign Service in 1912, i 937 to July i9 43 Envoy in Benn, da- to the American internment camp in Ludwigsburg, where he committed suicide on zy. December 94s committed suicide.
- 99 In fact, part of the Foreign Office's gold treasure (about 4 hundredweights of gold) had actually been taken to Ghent. At the end of April s45, **Fritz** Kolbe, a member of the Foreign Office who had been in American service for some time, had unsuccessfully pressed the then envoy to Switzerland, Otto Köcher, to provide him with details of the gold treasure. Due to corresponding efforts
As a result of Kolbe's attempts, Köcher, who had actually wanted to receive political asylum in Switzerland after the capitulation, was expelled to Germany in JR 's4s. (Cf. Lucas Delattre, drirz K "Ibe, Munich/Zurich zoo3, p. zó3 ff.) Köcher hanged himself on z y. December i 9a3 in the American internment camp Ludwigsburg in his cell, even before the investigation into secret connections between the German Reich and the Switzerland was completed during the war.
- 100 Cf. Christian Morgenstem, Das Knie, in: Galgenlieder, Leipzig n.d., p.3 o.
- 101 Eduard Waetjen (i 908-2000), lawyer, close friend of Trott and Moltke and member of the Kreisau Circle, during the Second World War together with Gero von Gaevernitz from i943 employee of the head of the American secret service OSS, Allen W. Dulles, in Switzerland and contact man of the Kreisauer to the Anglo-Americans.
- 102 Allen W. Dulles (i 93-'sts), i 9I ó joins the United States Foreign Service, i 9z6 moves to the law firm Sullivan & Cromw-*. 94 Enlisted in the American secret service OSS, November i 94z-i 945 Resident of the OSS in Bern, i95 i-i 96i Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), from i953 as Director.
- 103 Adelheid Countess Eulenburg (i g i6-2 4).married to Botho Ernst Count Eulenburg (s°4-IQ44)-
i out Helmut Bergmann (i 8Q8- 94a).since - 94° *in the personnel and administration department of the Foreign Office, since i 9a i as its deputy head, is4s missing in Soviet custody.
- 10N Kessel is mistaken here. In April i ga6, Weizsäcker appeared as a witness for Grand Admiral Raeder at the war crimes trial in Nuremberg and then returned to Rome. Weizsäcker stayed in the Vatican until Augusts4* , from where he went to the family farm in Lindau on Lake Constance.
- 106 Prelate Ludwig Kaas (i 88 i-i 95z), i9i 9 member of the Weimar National Assembly and subsequently MdR, i 9z i Member of the Prussian State Council, i 9z 8-i 933 Chairman of the Center Party, since April i 933 Secretary of the Congregation of Cardinals of St. Peter's in exile in Rome, i934 ā Protonotary of St. Peter's, i 935 Canon of St. Peter's, i 936 Economist at St. Peter's and head of the building lodge, collaboration on the encyclical 'bit brennender Sorge'.

- 107 Kaas was canonical advisor to Archbishop Eugenio Pacelli, who had been resident in Munich since 1919 (and simultaneously in Berlin since 1920). The close relationship of trust and friendship dates back to this time. Kaas was already in 1921 appointed papal house prelate. On the day of his papal election, Pius XII had already given Kaas his biretta and the mozzetta he had worn as a cardinal as a sign of his esteem and presented him with the key to his personal elevator.
- +08 Reinhold von Thadden-Trieglaff (1881-1952*). 1933 Member of the Confessing Church, after 1945 work for the World Council of Churches, 1948 founder of the German Protestant Church Congress, 1949-1960 its first president.
- 109 Apostolic Constitution Pius XII. *Vacantis Apostolicae Sedis* of December 8, 1955.
- 110 Clemens August Graf von Galen (1881-1959*). 1933 Bishop of Münster, Cardinal in February 1946, died immediately after his return from Rome as a result of a ruptured appendix. Galen was one of the most resolute public critics of National Socialism, who had Pope Pius XI's encyclical 'Mit brennender Sorge' (1937) distributed in his diocese and condemned the Nazi euthanasia program as murder from the pulpit, for example, and was therefore known by the people as the "Lion of Münster", was in contact with resistance circles around Carl Goerdeler.
- 111 However, some of Ernst von Weizsäcker's notes written at the turn of the year 1944/45 have been preserved in his private estate and in the files of the Political Archive of the Foreign Office, such as "Principles for a New, Democratic Reich Constitution" from the fall of 1944 and a note entitled "The Agony of the Third Reich" (untitled, dated June 1945).
- 112 Published under the title *Die verborgene Saat*, ed. by Peter Steinbach, Berlin 1993. Published under the title *Das stille Cruf*, Würzburg 2000.
- 113 1993. Published under the title *Das stille Cruf*, Würzburg 2000.
- 114 Not determined.
- 115 Hermine Speier (1898-1989), student of Ludwig Curtius at the University of Heidelberg, from 1928 in Rome, where she set up the photo archive of the German Archaeological Institute until 1934, from 1934-1966 she set up the photo archive at the Vatican Museums as curator, and also worked as an archaeologist at Etruscan and Roman excavations, author of important archaeological books.
- 116 Father Dr. Paul Augustin Mayer OSB (born 1911), from 1939 Professor of Dogmatics at the Benedictine College of Sant'Anselmo in Rome, from 1949-1966 as its Rector, 1968 Bishop, 1985 Cardinal, currently the third oldest living Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church.
- 117 Allusion to the fact that Father Robert Leiber SJ, the personal secretary of Pope Pius XII and confidant of SD employee Josef "Ochsensepp" Müller, was the central figure at the peace talks of the German opposition to Hitler in the winter of 1945 together with Prelate Kaas.
- was. Müller acted on behalf of the group around Oster in the Amt Ausland/Abwehr and with the knowledge of his boss Canaris. There were also a whole series of other connections between Vatican circles and the Abwehr and the SD. For example, the Beuron Benedictine monk Hermann Keller (1905-1970) was in the service of the SD, and the counterintelligence agent Wilhelm Möhnen counted Father Pancratius Pfeiffer, the Abbot General of the Salvatorians in Rome, among his regular sources of information alongside Prelate Kaas and Father Leiber SJ. The rector of the German-Hungarian priests' college, the Anima, Bishop Alois Hudal, conducted unauthorized peace negotiations with SS-Obersturmbannführer Dr. Waldemar Meyer as late as 1947. (Cf. Hansjakob Stehle, *Bishop Hudal and SS-Führer Meyer. Ein Kirchenpolitischer Friedensversuch 1945-1947*, 'in: VfZ 37' 1989, p. 299ff.
- 118 Hubert Jedin (1900-1980), 1924 ordained priest, 1925 Dr. theol. in Breslau, 1928-1930 study visit to Rome. 1930 Habilitation and private lecturer in Breslau, 1933 withdrawal of *venia legendi* for "racial reasons", 1933-1934 study visit to Rome, 1934-1935 archbishop archivist in Breslau, 1939-1949 stay (exile) in Rome (to write the history of the Council published in 4 volumes between 1949 and 1982 of Trent), since 1949 initially as associate (from 1951 as full) professor of medieval and modern church history at the University of Bonn.

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i i 9 Ludwig Curtius, *Deutsche and antièe br/z*, Stuttgart i 9 z.

i zo Robert Murphy (i 89d-i 9y8), American diplomat, i 9a3/aq political advisor to General Dwight D. Eisenhower, participant in the Potsdam Conference, political advisor in post-war Germany until ' 949

x z i Sigismund von Braun already had three children at this time: Carola (' September i 9iz in Addis Ab- beba), Christina (June i 9aa in Rome) and Christoph Friedrich (* December i 9a5 in Vatican City).

i z z The last two sentences are from chapter i 9a6", which was shortened by two paragraphs at the beginning due to redundancies with the chapter "Rome".

Occupied Germany (J946-1947)

i The following text is a note by Kessel that was originally intended for the Me- moiren, but could no longer be integrated into the Rom-MS. The text was therefore shortened by the editor by two paragraphs, which were redundant at the end of the "Rom" chapter.

z Gustav Struve (i 89g-i gaó), i 9zy entered the Foreign Service, • 937- July i 939 Embassy Warsaw, i ga0/a x Embassy Budapest, since i get Vichy branch of the Embassy Paris, last, since October i 9aa on the island of Mainau, interned by the Americans i 9a5, i ga6 extradited to Poland, died in Polish Hatt.

3 Ernst von Salomon's bestseller *The Pragebogen* was first published in 95 i by Rowohlt in Hamburg.

a On September 6, i 9a6, US Secretary of State James Francis Byrnes explained the principles of the United States' occupation policy in Germany in his "Stuttgart Speech", thereby initiating a positive turn in German-American relations. The USA would not allow Germany to become the poorhouse of Europe; comprehensive American aid for reconstruction was planned.

3 Eugen Gentenmaier, like Albrecht von Kessel, belonged to the Kreisau circle of friends around Helmuth James von Moltke and Peter Yorck von Wartenberg. In the post-war period, however, the two grew apart (cf. chapter "Washington", p. i y3 f. and Eugen Gerstenmaier, *Streit and Priede hat seine Zeir*, Frankfurt:/ M. et al. i98 i, p. 43^o

ó Heinrich Rhomberg, lieutenant colonel, owner of the country castle Rieden am Staffelsee near Mumau. Written 'Rhombach' by mistake in the original manuscript.

Paris

t The Near *Zeitung* (Munich) was published twice a week in the American occupation zone between i 9a5 and i g35. As the publisher, the American occupying power allowed well-known German j o u r n a l i s t s , many of them exiles, to have their say, including Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Carl Zuckmayer, Hermann Hesse, Alfred Kerr and Erich Kästner. The Nrne *Zeitung* was unable to establish itself on the growing German newspaper market in the long term and was discontinued.

z Gert Nucki" Weismann, after the emigrañon Gert Whitman (i °3*' z), '933 emigrañon from Germany via the ĞSR and Switzerland to the United States, t 9ay German liaison officer on the staff of the American High Commissioner in Germany, John McCloy, later worked as a banker.

3 Robert Weismann (i 8ó9-x gpz), t go8 Public Prosecutor, later Chief Public Prosecutor in Berlin, i gzo Prussian State Commissioner for Public Order, i 9z3-i g3 z State Secretary of the Prussian State Ministry and en- advisor to Prime Minister Otto Braun, r g3 2 dismissed after the Prussian coup, i 933 emigrated to the United States via the ĞSR, Switzerland and France.

a Hans Globke (i 898-i 9y3), t 9z9 joined the Prussian Ministry of the Interior, i 93 z-i 9a5 Reich Ministry of the Interior with responsibility for citizenship issues and co-author of the commentary on the Niirnberger

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Racial Laws, i 949 Ministerial Director in the Federal Chancellery, i g3o Ministerial Director, i g53 -i g63 State Secretary.

- 5 John McCloy (i 88 5-i 9 9). 94° Counterintelligence expert in the US War Department, 9 4 - ' 94s Undersecretary of State in the War Department, ' 94s involved in the occupation of Germany as head of the Civil Affairs Division, participant in the Potsdam Conference, 94s 95z High Commissioner of the US Government and Military Governor in Germany.
- 6 Ludwig Beck (i 88o-i9 44). '93 s Army Chief of Staff and General of Artillery, i 93 8 resigned during the Sudeten crisis and left the army, after i93 close links to resistance circles around Carl Friedrich Goerdeler, shot on July 2o. July' 944 After the failed coup d'état in the Bendlerblock in Berlin.
- 7 Erwin von Witzleben (i 88 i -944), since i 93 5 close contacts to the resistance in the Wehrmacht as well as to Goerdeler, Hassell, **Popitz**, Bosch, ' 94 Generalfeldmarschall, '94° imprisoned for political unreliability. transferred to the Fuehrer's Reserve, appointed by the conspirators of 2o. July as commander-in-chief of the Wehrmacht.

After the failed coup d'état on August 8, 944, he was sentenced and executed by the People's Court.

- 8 Henning von Tresckow (i 9oi-i 964), ^{nb} i 93 g as a general staff officer in Poland, France and on the eastern front, since i 9qz several unsuccessful attempts to assassinate Hitler, planned i9qq the assassination together with Stauffenberg, after 2o. July i9qq suicide on the eastern front.
- 9 Hans Günther von Kluge (i 88 z-i 9jq), i 9qo Field Marshal General, refuses to join various attempts to assassinate Hitler, July i q d Oberbefehlshaber West, suspected of connivance after July i 9qq and recalled from his post, commits suicide on a **trip to** Hitler's headquarters, his Farewell letter contained declarations of loyalty to Hitler.
- 10 Karl-Heinrich von Stülpnagel (i 886-i ggf), military commander of France in Paris since i gez, arrested and executed after July i ggf.
Erwin Rommel (i 8g I-944), i 9 i Commander-in-Chief of the German Africa Corps, i gez Generalfeldmarschall, i 9q3 Commander-in-chief of Army Group B for the defense of Italy and repelling the invasion, committed suicide after Hitler gave him the choice of suicide or prosecution before the People's Court because of his contacts with the conspirators of July 2o.
- z z Hans Speidel (i 8gy-i 98d), Lieutenant General at the end of the war, Aprd* 94s Chief of Staff of Army Group B under Erwin Rommel, and, after Rommel's wounding, his successor Hans Günther von Kluge, tried to win both for the military resistance against Hitler, in September i 966, after Kluge's suicide, arrested by the Gestapo but not convicted, from the end of i 93o military advisor to the Federal Chancellor, i 9 i-i 93d chief military delegate at the negotiations on the EDC, i g36/53 Representative of the Federal Republic in the negotiations on joining NATO, i 935-i 95 y Head of the General Armed Forces Department in the Federal Ministry of Defense, i gs z-* 9*3 NATO Commander-in-Chief **COMLANDCENT** of the Allied Land Forces of Central Europe.
- 3 Herbert Blankenhorn (' 9°499 I), i 9z9 Joined the Foreign Service, i 9q8 Personal Advisor Adenauers, i 9q9 Head of the Liaison Office to the Allied High Commission, i 95 i Head of the Political Department of the Foreign Office, i 933-i g3g first German Ambassador to NATO, i 96-9*3 Ambassador in Paris, i 965-i 9yo Ambassador in London.
- 14 Hermann Josef Abs (i 9oi-i 99d), from i 93 y Supervisory Board member of IG Farben, from i 93 8 Board member of Deutsche Bank, briefly imprisoned after i 9q5, classified as 'exonerated' in denazification proceedings,
Financial advisor to the British occupation authorities, after i 9q8 financial advisor to Konrad Adenauer, i 93 z head of the German delegation in the negotiations for the London Debt Agreement, from r g3 z back on the Management Board of Deutsche Bank, i 95 y-i 96d Chairman of the Management Board.
- i 3 "*Rocher de bronze* - '*bronze rock*', coined by the Prussian King Frederick William I to denote the power of the Prussian crown.

- i6 Karl Dumont (i 88d-i 96 i), i g i 9 entered the Foreign Service, r 9-o- 93s Embassy Paris, 935*945 various domestic assignments, i g5o-i g52 Foreign Office Bonn and Ambassador in The Hague, i 95 z Representative of the Otto Wolff Group at the High Authority of the European Coal and Steel Community in Luxembourg.
- 17 Wilhelm Hausenstein (i 882-i g57), r g3 a-i q3 feature editor at the *Franëfurter Zeitung* until h i s immediate dismissal for political unreliability', co-founder of the *Siiddeutsche Zei --x*. * is Consul General in Paris, after the conversion of the Consulate General i 933-I 955 Ambassador in Paris.
- i8 Heiririch von Brentano (i 90a-i 96d), i9a6-i 9a9 Member of the Hessian State Parliament, i 9a8/kg Member of the Parliamentary Council, subsequently Member of the Bundestag, i 95 5-i 96 i Federal Minister of Foreign Affairs, i ga9-i 955 and i 96 i Chairman of the CDU/CSU parliamentary group in the Bundestag until his death.
- 19 André François-Poncet (i 887 -i 97 8), I 31-1938 French Ambassador in Berlin, 1938-19aO Ambassador in Rom, I 9a9-i 5 3 Allierter High Commissioner of France in Germany, i g5 3-i 9y5 Ambassador in Bonn.
- zO Jean Sauvagnargues (i* s--- -), member of de Gaulle's cabinet at the time of France's liberation, German advisor at the uai d'Orsay in the early i g5o's, i wss ambassador to Ethiopia, i7 '974 ambassador to Germany, i 9ya-i 9y6 French foreign minister.
- 21 François Seydoux hornier de Clausonne (i 9o5-i 98 t), i 3§-i 36 French Embassy Berlin,* 3 Head o f the Germany Department in uai d'Orsay, i 9ag-i 955 Head of the European Department in uai d'Orsay, t956-i g58 French Ambassador in Wren, i 958-i 96z and i 965-i 9yo in Bonn, instrumental in the conclusion o f the Elysée Treaty.
- 22 Hervé Alphand (9°7" '), i9a5 Head of the Trade and Finance Department of the mat d'Orsay, i 95o French ambassador to NATO, President of the Interim Committee for the EDC and French representative to the OEEC, i g5 t Head of the Conference on the Pleven Plan for the creation of a European army, i 955 French ambassador to the United Nations, i 95 6-i 965 Ambassador to Washington.
- 23 Hermann-Bernhard Ramcke (i 88g-i 968). At the end of the war, one of a total of 2y holders of the Swords and Diamonds of the Knight's Cross; sentenced by the French t95 i to fiin and a half years imprisonment for alleged war crimes as commander of the Brest fortress, but released3 months later. SS meeting i 95 z referred to the Allies as war criminals in a speech.
- 24 Not determined.
- 25 Cf. Günther Gillissen, *Aufverlorenem Pasten. Die Franëfurter Zeitung im Dritten Reich*, Berlin i 986.
- 26 Friedrich Sieburg (i 893 -i 96d), i 932-i g39 foreign correspondent for the *Franëfurter Zeitung* in Paris, i 9aO drafted into the foreign service, i 9az-i 9a3 again working for the *Franëfurter Zrimng*, i 9a5-i 9a8 banned from his profession by the French, i 9a9 co-editor of the journal *Die (egenwart*, r 956 joined *the Frantfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*.
- 27 Hasso von Etdzorf (i 9oo-i g89), i 9z8 entry into the Foreign Service, from September i 93 9 as Rittmei- ster der Reserve liaison officer of the Foreign Office to the Chief of the General Staff of the Army, in close Contact with leading members of the resistance (Hassell, E. Kordt and others), without having been involved in the preparations for July 2o i 9aa, February i 9a5 Consul General in Genoa, i g5o re-entry into the Foreign Service and employment in the Federal Chancellery, i 953 Deputy Head of the German Delegation to the Interim Committee for the European Defense Community in Paris, i g55 Deputy Secretary General of the WEU in London, i 96 i Ambassador in London.
- z8 Franz Krapf(i 9 i l-2003), l 38 Entry into the Foreign Service and assignments in Moscow and Tokyo, i ga5-i 95o Tägkeit in the economy, i 95o/5 i Delegation member at the negotiations on the Schu- man Plan, i 95 i Re-entry into the Foreign Service, i g3 i-i 953 Consul in Paris, i g35-i g58 Embassy or Permanent Representation Nato in Paris, i 966-i 9y i Ambassador in Tokyo, i gy i-t97 6 Ambassador to Nato (Brussels).
- 29 Weodor Kordt (i 8 3-19fi2), 192 I Entry into the Foreign Service, i g3 i -I 93 Office State Secretary, i g38/3 g Counsellor London, i 93 9-i 9a6 Legation Bern, i 95o Re-entry into the Foreign Service, until 9s3 Head of Dept. III (Countries), i §3-i 958 Ambassador in Athens.

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- 3° Not determined.
- 3° Wilhelm Melchers (i 900-i 9y i), i 925 joined the Foreign Service, i 93 9-i 9qy Head Office, i 9q9 Federal Chancellery, i 95 i rejoined the Foreign Service and Head of the Personnel Division, i 953 -i 965 successively Ambassador to Baghdad, New Delhi, Kathmandu and Athens.
- 3° Hans Heinrich Herwarth von Bittenfeld (i 90q-i 999), i 92y joined the Foreign Service, i 93*—' 939 Embassy Moscow, from i 93 9 Kri gsdienst, i 9q5-i 9q9 Bavarian State Chancellery, i 9q9 Federal Chancellery, Head of Protocol, rejoined the Foreign Service, since i 95 i Head of Protocol and at the same time Deputy Head of the Foreign Service.
Acting Head of the Office of the Federal President, i 95 y- i96 i Ambassador in London, i 96 i-i 965 State Secretary and Head of the Office of the Federal President, i 965-i 968 Ambassador in Rome, i 968 State Secretary.
- 33 Heinz Ludwig KrekCler (i 9° °°3),co-founder of the FDP, i 9qy-i 95o MdL (NRW), i 95o/y i General Consul in New York, i 9y i chargé d'affaires (from i 9y3 with the rank of ambassador), from i 955 ambassador in Washington.
- 34 This refers to the Federal Foreign Office, which had its headquarters in Bonn on Koblenzerstraße, now Adenauerallee.
- 35 Hans Heinrich Noebel (' i 9z i), i95o joined the Foreign Service, i 959j 3 Consulate General (later: Embassy) Paris. Kessel had met Noebel during his semester of study in Lausanne i 9q i when Kessel was on post at the German consulate in Geneva. The connection had come about because Noebel was a close student of Albrecht Haushofer in Berlin, who in turn was well acquainted with Kessel. (Information provided by Ernst Haiger, Berlin).
- 36 Paul Frank (*i 9i 8), i 9yo enters the Foreign Service, initially as Personal Assistant to the first German Ambassador in Paris after the Second World War, Wilhelm Hausenstein, i 9yo-i 9yq State Secretary, i 9yq- i 9y9 State Secretary and Head of the Office of the Federal President.
- 37 Raymond Poincaré (i 860-i 93 q), i 9i3 -i9zo French President, i 9 z 2-i 92d Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, i 9 z6-i 9 z9 Prime Minister and Finance Minister, during his time as Prime Minister Expo- nent of a pronounced anti-German course and the driving force behind the occupation of the Ruhr.
- 3 Aristide Briand (i 862-93 2), i 9z i/2 2 French Prime Minister, i 9z 5-i 9z9 Foreign Minister, i 9zy together with Stresemann and Austen Chamberlain father of the Locarno Treaty and together with Stiesemann Nobel Peace Prize winner i 9 z9.
- 39 Walter Hallstein (i 9o i-i 9•). 93 ' 9qy Professor of Law in Rostock and Frankfurt/M., i 95o Head of the German delegation to the Paris Schuman Plan Conference, i 95 i State Secretary in the Foreign Office, i 9y 5 Proclamation of the Hallstein Doctrine on the recognition of the GDR by foreign states, i 958-i 96d First President of the German Bundestag)
sident of the EEC Commission in Brussels, i 969-i 9yz MdB (CDU).
- qO Giovanni Battista Montini (i 89d-i 9y8), since i 9z z in the Papal Secretariat of State,• 93z Substitute under Car- dinal Secretary of State Pacelli, i 963-i 9y8 Pope Paul VI.
- 41 Karl Carstens (i 9 i q-i 99z), i 95 z habilitation (law), i 95q joined the Foreign Service, i 95 8-i 96o Deputy Head and shortly afterwards Head of the Political Department West I Europe, i 96o State Secretary and appointed Professor of Constitutional and International Law at the University of Cologne, i 96d State Secretary in the Ministry of Defense, i 968/69 State Secretary and Head of the Federal Chancellery, i 9yz-i 9y9 Member of the Bundestag (CDU), i qy2-i 9y6 Chairman of the CDU/CSU parliamentary group, i 9y6-i 9y9 President of the Bundestag, i 9y9-i 98d Federal President.
- 42 The West German heavy industry had been controlled by the International Ruhr Authority since April i 9q9. It divided up coal and steel production in the Ruhr region between France, Great Britain, the USA and the Benelux countries. The Schuman Plan, based on a project by Jean Monnet, Commissioner General for the French Economic Plan, provided for the dissolution of the Ruhr Authority and thus gave the Federal Republic the opportunity to end the Allied restrictions on production. The plan was thus a step towards West German sovereignty.
- 43 The idea of forming a European Coal and Steel Community (ECSC)fMontan Union goes back to Jean Monnet, a close associate of the French Foreign Minister Robert Schuman. The ECSC

Treaty was signed by the Federal Republic of Germany, France, Italy and the Benelux countries. It entered into force on 23 July 1952 and provided for the creation of a common market for the coal and steel producing industry for a period of 50 years, the abolition of internal tariffs and the harmonization of external tariffs.

For the first time, national sovereign rights were transferred to a supranational authority.

- 44 Alcide de Gasperi (1886-1959), co-founder of Democrazia Italiana (DI), 1949 Foreign Minister, 1950-1953 Prime Minister, 1954 briefly provisional Head of State in the new Italian Republic, together with Adenauer and Schuman one of the founding fathers of the European Coal and Steel Community, 'first President of the ECSC Parliamentary Assembly'.
- 45 Robert Schuman (1886-1963). '1945-1953 Member of the National Assembly for the newly founded republican People's Movement "Mouvement de Rassemblement Populaire" (MRP). '1944/ Minister of Finance, 1957-1958 Prime Minister, 1958-1959 Minister of Foreign Affairs.
- 46 Wilhelm Georg Grewe (1891-2000), as an expert in international law, head of the German delegation at the negotiations to end the occupation by the Allies (Germany Treaty 1952), 1948-1949 Head of the Political Department in the Foreign Office, 1958-1962 Ambassador in Washington, 1962-1963 Permanent Representative to the NATO Council in Paris and Brussels, 1963-1966 Ambassador in Tokyo.
- 47 On 24 October 1950, French Prime Minister René Pleven announced the plan for a European Defense Community (EDC): The states of France, Italy, the Federal Republic of Germany and the Benelux countries, already united in the ECSC, were to combine their troops to form a joint army. The plan led to an agreement on the establishment of a European Defense Force.
gemeinschaft (EVG), which was signed by the ministers of the six countries on May 29. May 1952 was signed. The project failed. The project was rejected by the French National Assembly on August 1954.
- 48 Theodor Blank (1905-1992), 1949 Member of the Frankfurter Wirtschaftsrat des Vereinigten Wirtschaftsgebietes. 1949 Member of the Bundestag (CDU), 1950 Commissioner of the Federal Chancellor for the questions connected with the increase in Allied troops', in the following months creation of the so-called 'Dienststelle Blank' with the collaboration of Generals a.D. Generals Adolf Heusinger and Hans Speidel, which was dedicated to the question of rearmament and the deployment of new German armed forces, on June 1955 first Minister of Defense after the transformation of the Blank Office into the Federal Ministry of Defense.
- 49 Kurt Flettner (1910-1980), Colonel i.G. at the end of the war, 1955 Expert and employee of the Blank office and, later, of the Federal Ministry of Defense, including 1951/52 and 1954 Head of the subdivision military planning in the Blank", autumn 1951 to autumn 1953 Member of the German EDC delegation and senior officer of the military delegation at the interim committee of the conference for the organization of the EDC in Paris, 1955 rejected for transfer to the Bundeswehr, 1956 Director of Krupp AG.
- 50 Johann Adolf von Kielmansegg (1906-2006), Colonel i.G. at the end of the war, 1950-1955 in the 'Amt Blank', 1955 joined the Bundeswehr with the rank of Brigadier General, high national and international functions in the Bundeswehr and NATO, most recently 1964/68 with the rank of NATO Commander-in-Chief CINCENT of the Allied Forces Europe Central.
- 51 Conrad Frederick Roediger (1884-1973), member of the Foreign Service until the end of the war, 1951 negotiator (officially representing Hallstein) of the German delegation at the beginning of the Pleven Plan Conference, then judge in the Second Senate of the Federal Constitutional Court until 1956.
- 52 André Marie Jules de Staercke (1893-1970), 1940-1951 on the staff of the Belgian Prime Minister, 1951-1952 seconded to the Belgian Foreign Service for the negotiations for the North Atlantic Treaty and later to NATO itself, since 1959 with the rank of ambassador.
- 53 Hendrik van Vredenburg (1903-1981), 1931 Joined the Dutch Foreign Service, 1940-1943 Embassy London, 1943-1946 Embassy Washington, 1951 Head of the Dutch delegation at the Paris negotiations on the creation of the EDC, 1952 Deputy Secretary General of NATO, 1959-1962 Ambassador in Bonn, then Ambassador in Rome.

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- 54 Adolf Heusinger (i 8gy-i g8 z), Lieutenant General at the end of the war, i gē8-i g5o Organization GeMen, Dept. Evaluation, from i g5o military advisor to Adenauer, i g5 i expert at the consultations on the EDC, i g5 i-i g55 head of the military department in t Blank', i 95 joined the Bundeswehr with the rank of Lieutenant General and Chairman of the Military Leadership Council in the BMVg, i g y-i 96 i Inspector General of the Bundeswehr.
- 55 Franz Josef Strauß (i 9i -i 988), i gig-i g5 z Secretary General of the CSU, i 9qg-i gy 8 Member of the German Bundestag (CSU), i § 2/3 Head of the EDC Committee in the German Bundestag, i 9 5/56 Federal Minister for Nuclear Affairs, i 956-i 96z
Federal Minister of Defense, i 96 i-i 988 Chairman of the CSU, i 966-i 969 Federal Minister of Finance, i 9y8- i 988 Bavarian Minister President.
- 56 Conrad Ahlers (i 9zz-i 98o), i g i Head of the Press and Information Office of the Federal Government, i 95 z-t g5q Press Officer at t Blank', i g5q-i 96z worked as a journalist for various newspapers and magazines, his article 'Bedingt abwehrbereit' in S§irgr/l triggered the 'Spiegel Affair' in i 96z, i 966-i 969 Deputy Head of the Press and Information Office, the Federal Government t96g-i 9yz its Head, then journalist until i 98o.
- 57 Cf. Bertold Brecht, Ballade vom armen B.B. (i 9z i), in: Bertold Brecht, Gedichte, Leipzig i 9y6, p. io.
8 Kom(m)ödchen: i 9qy founded political-literary cabaret theater in Düsseldorf.
- 59 Jean Monnet (i 888-i 9y9), i 9ē6-i 93 2 Head of the Planning Office in the French Ministry of the Economy, i g5o President of the Paris Schuman Plan Conference, i 95z-i 955 President of the High Authority of the ECSCfMontan- union, i g55 Founder and i 956-t9y5 Chairman of the Action Committee for the United States of Europe.
- 60 Georges Bidault (i 8g9-i 983), i 9q9/5o French Prime Minister, i 95 i/5 z Deputy P r i m e Minister and Minister of Defense, i 953 /5ē Minister of Foreign Affairs.
- 6 i Sir Christopher Steel (t gō3 -i g y3), i 9zy joined the British Foreign Service, i 93 6 British Bot-Berlin, i 9q5 advisor on political issues at the High Command of the Allied Forces in Europe (SHAPE), then Head of the Political Department of the Allied Control Commission for Germany (British Zone), i gq9 Deputy British High Commissioner Fair Germany, i 95o envoy in Washington, i 9 3 NATO ambassador, i 956-i 963 ambassador in Bonn.
- 6z Enrichissez-vous", Guizot's famous saying in response to the demands for electoral reform, became the motto of the era of the Citizen King Louis-Philippe, who established the rule of the notables after the July Revolution of i 83o and largely pushed the legitimist nobility back from national politics, and with which the even more far-reaching demands of the supporters of the liberalization of suffrage were relegated to economic progress.
- 63 WolfGraf Baudissin (i9oy-i993), 195i Head of Division "Internal Affairs" in t Blank", 1955 Head of Subdivision in the Federal Ministry of Defense, 1956 transferred to the Bundeswehr with the rank of colonel and commander of an armoured brigade, i96i-i96y assignments with NATO, finally Deputy Chief of Staff from i965 for Planning and Operations at NATO High Command Europe in Paris and later in Casteau/Belgium.
- 6ē Rolf Friedemann Pauls (i 9i 5-zooz), 195o joined the Foreign Service, i 95 i Vice Consul in Luxem- burg, i 9 z- i 956 personal assistant to State Secretary Walter Hallstein, i 9 6 Embassy Counselor in Washington, i 965-i 98o successively Ambassador in Tel Aviv, Washington, Beijing and NATO (Brussels).
- 65 Dwight D. Eisenhower (i 89o-i 969), i 9qz commander of US troops stationed in Europe, i 9ē3-i 9q commander-in-chief of Allied Forces Europe, i 9q -i9qy commander-in-chief of American occupation forces in Germany and military governor in the American occupation zone, i 95o-i 95 z first Supreme Allied Commander Europe and thus supreme commander of NATO forces in Europe, *953-' 9* 34 President of the United States.
- 66 Harold Macmillan (i 89d-i 986), i 95d/5 British Minister of Defense, April to December r 95 Foreign Minister, i 9 6- y Chancellor of the Exchequer, i gs z-' 9*3 Prime Minister.
- 6y Kesselj Macmillan was Minister of Defense at the time and was only appointed four years later Prime Minister.

- 68 Georg Federer (i 903-i 98d), i 93 z-i 933 Counselor at the Washington Legation.
- 69 The German Customs Union was founded in i34, created a single internal market and thus paved the way for the unification of the Reich (North German Confederation i 86y, foundation of the Reich i 8 y i).
- yo Friedrich Sieburg, Crest in *Frankreich?*, Frankfurt i 9z 9.
- y i Henri Philippe Pétain (i 856-i 93 i), French professional socialist, last(93 -) with the rank of Marshal, 1934 Minister of War, i 93 9 Ambassador to Spain, May i 9qo Deputy Prime Minister Paul Reynaud, June i 9qo after the defeat of France and the armistice Prime Minister of the unoccupied Vichy-France, i 9qq captured by the Germans, i 9q5 return to France, accused of high treason by the de Gaulle government and sentenced to death, sentence commuted to life imprisonment on the Atlantic island of the Yeu, where Pétain died i 95 i.
- yz Paul Henri Spaak, i930- i9j 3 Chairman of the International Council of the European Movement, - 33-'es ' President of the ECSC/Montan Union, repeatedly Belgian Foreign Minister, including i 93q-i 93 y and i 96 i- i 966, i 95 y-i 96 i Secretary General of NATO.
- y3 Allusion to Hans Graf Huyn ('i 93 o), i933 joined the Foreign Service, had to leave i9/ i the Foreign Service because of an indiscretion in connection with Foreign Minister Scheel's Ostpolitik, i9y6-'99° dB (CSU). Kessel had criticized Count Huyn in a letter to the editor in the *Sonntagsblatt* of 2i . November r96y under the headline 'Count Huyn - a Legation Councillor in Need of Conscience? Informer services for Adenauer, Strauß and Guttenberg: Are we living in a small state?' and claimed that Huyn was fair to Adenauer and Strauß as an informer. to bring down Aullen Minister Schröder. As a result, two Munich lawyers filed a lawsuit against Kessel on behalf of CSU chairman Franz-Josef Strauß to have him recanted, otherwise he would a l s o have faced a criminal complaint and a private lawsuit for libel and political defamation. Kessel relented and published a corresponding correction in the *Sonntagsblatt* xm December 26, 1963; cf. dani letter Dr. Günter Ossmann and Otto W. Müller, 2y. NovembeF' 9 5, NL AvK.
- yq The State Treaty on the Restoration of an Independent and Democratic Austria" was signed on i y. May i 95 y in Vienna at the Belvedere Palace by representatives of the Allied occupying powers USA, USSR, France and Great Britain and the Austrian government and officially came into force on July i933. It ended the period of occupation after the Second World War, restored Austria's sovereignty and committed the country to a new reality.

Washington

- i The American President Franklin D. Roosevelt died on April i z. i 9q5.
- 2 Against the backdrop of major domestic political difficulties controlled by Moscow and the threat of civil wars in Greece and Turkey, President Truman gave a keynote speech to the American Congress on March i z. i 9qy. According to this speech, Greece, Turkey and all "free peoples" threatened by communism would be assured American support (Truman Doctrine). According to Truman, every nation would in future have to choose between Western democracy and communism - i.e. between a way of life based on the will of the majority, free elections and freedom from political oppression, and a way of life based on the will of a minority imposed on the majority through terror and oppression.
- 3 Fleeing from the English state church, on i6. September i 62o, more than ioo "Pilgrim Fathers" embarked on the *Mayflower* with the aim of crossing the Atlantic to found a colony in the North American wilderness. They only reached their destination after more than three months; many died on the crossing. or a short time later from the exertions.
- q George Washington (-73--- z 9), first President of the United States of America.
- 3 Thomas Jefferson (i yq3 -i 826), third president of the United States of America (i 8o i-i 8o9), co-president of the United States of America (i 8o i-i 8o9), co-president of the United States of America (i 8o i-i 8o9).

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- author of the American Declaration of Independence and one of the founders of the Republican Party of the United States.
- 6 John Adams (i y3 y-i 8z6), first (i y8q-i y9y) Vice President of the United States and second (i yqy-i 8oi) President of the United States. John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States, was his son.
 - 7 United States Military Academy (USMA), founded in 8oz by Thomas Jefferson: United States Military Academy in West Point (US state of New York). It trains a large proportion of the next generation of officers in the US Army and is considered one of the most prestigious universities in the country.
 - 8 Charles Erwin Wilson (i 8qo-i 96 i), since i g i g at General Motors, since 94 as Chairman of the Board, i gy3- i qy y American Secretary of Defense.
 - 9 This refers to the Institut für Demoskopie Allensbach, founded by Elisabeth Noelle-Neumann at *947 and based in Allensbach on Lake Constance.
 - 10 John Foster Dulles (i 888-195). *953-- byg american Secretary of Aun'en.
 - 11 Evelyn Baring, i st Earl of Cromer (i 4*-9+ 7). 8/ British administrator in Egypt, i9 3" 9Oy British agent and consul general (Viceroy).
 - 12 Chiang Kai-shek, defeated in the power struggle against Mao Tse-tung, had withdrawn *949 rläch Taiwan. The island group of Jinmen (Chin-men, also known as Kinmen or @uemoy) held by Mao's troops and the island of Mazu (Ma-tsu), located just 8 miles off the coast of mainland China, were seized by Chiang's annexes in order to use them as a military base for the recapture campaign against the communist regime. nist China. i g5o, and again in 954.p• , Chiang provoked Red China by moving large contingents of troops to the islands. As late as the beginning of i gyo, American President Truman had proclaimed A m e r i c a n neutrality in the Taiwan-China dispute, but this changed after the outbreak of the Korean War. The Straits of Formosa (Taiwan) were declared neutral by the Americans and Taiwan was placed under American protection against Communist China under threat of military force, including the use of nuclear weapons. In early i g5 y, the dispute escalated after heavy fighting between Red Chinese and Taiwanese on Matsu, when the US publicly contemplated the use of nuclear weapons in the @uemoy-Matsu area. The crisis was resolved when, at the end of April i gyy, China indicated a willingness to negotiate the status of Taiwan and it also became clear that the USSR, the ally of Red China, was not prepared to engage in war with the Americans.
 - 13 From 4 to December 8, iXS3 , the American President Eisenhower met with the British Prime Minister Winston Churchill and the French President Joseph Laniel, each accompanied by their foreign ministers. minister.
 - 14 Kessel is mistaken in the dating. Churchill only met Eisenhower in private immediately before the start of the official Ber- muda conference on Friday, December 4, i 9s 3 *- lunch. Churchill had already traveled from London on i. Churchill had already flown from London to Bermuda on December i g53 and, together with Aun'enminister Anthony Eden, had picked up Eisenhower and Dulles from the airport; see Martin Gilbert, *Feuer despair. Winston Churchill 1945 1965*, London i g88, p. 9 i J.
 - 15 Antoine de Rivarol (i yy3-i 8oi), French writer and satirist, worked as a journalist during the revolutionary years, i yqz fled into exile via Brussels and London to Hamburg.
 - 16 Georges Bidault (i 8gg-i g s). *949'yo French Prime Minister, es s- Deputy Prime M i n i s t e r and Minister of Defense, *953 54 Minister of Foreign Affairs.
 - 17 Joseph Raymond McCarthy (i go8-i 9y y), US Republican politician and senator, in the early i q5 oer years Initiator of the campaign against suspected communist infiltration of the US government (McCarthy era).
 - 18 At the Four-Power Conference in Geneva, the foreign ministers of the USA, the Soviet Union, Great Britain and France have been discussing the political future of Indochina and Korea since z6. April 9i4, the foreign ministers of the USA, the Soviet Union, Great Britain and France discussed the political future of Indochina and Korea. The French plan to re-establish a colony in Indochina was a very difficult one in view of the looming defeat.

failed in the Vietnam War. At the end of the three-year Korean War, there was only a ceasefire. After two months of negotiations, the conference participants decided on July 21 to provisionally divide Vietnam along the 17th latitude into the "Democratic Republic of Vietnam" controlled by the Viet Minh ("League for the Independence of Vietnam") in the north and the "Republic of Vietnam" supported by France in the south. After two years, elections were to be held and the country reunited. The kingdoms of Laos and Cambodia, which also belonged to Indochina, were declared independent states. The Four Powers were unable to reach an agreement on the Korean question.

- ¹⁹ On 7 May 1954, after 55 days of fierce fighting, the French troops surrendered in the fortress of Dien Bien Phu. Almost seventy years of French colonial rule over Vietnam thus came to an end.
- ²⁰ The failure of the French troops in the Indochina War, the intransigence of the Soviet Union at the Geneva Conference, which led to the French defeat in Dien Bien Phu instead of a compromise, as well as its open-mindedness towards the EDC in European policy, these circumstances ultimately led to the fall of the Laniel-Bidault government in June 1954.
- ²¹ During his short term as head of government from 1 June 1954 to February 5 1955, Pierre Mendès-France (1907-1982) succeeded in resolving the Indochina crisis and the issue of Tunisian autonomy.
- ²² On 30 August 1954 the European Defense Community was defeated in the French National Assembly.
- ²³ James Bryant Conant (1893-1998), chemist, 1933-1938 President of Harvard University, 1953-1955 American High Commissioner and first American Ambassador to Germany.
- ²⁴ Frederic Hoyer-Millar (1900-1989), 1922 joined the British Foreign Service, 1942 Assistant Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office, 1948 Envoy in Washington, 1950 Deputy British Representative to the Permanent Council of NATO, 1952 British Representative to the Permanent Council of NATO in Paris, 1953 British High Commissioner in Germany, 1955 first British Ambassador in Bonn, 1956-1960 Permanent Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office.
- ²⁵ Juan Domingo Perón Sosa (1895-1994) President of Argentina from 1946-1955 and 1973-1974. Eva Perón, called Evita, born María Eva Duarte (1919-1995), Primera Dama ("first lady") of Argentina and the second wife of President Juan Domingo Perón.
- ²⁶ Jörg Kastl (1922), 1950 joined the Foreign Service, 1952 Embassy Paris, 1953-1955 Embassy Buenos Aires and Asunción, 1959-1961 Embassy Moscow, 1961-1962 study program at Harvard, then Embassy Washington, 1965-80 Ambassador to Argentina and Brazil, 1981-82 Ambassador in Moscow.
- ²⁷ Arthur W. Radford (1886-1973), Admiral, Commander-in-Chief of the American Pacific Fleet and 1953 Chief of the Joint Chiefs of Staff of the United States Armed Forces.
- ²⁸ Matthew Bunker Ridgway (1893-1993), highly decorated US General in World War II and the Korean War, 1951 Commander-in-Chief Far East and Commander of the UN forces, 1952 Supreme Allied Commander Europe (SACEUR) in succession to General Dwight D. Eisenhower, 1953 In the USA, retired early in 1955.
- ²⁹ The Radford Plan of 1953 was the result of an internal study commissioned by President Eisenhower to examine ways of saving money in the defense budget and to withdraw American troop units from Western Europe in order to expand the strategic air fleet. The unintentional publication of this internal study by the *New York Times* triggered a storm of indignation in Western Europe, as it touched on the issue of burden-sharing between America and its European partners in the Atlantic Alliance.
- ³⁰ word *feMt* in MS.
- ³¹ Kurt Georg Kissinger (1904-1988), 1935 Lawyer at the Court of Appeal in Berlin, 1941-1945 Service in the Foreign Office, 1949-1958 and 1969-1980 Member of the Bundestag, 1958-1966 Minister President of Baden-Württemberg, 1966-1969 Federal Chancellor of the Green Coalition, 1969-1971 Chairman of the CDU in Germany.

'Against Hitler and for a different Germany'

- j2 Adam Watson (i 9 4-200y), founding member of the "British school of international relations theory", i g3 y joined the British Foreign Service' 94 member of the newly created "Information Research De- partment" (IRD), i 950-i 958 British liaison officer fair psychological warfare in Washington, i 958 ambassador to Cuba, i 968 left the Foreign Service and subsequent academic career in the United States.
- 33 George F. Kennan (i 90q-2005), i g z i-i g z5 Studied history at Princeton, i gz6 Joined the United States Foreign Service, i gz 8-i 93 i Studied at the University of Berlin,933* '93? Embassy Moscow. ' 93 94- Embassy Bßfli-. 94°/43 Embassy Lisbon, - 944 Embassy London, 94#4i Envoy at the Embassy Moscow, 947-' 94s Head of the Planning Staff in the State Department and authoritative conceptualizer of American foreign policy in the Truman era (author of the X-Arti- kels in *Foreign A airs*, once a major contributor to the formulation of the Marshall Plan fair Germany and the "Truman Doctrine", draft of a political strategy for post-war Japan), ij •i3 Ambassador in Moscow, i 953 retired from government service, - 954 professor at the Institute for Advanced Studies in Princeton.
- 34 In the original MS, one half-sentence is illegible.
- 35 Ernst Hartwig Kantorowicz (i 895-i 963), medievalist, member of the Stefan George Circle from i 920 and friend of the Stauffenberg brothers,• 93°-934 Full professor of medieval history at the University of Fran 939 Emigrated to the USA and took up a teaching post at the University of Berkeley, After refusing to sign the anti-communist oath of loyalty, he was dismissed and transferred to the Institute for Advanced Studies in Princeton, headed by Robert Oppenheimer, as Professor of Medieval History. Author of the highly regarded biography *Kaiscr Fridrich der Zweite* (' 9°7, *Ergänzungsband Quellen und Nachweise*, Berlin i 93 i).
- 36 Julius Robert Oppenheimer (i °4 ' 96y), US American "father of the atomic bomb", i 9 zy doctorate under Max Born in Göttingen on a rema of quantum mechanics, since* 94' scientific director of the so-called "Manhattan Project" stationed at the secret Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico, which developed the first nuclear weapons, Oppenheimer condemned their further use after he had discovered the ver- he saw the serious consequences in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, i 947 Chairman of an advisory committee of the American Atomic Energy Commission (AEC), advocate of international control of nuclear energy and opponent of a nuclear arms race between the Soviet Union and the United States, i9s4 loss of his "political clearance certificate" on suspicion of espionage for the Soviet Union, then returned to the Institute for Advanced Studies in Princeton as a university lecturer, 9*3 Efforts by US Presidents Kennedy and Johnson to rehabilitate Oppenheimer by awarding him the Enrico Fermi Prize, but no restoration of his "political integrity".

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About the publisher:

born. -963 in Nuremberg; studied history, political science, economics and Romance studies in Erlangen, Bonn and London (LSE); Chairman of the Carl Jacob Burckhardt (VinzelWd) Board of Trustees since 2003; lives in Potsdam.



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